LIFE

IN THE MISSION, THE CAMP, AND THE ZENANA;

OR,

SIX YEARS IN INDIA.

BY MRS. COLIN MACKENZIE.

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. III.

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CONTENTS

OF

VOLUME THE THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

CHAPTER II.

CHAPTER III.

CHAPTER IV.

CHAPTER V.

CHAPTER VI.

CHAPTER VII.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHAPTER IX.



LIFE

IN THE MISSION, THE CAMP, AND THE ZENÁNÁ.

CHAPTER I.

The Brevet.—Malversation of Honours.—Jemádar of Ayahs.—Soldier of Chattar Sing.—Mist.—Precipice.—Simla Children.—Ride to Sabathu.—Flowers.—Kasauli,—Mrs. Rudolph's Death and Character.—Picnic.—Temple.—Kulis.—Remarkable Dream.—Gambling—Bears.—Sir Charles Napier.—A Deaf-and-Dumb Man.—Appointment.—Old Monk.—The Commander-in-Chief.—The Water System.—Hattú.—Kotghar Mission.—A Bear.—Asgár.—Lawrence Asylum.—Loodiana.—Religion in Prussia.—The Afghán Princes.—Oyle of Whelps.—Departure.

MONDAY morning we rode out early and met many whom we congratulated on the new honours. Major Hope Grant, I am happy to say, is a Lieutenant-Colonel, Colonel Birch a C.B., and Major Lawrence is made Lieutenant-Colonel to console him for his captivity. Mrs. Lawrence rode part of the way with me, and then turned back to take a cup of tea at Lady Sale's house, where, on remounting from a chair, her horse swerved, and she sprained her knee so severely that it was at first thought that it might be broken. I rode over to see her as soon as I heard of it, and stayed with her for

some hours: she is one of the most stout-hearted cheerful little women I have ever seen; in the midst of her pain she could not forbear making a little joke every now and then. C. heard by accident from two officers of H. M.'s 32nd, whom we met the other day, an anecdote of young Houston Stewart, which will gratify his dear parents. At Moultan General Whish was in the trenches with two companies of H.M.'s 32nd, one of them commanded by Houston. The Sikhs opened a very heavy fire upon them and completely enfiladed the trenches. General Whish soon said he must go and get his breakfast, and departed. The Sikhs came down upon them, and the two companies were obliged to leave the trenches and charge the enemy, to prevent a heavy gun being either captured or spiked. They succeeded; and, as one of the officers said, "of course Benbow (so they call Houty), behaved gallantly, for he led one of the companies." You may imagine how severe the affair was, for they lost eighteen men killed out of their small number.

I have a great many stories to tell you about the new honours. The 3rd Dragoons are much disgusted at two C. B.'s being given to the —th, and say that "it is a premium for misconduct." At Gujrât Lord Gough sent Major Tucker to tell Colonel * * * with one wing of the —th to charge a body of Sikh horse, and thus redeem the character of the regiment. He said that they were too weak. Major Tucker, Deputy Adjutant-General said, "Then take that wing of Irregular Cavalry." "I don't think," said Colonel * * * "that even then we are enough." "Then," said Major Tucker, "I'll give you that wing of Regular

Cavalry." "Oh, we are not strong enough even then." "Well," said Major Tucker, "I have given you the Commander-in-Chief's message," and then rode off.

Again, at Chillianwala, when both Europeans and Sepáhis were in a state of panic, Major Nicholson, a most distinguished officer, and one of Lord Gough's Aides-de-camp, were sent to try to rally some of them. In so doing they were met by a certain officer of rank in full flight, running as hard as he could, without apparently knowing why. Major Nicholson seized him by the collar and asked him what he meant by such disgraceful conduct, and the poor creature being incapable of answering from excess of fear and want of breath, he first shook him till his head nearly fell off his shoulders, and then pitched him into the midst of a group of fugitives, bidding him "go with his fellow-poltroons." There he stayed, but his name was sent in for promotion and he obtained brevet rank!

It is most exciting to ride on the Mall just now. Every one is so full of the Brevet, and almost every one displeased either at what he himself or his friends have not received, or at what others have got; so if I am infected with the general spirit you will not wonder. So difficult is it to avoid catching even the expressions one hears as well as the sentiments, that it is a struggle to preserve the purity of one's mother tongue and not to speak and write *à la militaire*. So if any camp phrase slips out unawares you must excuse it and believe that I shall be as shocked at myself as you could wish. Others have received promotion, simply because they happened to be on the Staff of the Governor-Gene-

ral or Commander-in-Chief. It is also absurd to bestow the same reward on Mr. Lake and Mr. Herbert: they have both been made Local Majors. Now, Mr. Herbert's defence of Attok was unsuccessful; and Mr. Bowie, whose only claim is having been made prisoner at the very commencement of the campaign, is to get a brevet majority as soon as he obtains his Captaincy.

The Governor-General is said to have been quite disgusted at the lists he had to forward for honours; but these instances of injustice to others, and disgrace to the army, can never be avoided until the custom ceases of bestowing honours on men simply because they hold certain staff appointments like the aforesaid brigade major. The only remedy is to require a statement of the services for which such honours are claimed, and to specify them in the Gazette in which the promotion or distinction is granted.

Wednesday.—Mrs. Lawrence told me the other day that the old Mussalmán Ayah, whom she lately engaged, is the Jemádár of all the Ayahs in Simla, and when they hold a Pancháyet or council, she has (I think) a quadruple portion of rice, &c. They hold Pancháyets on many occasions; for instance, if a master or mistress behave ill, the servants give notice to each other, and not a servant of any description can that unfortunate individual get. Mrs. Lawrence also told me, that she has constantly seen the Sikhs at Pishawur, making Salám to her cows.

Now that servants are on the *tapis*, did I ever tell you that just after the annexation, I asked my little Ayah, who is a native of Loodiana, if the

people were glad when Loodiana was taken by the British? She said "Very." I inquired why? She said formerly she could not wear such clothes as she does now; that every one was 'very poor and very dirty.' If there really has been this change under the British rule, there can be no doubt of its stability. I have made a drawing from a rough sketch of Mrs. Lawrence's, of one of Chatter Sing's soldiers. No wonder they outmarch us. Each man carried his bedding on his head, and on the top of that his shot bag, a bundle of Atta and Dál (flour and dried pease) at his back, his pot of Ghi (melted butter) in his hand, and his blanket thrown over his musket. When I showed it to General Ventura, he said the Sikhs were the most hardy soldiers he had ever known. On coming off a long march, they will set off to a village eight or ten miles distant, if they can buy their food for a paisa less there than on the spot, and then think nothing of going two or three miles in another direction to bathe. He has known them march two and three days without food, except a radish or anything they might chance to pick up by the way, without complaining.

I have always omitted to mention a thing that amused me when I first called on Lady Gough. A large meat safe was hung up under the porch. Fancy this at a Commander-in-Chief's in England. Here it is often necessary, for there are no proper larders.

My dear husband left me on Monday, 30th July, for Loodiana.

It is most beautiful to watch the mists here. As I was riding towards Chota Simla, on a bright sunny evening, a curtain of mist, or rather of silvery cloud, slowly moved between me and the opposite hills,

completely hiding them from my sight. Soon after it broke and had the appearance of a mackerel sky halfway down the hill. However, it finished by dissolving into rain, and I had a hard gallop homewards. When I came to the road at the back of Longwood, which is very narrow with abrupt turns, and no barrier to protect one from going down a precipice full 1500 feet in depth, it was so dark that I could hardly see a yard, and I was obliged to grope my way by feeling for the high bank with my whip, so as to keep close to it and avoid going over the precipice, at some of these sharp turns. I felt much relieved and thankful when I reached the house in safety, and Mrs. Lawrence, who was sending out people to meet me, was no less so.

Monday, August 13th.—Heard from my husband that he is obliged to come up about Colonel Pope's will. As I had not anticipated seeing him until the middle of September, this was a most agreeable surprise. I posted horses for him, and he arrived in the evening not very well, travelling in the heat of the plains having rather upset him.

Wednesday, 22nd.—Since he came, it has rained almost every day, but we have had quiet pleasant walks in the verandah.

August, 22nd.—My dear husband was still very weak, and being obliged to return to Loodiana, the journey did him great harm, and he arrived very ill, but I knew nothing of this for some days. I walked every morning early, gathering ferns and flowers and making sketches. A little girl of twelve years old came to stay with Mrs. Lawrence; a fine, intelligent, affectionate child, who has lately lost her mother. It is sad to see how ill

she has been brought up. She has been taken to balls almost from her infancy, and has consequently all the airs and manner of a grown up woman of the world, at the same time she has no habits of occupation, and although remarkably quick, with excellent abilities, never reads, can only write a copy, and does nothing willingly except crotchet. She says writing gives her a pain in her arm, and she actually undressed and went to bed in the middle of the day, and then sent for her Ayah to talk to her! Now, from the conversation of an ignorant heathen woman she can learn little but what is positively bad. It made one's heart ache to see her. Many of the children at Simla, are the most dislikeable and rodworthy little mortals on the face of the earth; full of conceit, affectation and effrontery. Really many Indian parents would be fit subjects for a commission *de lunatico.* They treat their children as if they were soulless dolls.

Hearing that Mrs. Rudolph was very unwell, Mrs. Lawrence most kindly invited her to come up and stay with us. On Wednesday we heard that she was worse, and was to start on Monday night for the hills. We expected them all Friday, and got everything ready, but they came not, and on Saturday, about eleven, I received a letter from Mr. Rudolph, saying that his poor wife had arrived in Kasaulì so much worse, and in such a state of exhaustion, that she could not be moved. I therefore resolved to go to her. Packed, and having a jhappán at the door ready, I started about two o'clock, carrying with me a small box of clothes and the Grasscutter with my saddle. Mrs. Lawrence went out and got arrowroot and portable soup, which I took with me. It was a pleasant after-

noon with a cool breeze, so that I did not feel the heat much. Read "Ranke's History of Prussia." There is a wonderful increase in the beauty of the hills since the rains, and especially on a cloudy day, when the varying shadows from the clouds lend them a further charm. They are all clothed in green, and where the sun shone on the verdure, it was of a brilliancy that made the emerald dull in comparison. Near Syree (the first stage, which is about seven kos from the entrance of Simla) the sides of the road were covered with a large broad-leaved plant, with beautiful large white flowers, that made the air heavy with their sweetness. There was abundance of a plant with small yellow flowers, and I remarked that round it fluttered innumerable tiny yellow butterflies, that looked like flying blossoms, while a larger white butterfly hovered near the white flowers. If butterflies generally correspond in colour with the flowers they frequent, it must be a great protection to them against birds and other enemies. Further on, the hill-side was covered with Cactuses, looking like gigantic chandeliers.

I got out at the Bungalow, took some milk and the cake I had brought with me, and then picked up "Baber," whom I had posted there a day or two before for Mr. Rudolph. I had put on my habit, and when the moon rose I mounted about three and a half kos from Haripúr, and rode to Sabàthu, which is three kos beyond. The hills are covered with balsams, white and lilac wild geraniums, &c. It was a lovely night, and at first I enjoyed my ride very much. My careful young Sáis amused me, by turning round whenever he came to a hole in the road and waving his hand towards it, to warn me to avoid it;

the precipices below the Haripùr looked beautiful in the moonlight. Crossed the river by a little chain-bridge, but before we arrived at Sabàthu I became very tired, for I had ridden out before breakfast, and the jolting of the Jhappán is fatiguing in itself—the road wound round and round, and seemed as if it had no nearer end than the end of the world. I was hungry, sleepy, and very thirsty, and visions of milk and water floated in my brain. Neither the Sais nor I had ever been in Sabàthu before, and we could not find the Padre Sahib's house. We scrambled up to places where the houses looked as if they had flown down, and were sitting in the grass like fieldfares, instead of having been built up in the ordinary way; for it was not clear how the materials could have been carried up, and having got there, we had to come down again. At last, at past ten o'clock, we reached the Mission-house. They gave me bread and milk, and had a Charpai brought into the drawing-room for me. It was so hot that I could scarcely sleep, although the outer door was open and there was only a sheet over the bed, instead of two blankets as at Simla.

I rose early and enjoyed the lovely view; the house is on an isolated hill, with range above range of hills rising in front of it, and their spurs approaching towards it on all sides. Geraniums grow in large shrubs all round the house, and with the other garden flowers are met by the wild balsams, and form a sheet of blossom. Mr. Morrison had been down to Kasauli, and gave an improved account of Mrs. Rudolph, but agreed with me that it was quite right to proceed on my journey, although it was the

Sabbath, for Mrs. Rudolph was nearly worn out. I had left my Jhappanis to rest at Haripúr, and now sent them on ahead, took some coffee and rode with Mr. Morrison to the chapel, where he has English service at seven o'clock, and then went on my way. I never saw such a profusion of wild flowers; the hedges are full of most beautiful convolvuluses of the largest size; deep blue, China blue, white striped, blue and white with the lower part pink, bright lilac and purple, then the petunia and wild geranium, white jasmine covering the trees, a beautiful lilac flower and a delicate white creeper, besides numbers that I cannot describe. The soil seems chiefly red clay and of a bolder character than at Simla, with small streams whose murmur was a refreshment to my ear. There were lilac Babul trees. We lost our way, but some Kulis pointed out the right one; I rode to the stream, and was then very glad to get into my jhappan. Sabáthu is fully thirteen degrees hotter than Simla. Kasauli, again, is about 2,000 feet higher than Sabáthu, which is only 5,000 feet above the sea level; but, from being so much nearer the plains, it gets some of the hot winds, and is therefore not so cool as Simla, though much cooler than Sabathu. It was a lovely morning, and I thought, if creation, though under a curse, is so fair, how much more beautiful should be the flowers as well as the fruits that spring up in the second creation—the renewed heart of man. Fruit alone is not enough, there must be all that "is lovely," as flowers are to the eye. I arrived at Kasauli about eleven, found the poor baby crying in the verandah. She immediately put out her arms towards me; Mr. Rudolph came out and was so much affected that he could scarcely speak. Mrs. Rudolph knew me, but was

so weak that she could not say above a few words. The first thing I did was to take the room furthest from hers, and remove the children to it, so that she could not hear their incessant crying. Mr. Rudolph lay down and slept. He and the Ayah are both nearly worn out. Then I nursed baby while the Ayah slept.

On Monday, September 3rd, I got letters which Colonel Birch and Mrs. Lawrence had sent by a Jhappáni, telling me of dear C.'s being ill, but begging me not to go down until I heard again. At night the poor baby was worse, and the Ayah and I had to carry her about a long time. We made a fire on the floor of the dressing-room and gave her some arrowroot. Mrs. Rudolph was very ill all night, and delirious. Her head was shaved.

Tuesday, September 4th.—To my great relief I got a note from Mrs. Cracroft, telling me my dear husband was so much better, that they had left him, after having most kindly deferred their departure from Saturday to Monday. I walked to the Dák-office with little Luther. The scenery is most lovely, especially the colouring of the hills. After breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Cracroft came and confirmed the good account of my dear husband. My heart swelled with thankfulness for the undeserved mercy, especially when I saw poor Mrs. Rudolph's declining state. They have salivated her. Dr. Healy told me he had *very* little hope. Our servants arrived from Simla.

Wednesday, September 5th.—I rode to Sinowr where the Lawrence Asylum is. Mr. and Mrs. Parker were most kind. Borrowed clean linen and books. Mr. Parker showed me the school. The children were at their breakfast of bread and milk. Their sleeping rooms are

airy, neat, and clean, and they all looked healthy and cheerful. Mr. Parker has three apprentice pupil-teachers who assist him. The head boys, who are styled Sergeants and Corporals, have gardens of their own which they keep very nicely. They are building a new school-room under Mr. Parker's personal superintendence. The situation is most lovely, and the air very fine. In the afternoon baby was better, and the first part of the day Mrs. Rudolph seemed so too. She evidently knew me. I asked her if she could think of Christ, but I could not distinguish her reply, but she looked assent when I spoke of His thought and care for her. I was rubbing her hand and arm which were rather cold, though her head was still very hot, and she said, "I rather like your warm hand," these were the last words I heard her speak. In the evening she was worse. Mr. Morrison came down, but finding he could be of no use he left the next day. The next morning Mr. Parker came with a Jhuppan and carried off baby to Sinowr, thinking the change would do her good. I was so sleepy that I could neither read nor work.

Thursday 6th.—Heard a good account of my dear husband. In the evening Mrs. Rudolph was so evidently worse, that Mr. Rudolph said to me, "I fear this will be her last night." She had great difficulty in swallowing, her teeth being clenched, and it required two persons to feed her: I held her head straight while Mr. Rudolph gave her the sago, or chicken broth. The quinine seems to have no effect. They gave her port wine in the sago. I did not go to bed, for I persuaded Mr. Rudolph to lie down every now and then, as I had slept in the day. Dr. Healy came about midnight; we expected her not to survive till morning, and

on Friday at 7 o'clock Dr. Healy thought she might live two hours. She was incessantly moving her right arm and throwing it over her head. Her eyes now closed, she breathed more gently, and perspiration broke out over her head in the night. On the morning of Thursday, I took Luther on my lap on horseback to the Bazár, but Friday I could not leave the Bungalow. At night Dr. Healy began to think that there might be a shadow of a hope from her lasting so long, and tried a blister all over her head. Mr. Rudolph was much exhausted. She took nothing all Friday till the evening, when we again tried a little broth but in vain. I got Mr. Rudolph to lie down, and worked to keep myself awake, and lay down for about two hours in the middle of the night. When I returned there was a great change in her countenance, her hands and arms were quite cold, and her breathing scarcely perceptible; we watched by her, but the spirit took its flight so gently that we could not tell the exact moment of its departure. There was not even a sigh. We put the poor body straight and closed her eyes, and then I sent a note to Dr. Healy. She must have expired about 3 o'clock, A.M. I then undressed and lay down, and had hardly done so before a great piece of the plaster of the ceiling came down on my bed, but without touching me. As it leaked in two corners of the room, I resorted to the only remaining corner and slept there till daylight.

I asked Mr. Parker to let Mrs. Morris, the matron, come to wash and dress the body. I stayed in the room while she did everything that was necessary, and when the poor remains, which were in the last stage of emaciation, were placed on a clean bed ail

ready, I put flowers over them. We were all struck with the sweet expression of perfect peace which had settled on the countenance. Dr. Healy sent for Mr. Morrison, and Mr. Parker kindly had the coffin made and grave prepared. When Mr. Morrison arrived in the evening we laid her in that narrow bed.

The next morning, Sunday, September 9th, soon after seven, we proceeded to the burial-ground, Mr. Morrison and Mr. Parker, Dr. Healy and Mr. Rudolph, on foot; and I, the Ayah and children, in Jhappáns. It was a lovely morning, and a lovely road winding through the woods, which were so filled with wild flowers, that the Jhappanis gathered an enormous bouquet for me, with which, when the pall was removed, Dr. Healy completely covered the coffin. They reminded me of the light thrown by Christian hopes on the darkest moments of affliction, for the black covering was almost hidden by their gorgeous hues. The burying-ground is beautifully situated halfway down a hill sloping to the east, with the spurs of the opposite mountains advancing towards it on every side. Mr. Morrison made a short impressive address and prayer; the coffin was then lowered into the grave, and after it had been partly covered in, we left it in *sure* and certain hope of a glorious resurrection to eternal life. I was so tired that I fell asleep after breakfast. Dr. Healy lent us Charlotte Elizabeth's Abridgment of Fox's Martyrs, with which we were all much interested. After dinner took a walk with Mr. Morrison, and had some interesting conversation on revivals, &c. He closed the evening with reading and prayer. The poor little babe who returned on Saturday, was crying "Ma-ma, Ma-ma" all day,

and poor Mr. Rudolph answered, "Ma-ma is not here, dear."

A more perfect model of a Missionary's wife than dear Mrs. Rudolph I never expect to see. She was an excellent linguist, speaking several dialects, besides reading and speaking Hindostaní perfectly. She was so indefatigable in teaching the orphan-school, that she never left her house but two evenings in the week, and I used to think an excess of patience the chief defect in her method of teaching. She was a devoted mother, and even injured her own health by her ceaseless watching over her little boy. She was also an excellent housewife, having retained the German custom of looking after everything herself, and often making some little primitive dainty for her husband or guests with her own hands. Her order and activity were equally remarkable. She was never idle, and yet she worked and read more than many who have no regular employment on their hands. She told Mr. Rudolph, after she was taken ill, that she thought love of dress and want of charity in speech had been two of her besetting sins. When he related this to me after her departure, it was so contrary to all we had ever seen of her, that neither of us could forbear smiling. It was probably from her being on her guard against these two sins that she was so manifestly free from them. Her dress would have been not only plain, but poor, had it not been for the spotless neatness and cleanliness which marked everything about her; and I never knew any one of whom it might be more truly said that her speech "was always with grace seasoned with salt." No one could be half an hour in her company without feeling that she was a child of God. She constantly spoke to her ser-

vants, and to any native ladies she happened to visit, concerning the way of salvation; and I never remember an uncharitable or frivolous expression from her lips. My husband often remarked, after spending the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph, that he never saw any one whose expression of countenance and conversation bore more strongly the impress of holiness. There was such a combination of unspeakable sweetness and heaven-born dignity about this naturally plain and unpretending Missionary's wife, that he said he always felt unworthy to gaze at her, and that it enabled him to realize Acts. vi., 15. She was only twenty-nine when God took her to His upper sanctuary.

Monday, September 10th.—We started early in a Jhappan, the Ayah and children in a dùli, and Mr. Rudolph on a mule, and reached Sabathu by breakfast time. Sabathu is very pretty, but much sheltered and enclosed. The Ayah called me about three o'clock; I dressed, had my bedding packed, and then found out how early it was. However, it was so hot in the house, that I was glad to sit out in the verandah with a candle, and read "Indian Adventures" till the rest of the world got up. We started soon after six. On leaving Kasauli, we went along a ridge, to which five others formed parallels—all of them cut out in terraces, and well cultivated, with the narrow rocky bed of a stream below. It is very beautiful to see a line of white cloud strongly illuminated by the sun lying between two ridges in deep shadow, so that the outline of the nearest one is as sharp as light and shade can make it. . Rain came on as we crossed the river at Harripùr, and on reaching Syri we found Colonel Garden, another gentleman, and a richly-dressed native, in the

little bungalow, which comprises only two rooms. One was given up to me; but another gentleman soon after arrived, and as Mr. Rudolph was very tired, he determined to stay the night, and I resolved to go on. Started about half-past three, and had a very pleasant journey to Simla, which I reached very tired about eight o'clock. Had tea with dear Mrs. Lawrence.

Wednesday, September 12th.—Mr. Rudolph and the children arrived for breakfast. The poor baby cries much. Went with Mrs. Lawrence in the evening to a musical party at the Taylors'. Mr. Courtenay sang most admirably.

Friday, September 14th.—Dr. Hare came last night, and said baby could not live, unless a Dhái (nurse) were procured for her; and as it is almost impossible to get one here who will leave the place, Mr. Rudolph determined to start immediately for Loodiana, which he did after breakfast. He is much cast-down, but resigned. I received a very warm letter from Mr. Prochnow, enclosing one to Mr. Rudolph. Mr. Rudolph having left the Church of England and the Mission at Koteghar, has made no difference in the warmth of feeling of these good men towards each other, which is a delightful thing to see.

Mrs. Lawrence went out to dinner, and I was reading when C. walked in, to my great astonishment; having come in a dùli, he was not at all knocked up, and looked better than I expected, although very thin. He had met Mr. Rudolph on the way, and stayed with him nearly an hour. Mr. Rudolph tōld him many things about his dear wife. He said she had made out every detail regarding the Orphan-school, the amount of work the girls had done, &c., in a little book, and said, that

as she might be called away, it was better to do so. One day at Kasauli he asked her if she had any fear of the Judgment? She looked at him with surprise, and said, "I *know* that my sins are forgiven me, for the sake of Jesus Christ." Another time, when the Doctor thought her quite unconscious, Mr. Rudolph said to her, "Who is Christ?" In a clear deliberate tone she answered, "The Eternal Son of God." I can hardly believe that she is gone from among us; and I thank God for having permitted me to help her and comfort her sorrowing husband, for they are truly His children.

Saturday, September 15th.—Moved back to Colonel Birch's house. C. spoke to the likelihood that Mr. Rudolph would carry news of me to my dearest father and dear Mr. K. I doubt not that they are all rejoicing in the presence of their Lord and ours.

I forgot to tell you of a picnic at Annandale, which we went to the end of August. It was a lovely morning; but we had not long reached the ground when it began to rain very heavily. We went into the tent, and sat on the floor on cushions, &c., to eat our luncheon; but it was such a wretched tent, that the rain poured in, and in a short time my shoes were filled with water. I sent for a jhappan, and some other ladies followed my example, and sat in theirs, the servants whisking the cakes, &c., as quickly as possible inside the jhuppans, to prevent their being drenched with water.

Monday, September 24th.—Went to a delightful picnic given by Mrs. Wm. S. The gentlemen rode on to the Waterfall, and we followed in jhappans. It was a lovely ride, winding in and out among the mountains,

until we came to what is called the first Buddhist temple in the hills, built entirely of carved wood, of which we made sketches. Many other people then arrived; we dined on the grass, in the shade of the magnificent pines, some of which are eighteen feet in girth. It was curious to see the servants, each with his master's spoons, knives, forks, and muffincers, stuck in his girdle. Many of our party went on to the second Waterfall. When we came near we alighted, and had such a scramble over rocks and through the water, as I have not had since we went to Macduff's Caves. The river itself is quite like a Scotch burn, and we had to get from one rock to another as we best could without slipping into the water. We had planks to help us across. The Waterfall is well worth the scramble; it is about 120 feet high, and falls without a break from the rock above. We were all very tired, wet, and muddy when we came back, and I found the jhappan a most agreeable rest. Reached home about eight o'clock.

Tuesday, September 25th.—I tried C.'s Turki horse, and found him the most easy creature I ever mounted; so C. has given him to me. He had never been ridden by a lady, but was as quiet as possible.

Saturday, September 29th.—Major Herbert gave us a breakfast at the second Waterfall, and I started soon after six, on horseback—I on the Turki horse. He is a very handsome grey, about fifteen hands, which is much larger than an Arab, with a magnificent forehand. I got into a jhappan the latter part of the way, and both C. and I enjoyed the beauty of the scene, which was greatly enlivened by patches of brilliant red scattered here and there. These were fields of Prince

of Wales' feather, the seed of which is here used for bread, and they reminded us of the lovely fields of rape-seed near Dresden, which formed such gorgeous masses of yellow. C. took me down to the first Waterfall, partly on foot and part of the way in a chair. It is one simple fall, very pretty and full of water. We then met Major Herbert, who took us to a place above the second Waterfall, from whence we had a beautiful view of it. Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Lawrence, and Mr. Forsyth (a young civilian) then joined us, and we breakfasted merrily under a paul (a tent without walls, just like two cards leaning against each other). Afterwards I got myself carried into the bed of the river, to enjoy the shade and fresh breeze, and C. caught two young Hill women, and made them sit to me. When he told them he wanted them to come with him to a lady, one looked him full in the face, and being satisfied, followed him. I sketched them both—one a fine, well-made young girl, with a very sweet expression; told us her name was Mangila, and that she was the wife of a Sepahi in the Ghurka regiment. The other was the wife of a servant in Chota Simla, where they both lived, and whither they were carrying the enormous bundles of sticks on their heads for their own use. They were both dressed in tight trousers and vest, veil, and nose-rings. Those of Mangila were of gold: the large ring is only worn after marriage. You never saw a more graceful, lady-like little creature than Mangila, with a soft voice and most graceful action. We then went on to the old Temple. It has a figure of Káli on the door, and on the lintel was the blood of a goat, which had been sacrificed to that abominable Sheitan in the morning. The carvings are very curious—the arabesque part elegant, but

the figures grotesque. One represents a man reclining on a wreck, a female servant fans him, another applies what looks like a shovel to the soles of his feet, and two musicians blow enormous horns into his ear. There are horses with two heads, one feeding, and the other keeping watch; a sort of centaur with a man's head, and the body of a horse or camel, it is difficult to say which. There is a little temple like a dog-kennel near it, for some smaller Déo, or idol. The place in the centre, which I took for a tank, is for burning incense, or ghi, and has a fire-place in the middle. We dined on the grass *al fresco*, looking at each other's drawings, and then rode home, after a very agreeable day.

Monday, October 1st.—Started at six, and rode to Mahassu Forest, about four kos distant, where Mr. Lake, Mr. Forsyth, and Mr. Bowie give a large picnic. Not a Jhappanì was to be had, in spite of C.'s popularity. This was exemplified the other day; the — were about to start, and wanted seventeen Kulis; not one could be found. The Bábus declared there was not one in Simla, the Governor-General had taken 300 to Nakanda: Mr. Thomason had 300 more to carry his luggage down the hill. My husband found our friends in this strait, so he rode off to the Bazár. The Babus immediately said, "Oh, if *you* want the Kulis, here they are;" opened a door, and out of a dark hole came seventeen as athletic Kulis as one could wish to see, whom he carried off in triumph. . Why they had hid themselves, is more than I can tell you. Perhaps the people with whom the C.'s were staying are unpopular among them. I know that they profess that indiscriminate aversion to the natives (whom they call

"niggers" and "blacky," and other choice terms), which characterises some Indian residents.

To return to our picnic. We breakfasted under a large Shemianah, or awning, on the top of a hill in the pine forest. I then lay down and read "Howitt's Rural Life in England," and made a sketch of "Bow" asleep, on Mrs. Lawrence's fur cloak, which she indignantly pulled from under him. Capt. Hungerford told me a story relating to the father of Dr. John Grant, of Calcutta. The said father was a Highlander of the old school, and returning one day much fatigued from visiting his haymakers, he sat down under the shadow of an old tower and fell asleep. He dreamt that he saw an old friend who had long been dead, and who held out his hand to him. Knowing that his friend had been dead some years, the old gentleman felt reluctant to take his hand; upon which he said, "If you ever had any friendship for me, I entreat you to take my hand." Mr. Grant gave his hand, which was firmly seized, and he felt himslf violently pulled up from his reclining position and dragged forward. He awoke with the shock, found himself on his feet a few paces from the tower, which immediately fell with a crash, and must have buried him in its ruins, had he been still sleeping.

Heard of the arrival of our boxes, which left England in February, reached Allahabad 16th July, and Loodiana 29th September. The delay of the bullock train, owing to the insufficiency of carriage and badness of the roads, is shameful. A fortnight is ample time for the journey between Allahabad and Loodiana.

Sir Charles Napier has expressed his resolution to put down gambling; one or two officers are now await-

ing court-martials for this vice. There can be little doubt that if he remains in India, he will be the cause of unspeakable good to the Army.

Wild beasts are beginning to come down from the interior as the cold increases. A bear was shot just below the Commander-in-Chief's, about a fortnight since, after it had attacked and mangled a poor old woman. A day or two after, another bear, probably its mate, alighted within a few yards of C., as he was riding along, and then went tumbling like a cataract down the khud. He had just related these facts to me as we were returning from our evening's walk in the gloaming, when we heard a cry from the hill to our left, and a huge black creature sprang across an opening between the trees. The cry was from the huge apes; but the creature appeared too large for one of them, and we thought it might be a bear; whether it was or not, we were brought home in safety. The other evening, C. killed a centipede on the mantelshelf. This is the second or third we have found.

An evening or two ago we met the Chief out riding, who desired to be introduced to me. He is a most fascinating old man, with a very sweet lively voice and manner. I never saw a man more devoid of pretension of any kind. There is not the smallest *Jewish* look in his face, except to the vulgar eye, which considers everything as Jewish with a beard and aquiline nose; his features are far too delicate, the mouth peculiarly sweet (like his daughter's), and the hair and beard soft and silky. When we dined there on Tuesday, 19th, owing to my not receiving a note, we were half an hour too late. He got up from table, and came out to hand me from the Jhappan, like any other host,

instead of sending an Aide-de-Camp. It was a smal. party of twelve.

Lieutenant-Colonel Hodgson, of the 1st Sikh Corps, told my husband that, during the last campaign, he was riding along one morning when he heard two shots fired at the head of the column. He gallopped up, and found that an officer had actually fired twice at an unarmed man, who was a little in advance of the column, and was preparing to fire upon him again. Filled with indignation, Major Hodgson turned to Mr. John Lawrence, and cried, "This is murder; as a magistrate, sir, I call upon you to put a stop to it." Mr. Lawrence turned very pale, but interfered. Major Hodgson then desired a Náig and four to lay down their arms and go up the hill after the man and bring him gently down, so as not to alarm him. They brought him in a terrible state of alarm. Major Hodgson questioned him, but he gave no answer. A woman rushed up and threw herself at Major Hodgson's feet—it was her poor *deaf-and-dumb son!*

Monday, 8th October.—The Governor-General, in the kindest manner, offered my husband the command of a brigade in the Nizám's service.

I went to a picnic given by Mrs. Lawrence. C. joined us just after luncheon, and told me he had decided on accepting it. So I told Captain Baldwin, and was quite gratified at the hearty pleasure he showed. We then went on to a little temple, and I sketched some more people, and returned in haste to dress for the Commander-in-Chief's dinner.

Monday, 15th October.—We continue to receive the kindest congratulations from almost every one. General Ventura came immediately, and yesterday we had

most warm and hearty letters from Mr. Rothney, the Beans, Captain Conran, and the Cracrofts. Mr. Rothney gave a jump and a shout when his wife read the letter. Mr. Bean says he dreads seeing the name of my husband's successor, for he never can have such a Commandant and friend again; and good Captain Conran was so astonished and so pleased that he could hardly collect his thoughts enough to write. Major Fane (he got his Brevet for Gujerát) told C. an anecdote which amused me much, at the Governor-General's. He is such a bright, sunny creature that Major Edwardes at Lahore said, "If Fane were to lie down under a tree, the shadow would not touch him." His story was this: An impertinent young Frenchman was teazing an old monk, and asked him if he knew what difference there was between himself and an ass? "Non, Monsieur," meekly replied the old man. "Vous portez la croix sur la poitrine, et l'âne la porte sur les épaules," was the reply. No one was inclined to laugh at this bad jest: so after a short pause the monk said, "Permettez-moi, Monsieur, de vous faire une question?"—"Certainement, Monsieur."—"Quelle difference-y-a-t-il entre vous et un âne?"—"Vraiment, Monsieur, je ne sais pas."—"Ni moi, non plus," was the monk's quiet answer.

We saw a pretty sight the other evening, the town being illuminated on account of a Hindu festival, and the shops hung with garlands of flowers. If it had not been in honour of an idolatrous, and therefore God-dishonouring festival, it would have been a pleasure to see it.

Sunday, 21st October.—Major C. of the —th Native Infantry, has just been cashiered for gambling and

deliberate falsehood. It was a wonder how he had escaped being brought to a court martial before. (One cannot but feel for his wife). On hearing the sentence she went to the house of Mrs. M'Murdo, Sir Charles Napier's daughter, and persuaded Majors Kennedy and M'Murdo to go down to the chief's house to ask him to see her. This he refused, as it could not by any possibility be of any use, and would only be a most painful scene. The chief had just received a heart-rending letter from Mrs. A., mother of a young man who has just been dismissed for intoxication and striking a brother-officer. This poor lady is a widow with several young children, and dependent on this, her eldest son, for her support. Sir Charles said, "It may be thought a fine thing to be Commander-in-Chief, but nothing can make up for these painful duties." He was quite overcome and burst into tears, and never did tears better become a fine old soldier. After a time he added, "But what can I do? I *must* do my duty! I am ready to help both these ladies to the extent of my power," and he then promised to head a subscription for her, as well as for Mrs. A., should the former require it.* Sir Charles is full of deep feeling; but he does not *avoid* his duty because it is a painful one. Read some of Krummacher's "Elisha," which I like very much.

Monday, October 22nd.—C. and I started about one o'clock for Fágu, on our way to Koteghar. We stopped while I made a sketch of some Tartars who have settled at Mahàsu. Mrs. Lawrence and babes then arrived with a note from Colonel Birch, saying he was detained,

* He afterwards gave 1000 Rupees to each.

to our great disappointment. I mounted and rode on with Mrs. Lawrence, while C. stayed behind to bring on the children. In so doing he was pursued by a hyena, but on riding at the creature with a shout, it skulked into the bushes. The way to Fágu seemed interminable, and in spite of the moonlight, the forest was in some places so dark, that I could not see the road at all, and nearly went over the khud at a sharp turn. It was a most romantic ride, now in the moonlight and now in darkness, through this magnificent pine forest.

Sir H. Elliot told my husband a ludicrous story of the water system, which Mr. Woodcock introduced into one of the prisons, where it was by no means appreciated by the prisoners; for on the visiting magistrates entering, they beheld an old grey-headed Subádár, who had been imprisoned, probably, for debt, standing with scarcely a garment under a water-spout, shivering and loudly crying, "Dowaì! dowaì! justice! justice! gentlemen, I have served the State fifty years!"

We slept at Fágu, October 23rd.—On waking I was greeted by the sight of our English letters which had arrived over-night, and the good news of dear M.'s improved health. Rode most of the way to Theog, where we stayed a short time and rode on to Mattianì, fifteen miles from Fágu. As the great pine forest ends at Fágu, it is necessary in hot weather to go in the evening, as there is no shade in the morning. It was *very* pleasant after leaving Theog, and we felt the first fresh breeze since we came up to the hills, so that I could not keep my parasol up. C. bade me ride on ahead, as there was not much fear of bears while the sun was up. Bow accompanied me, but at one place where the road made a sudden dip, and the dell on the

right was filled with low wood, Bow suddenly turned round and ran back tó me, and the Turki pricked his ears and went along peering on each side of him most cautiously. On passing the same place, Mrs. Lawrence heard the bear rustling among the wood, her pony took fright and set off as hard as he could, so that she arrived at Mattianì soon after I did. It is beautifully situated, and a nice clean bungalow with plenty of chairs.

The next morning we proceeded by the upper road to Nakanda. The lower road is fifteen miles, the upper only eight, but over all but impassable mountains. Mrs. Lawrence and I were carried in dandies, a sort of rude hammock. C. helped himself up by Baber's tail, and it was a wonder to me how either man or beast kept their feet, for the path varied from eight to twelve inches wide, and the precipice of many hundred feet was almost perpendicular. When we reached the top, our bearers placed us on the ground. We could not get out of our dandy, for the pole in our laps kept us in. The whole of the rest of our march lay over one immense strawberry-bed, (would the fruit had been in season!) through most lovely woods of firs and holly-oaks, from the former hung long streamers of a delicate pale green moss, three feet and upwards in length, which covered the trees like vegetable stalactites.

It is very difficult to convey in words a sense of the extreme beauty of the scene, or the *enjoyableness* of the expedition. No wonder we found it cold at Nakûnda, for it is upwards of 10,000 feet high. Luckily Colonel Bates, whom we met there, had brought with him two puppies from Kulu, black, shaggy, fat things, just like nice bears. I carried one in my arms for about an hour,

it was so warm—like a living muff. The roof of the sleeping rooms were full of holes, but we made glorious fires of pine-wood, the brightest and most delightful of all fires. Colonel Bates joined us with his dinner and company: I put on a warm wadded gown, and we were soon very comfortable.

The next morning we again sent the servants and children on, and proceeded up Hattú, upwards of 11,200 feet high; the road was frozen hard in many places, and such a road! Mrs. Lawrence went on her pony, I in my jhappàn, but we ought both to have gone in dandies. The view from the summit is truly magnificent; I made a sketch, more as a memorandum than as a representation of it. We saw Jamnutri and Gangutri, whence the Jamna and the Ganges take their rise. We came down into a wood like an English one, with glades and here and there a fallen tree and mottled sunshine and shade. I mounted Turki, and we rode through a sweet smiling valley with crops of every varied colour, red, orange, yellow, clothing the terraced sides of the hills. The villages are remarkably neat and picturesque, with slated houses two stories high, the upper one for living, the lower for a store-house. Hay was also stored up in the arms of old trees. I saw some Prince of Wales's feathers fully two feet long. Kotghar lies at the end of this valley. It was late when we got in, so we did not send to Mrs. Prochnow, but dined, read our letters, and went to bed, as we afterwards found, in the very bungalow Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph lived in when here. No wonder dear Mrs. Rudolph called this "a very amiable spot."

The next morning C. went over to see Mrs. Proch-

now, we breakfasted, sketched an old woman and the house, and then spent a few hours most pleasantly with Mrs. Prochnow and her sweet children. Mr. Prochnow was absent in Kulu. She showed us a Tartar praying-wheel, which I drew. Every Tartar carries one: it is much like a child's rattle. Is it more irrational to pray by machinery than by rote? She then took us to the girls' school, which contains ten or twelve children. Two of them—a girl of sixteen, from the borders of Chinese Tartary, named Elizabeth, and another of twelve (an orphan)—are Christians, and appear to be *real* converts. A third, of the name of Khirlì, was frightfully beaten by her parents for professing her belief in Jesus. Her sweet, melancholy, thoughtful face touched us much. May the Lord stand by her and strengthen her, and enable her to confess Him before men! The children are clothed and paid for their work, and this is the only inducement to the parents to send them. Mrs. Prochnow said she had not the least doubt that a real work of grace was going on in this dear child's heart. We heard four of them read the Scriptures fluently in Hinduì. Mrs. Prochnow then took us back to her house. After clothing and paying the children, she has about fifty rupees left from the profits of their work. She said of preaching "es ist gar keine Rede davon." No congregations can be collected in the daytime. You may enter village after village and not find above one man in each: they are all in the fields. The distance between each is also a great obstacle, but Mr. Prochnow makes a point of *speaking* to every individual that comes to his house. In their evening rides he also stops in the villages, and the people being then at leisure, will listen to him.

They also are in the habit of referring their quarrels to him, and he takes advantage of every opportunity of recommending the gospel to them. Hardly any of them can read.

In Mr. Rudolph's time the boys' school contained forty, but they were paid as the girls are, now there are but ten. The neighbouring Raja of Kunàšu (or some such name) refused to allow a school on his lands, for said he; "I can neither read nor write, and I do not see why my subjects should." He even punishes those who send their children. Mr. Prochnow says that when accused of idolatry, the people usually answer that they do not worship the image, but the god whom it represents, (the Romanist evasion) and whom they believe to dwell in it after it has been anointed and consecrated by the priest. Similar ceremonies are used in consecrating their temples. The priests are sometimes Brahmins, sometimes of lower castes. They occasionally pretend to inspiration, foam at the mouth, behave like madmen, and pretend to prophecy. Mr. Prochnow has seen them in this state. There are very few females; plurality of husbands is the general rule, except where a man can afford to purchase a wife exclusively for himself. Infanticide is abolished in the British territories, but is supposed to exist secretly under the native Rajas. There is no other way of accounting for the paucity of women. The church here consists of only *six*, including the two Christian girls, and there are *none* (out of the female school) of whose conversion the Missionaries have any hope.

Mrs. Prochnow was grieved at our staying so short a time. We took leave of her about three o'clock; and

I trust it is an acquaintance to be renewed in a better country. We went by a different road—a very lovely one—with wood and rocks, and little streams. I rode on far ahead of my husband and Mrs. Lawrence; enjoyed a lovely view of the sunset lighting up the snowy peaks; and then remembering bears and leopards, rather wished myself at the bungalow. It was a long way off; but I passed through the wood in safety, and found a bear of a different kind at Nakanda, in the shape of a certain officer who was occupying the bungalow, and who, when I called our servants, stood by with his hands in his pockets, without offering the slightest explanation, though he well knew where they were, for he had been very insolent to them on their arrival. I soon found they were at another (nearly ruinous) bungalow, a little further on. They had made it as comfortable as they could, stopping up the empty window-frames, and making good fires. Indeed, with good servants, one travels in great comfort in India. We have had excellent breakfasts, with hot toast instead of fresh bread; dinners with meat, potatoes, green peas, and other vegetables, all of which we brought with us. We carry our own beds, tables, chairs, and tents, though we have not needed the latter. We have four baggage mules, and about twenty to twenty-four Kulis (besides Jhappánis) for our whole party. C. picked some gigantic ferns, which we packed with much difficulty between a bed and a table. Exclusive of the stalk, they were fully five feet high. Mrs. Lawrence told us of her journey through the Nárgalla pass, not far from Rawal Pindi. She was on an elephant; and the pass being blocked up, the Sikhs took her over the most frightful precipices. At first she was greatly alarmed; but when

she saw how the wise creature crept along, bending the leg next the hill, so as to walk on the *knee*, and taking advantage of every tree or other projection, to wind its trunk around, she became reassured.

Saturday, 27th October.—In order to avoid our uncourteous neighbour at Mattianì, we determined to push on to Theog. The lower road to Mattianì is through a beautiful valley. I rode the first half, and then got into the jhappàn: it was very hot. At Mattianì we found Koel, our Rampur greyhound, whom we had lost on Wednesday. She had returned to Mattianì, where Colonel Bates saw her the next day, but could not catch her, she is so shy; until at night, being pursued by a hyena and a leopard, she rushed into the room where his bearer was sleeping. The man seized his gun and shot the hyena, but the "Lakkabakka" got off. By the size of its tail, the hyena must have been a very large one. Colonel Bates was occupying the bungalow at Theog, but he very courteously gave it up; went into his tent, and provided us with dinner, for we could not get Kulis at Mattianì to bring our things on.

Sunday, October 28th.—A pleasant quiet Sabbath. We read the Scriptures and prayed together, and in the evening took a quiet walk and admired the snow, which has greatly increased the last day or two.

Monday, October 29th.—We rode into Fágu to breakfast, and then C. proceeded to Simla to take leave of the Governor-General, and we waited in the hopes of my getting Jhappánis. Mrs. Lawrence copied some of my sketches, and I read Macauley's delightful History of England. About twelve we mounted again, and rode to Muhàsú through the wood, admiring the lovely scarlet-leaved creepers, which were invisible at

night. There we sat in the shade and talked, and then I lent Baber to Mrs. Lawrence, and got into the Jhappàn. Colonel Birch greeted me most cordially. Mrs. Lawrence and Mr. Courtenay came to dinner; the latter was very amusing, and told us of an excellent little Khidmatgar of his, a very clever boy, who speaks English, who came to him and said, "I saw old B * * n (Colonel B.!) to-day, sir; he say, 'Asgar, I not see you for long time.' I not like to go see him, sir—he such a bad face: when he speaks, one half he says, the other half he hide in his heart. Such a bad nose, sir! He wear no whiskers nor *mouskers:* he wish to be a young, but he too old."

Tuesday, October 30th.—Packing and visits. To bed late and up early. Emily M. and Mrs. Lawrence came to breakfast, and then we started, kind Colonel Birch riding with us to the entrance of Simla. We were sad at parting, but very thankful for the happiness we had enjoyed there, and the kind friends we had met. It was very hot part of the way, and the hills have lost most of their beautiful livery of green, which they wore when I last passed them. The road was crowded with men and mules, for the Governor-General goes down to-morrow, and the Commander-in-Chief's camp on the 5th. All the bungalows were full. At Haripúr I mounted Baber, and we rode to Sinour (the Lawrence Asylum). It was a long ride, and I was very tired and sleepy. We saw a most lovely meteor. Just as the stars were rising, I was attracted by a star of extraordinary brilliancy and size, when it began to move, and rose with a swift though stately motion to the zenith, then turned and sailed over the hill-top.

Mr. Parker kindly welcomed us. After breakfast the

next day, he took us over the schools. After seeing the rosy English-looking girls, he showed us a poor little child, wasted to a skeleton, and brought up in a dying condition from dysentery. Her arm and hand were like a bird's claw. She was indeed, as Mr. Parker said, "a specimen of what the plains do for children." My husband cross-examined the boys. They answered well, read well, sang tolerably on Hullah's system; but what pleased me most, was their respectful open manner. They are evidently well *trained* as well as *taught*. Left for Kalka, where we arrived about half-past five. No rooms; but Colonel and Mrs. Birch offered us seats in the verandah.

We dined in another person's room, and started about half-past eight in our palkís. I remarked the abruptness with which the hills descend to the plains. I left the hills with regret, but I was glad to see the plains again. Enjoyed a good night in my palkí, reached Morinda about eight, and breakfasted with General Ventura, whom we found there. Wrote my journal, dined, and started about six. Reached Loodiana about gun-fire. The regiment was on parade, and seemed to me to look better than ever. I was quite pleased to see so many of the native officers and non-commissioned officers come up to me; one of the former ran a little way by my palkí, and I sent my salàm to the whole regiment by him. C. stayed behind to see the men, and I went on to the Cracrofts', who received me warmly. After breakfast three more of the native officers came to make special salàm to me. The trees on the lines and in the garden here are very much grown and improved. I have been away just six months. It was quite cool this morning, but is now like a hot summer's day in England.

Found Mr. Rothney very ill, and were not allowed to see him, he was so very weak; but in a day or two more he was out. He told Mr. Rothney it "cheered the cockles of his heart to see us again." On Sunday evening drove to the Mission Compound, and had the pleasure of seeing the dear Janviers and Newtons again. Found that Mr. Rudolph had just been obliged to return to the hills on Luther's account. Met Mr. Voss, late catechist at Koteghur, and now returning to Germany for his health. Ten days packing.

Saturday, 10th.—I drove with Mrs. Rothney in the camel-carriage to see the Governor-General come in, and made a little sketch of *our* light company, drawn up in front of the kotwalì. It was a pretty sight, as a crowd in a native town almost always is. In the evening we dined at Lord Dalhousie's tent—a large party of forty-five, but only six ladies in all, including Lady Dalhousie, as they were obliged to limit the invitations to Commandants and heads of departments. It was pleasant enough, for I knew almost every one; but the evening was marred by the chaplain's disgraceful conduct in becoming intoxicated! The tents are very spacious, but lined with dark yellow cloth, which has not a handsome appearance.

Sunday, November 11th.—Went to the Mission, where we had a long conversation on training children, and I read some of "Thoughts or Family Worship," by Dr. Alexander of New York, an *excellent* work.

Wednesday, 14th.—Took tea at Mrs. Newton's. Mr. Newton and Mr. Forman have left for Lahore, to establish the first Mission there. Mr. Voss told me many interesting things about the state of religion in Germany. He said a great revival had taken place in

Prussia within the last ten or twelve years, so that he does not know of any of the ministers who are not orthodox. He said that the Lutherans were generally more sound than the reformed, many of whom are infidels. The Confession of Augsburg is the only standard of the United Evangelical Church of Prussia, old Lutheran views of the Lord's Supper are prevalent; but the reformed sign the Confession of Augsburg, which says that the body of Christ is received by the mouth, because they say it is received by the mouth and by faith—the symbol by one, the reality by the other. I think it was on last New Year's day that Pastor von Gerlach, who is now Consistorial-Rath, wished all the ministers of Berlin to join in an address on the sanctification of the Sabbath, and to preach on the same subject. Neander, who is the bishop or superintendent, opposed this; Gerlach appealed to the minister for religious affairs and gained his point, so that Neander was obliged to sign the address. This shows the increased attention paid to the Sabbath, but what a state of bondage a church must be in where such a subject is decided by the *State*. Yet Mr. Voss said, the king was willing to allow the Church great liberty. Mr. Voss told us of a Saxon nobleman, who, having received great benefit from intercourse with Mr. Leupolt of Benáres, asked him what minister he would recommend him to hear. Mr. Leupolt could not find one in Saxony, this gentleman therefore went every now and then to Berlin to hear the gospel. Mr. Voss was for three years with Mr. Hislop at Nagpur, and only left it on account of his health. He considers the German Churches purer than the Episcopalian, and the Presbyterian "the most perfect of all;" but he considered that in practical reli-

gion and in knowledge of the Scriptures the English were far before the Germans, and gave as one instance of it the observance of family worship and of the Sabbath. He said, among many German Christians there was too much formality; they study sermons and catechisms more than the Bible. Mr. Voss *walked* down from Koteghur, and was thinking of walking to Ferozepore, or even to Kurrachi, as he has only 800 or 900 rupees to take him to Germany, so we have offered him a passage down the river in our luggage-boat.

Thursday, 15th.—Went on parade, and Mr. Bean and Mr. Rothney then accompanied us to see the brigade exercise—a pretty sight, three regiments of foot, besides horse and foot artillery. Good Captain Conran made me a fine salute at the head of his men. I got him to drive out with me in the evening, and to dine with us, to meet Colonel Mackeson, Mr. Bean, Mr. Rothney, and General Ventura. We *made* Colonel Mackeson sing "Allan Water." He has much feeling and a *magnificent* voice.

Friday, November 16th.—The Commander-in-Chief's camp came in. Many visitors, and sad complaints of hill tents, to which Sir Charles, in his zeal for reform, has reduced all the dignitaries, who have hitherto luxuriated in two double-poled tents a piece! I went to Hasan K.'s before dinner. Leila Bibi has got a son, a beautiful baby just seven days old, so I went to rejoice with her. I had great difficulty in showing them the impossibility of accepting a pair of magnificent emerald earrings.

In the morning C. took me to see the Shahzadeh Shahpur and his brother Nadir. They are most gentlemanly in their appearance, and both very handsome,

but with features too delicate and forms too slight and fragile for men who would rule Afghâns. They look like brave and spirited men, enervated by being born "in the purple." Three of their children, two boys and a little girl, were sitting outside in an enclosure of flowers, learning to read. Shahpur's little son came in and took me into the Zenâna, where the Begum mother of the two princes met me very cordially, and introduced me to the wife of each prince, begged me to come very often, asked me divers questions as usual about my father, mother, sister, &c.

Sunday, 18th.—C. read an admirable tract, "The Sin-Bearer," one of the Kelso tracts.

Monday, November 19th.—Rode to the Commander-in-Chief's camp to take Mrs. M'Murdo to see our regiment. She was not ready, so we took a gallop and came back for her, but by the time the elephant came the sun had been up some time, and we were too late; Major Kennedy came with us. We went through the lines, which they greatly admired, and said they had never seen such pretty ones. No wonder, with their broad streets, young trees, and little gardens.

Took tea at Dr. Dempster's. Dr. D. showed us a most curious old book of medical receipts, date 1659, among others, a "Triacle" with sixty-one ingredients, just like a native prescription, and receipts for "Oyle of Whelps," the said "whelps to be boyled in extract of violets, to which add of prepared earthworms seven pounds, strain it hard," and mix with spirits of wine and other ingredients, "according to art;"—"Oyle of Fox, which doth attenuate," and is made of the "fattest fox you can get of middle age, well hunted, and newly killed;" and "Oyle of Brickbats," made of

old bricks digged out of the earth, baked, powdered, saturated with oyle, and distilled by sublimation. This last would be a suitable homœopathic remedy for a rejected M.P.

Wednesday, November 21st.—Packed. C. superintended the lading of the hackeries. After dinner Mr. Bean, Mr. Cracroft, and Mr. Rothney, all helped me in the kindest manner packing my bonnet-boxes. General Ventura came to wish us *bon voyage*, and kind Captain Conran brought me some flowers which he kept carefully shaded from dust and wind with the breast of his coat till we left. At last we started with much pain at leaving a house where we have been so happy.

CHAPTER II.

Journey to Lahór.—Ministerial Offices.—Soldiers' Worship.—A Murderer.—Soldiers' Garden.—Treasury.—Koh-i-Nur.—Dhalip Sing.—Dangerous Old Women.—Jehangir's Tomb.—Darbár Ranjit Sing's Cenotaph.—Relics of Muhammad:—Shalimár Gardens.—Sikh Widow.—Investiture of the Bath.—Sketch of Panjab Revolutions.—Chattar Sing.—Shir Sing.—Amritsir.—Gold Temple.—Akális.—Shawl Weaving.—Gigantic Orderly.—A Subadar.—Durbar Tents.—Peep into the Zenána—Farewell Parade.—Dr. Duff.—Parting.

At Dharramkote (forty miles) Suleyman Khan, who had accompanied us on horseback, appeared as fresh as possible, so did his horse. We started again about sunset and got into Ferozepore quite early, and were most hospitably received by the Kenneth Mackenzies. Ferozepore is a much larger place, but I think even uglier than Loodiana, and the dust is *much* worse, being *dust* not sand, it therefore sticks to and spoils everything. After dinner our warm-hearted host sent us to the Ghát in his carriage, only consenting to our going at all on condition of our returning by Ferozepore. The

bearers shook me very much, so that I got little sleep. My little paroquet Hira as usual lay in my bosom as quiet as possible. Reached Lahore on Saturday, November 24th. Colonel Garbett, being commandant of artillery, has a house to himself which few officers have here; he is a most kind host. After breakfast we sent word to J. D., who has come from Peshawur to meet us, of our arrival, and then C. drove me out in the buggy. The view of the citadel is very picturesque. C. suddenly shouted out "D!" having recognised J. by his rifle uniform. Right glad were we to meet. C. made J. get into the buggy, and took his horse. I am the first European lady he has spoken to for nearly eighteen months. We talked of all our mutual kinsfolk.

Sunday, November 25th.—J. came after breakfast and walked with me in the verandah. He asked me what we thought of the line between Ministers and other Christians in function, and we came to the conclusion that Ministers were set apart to those offices which all Christians are bound to share in fulfilling. About twenty men of the Rifles were in the habit of meeting for prayer in a little chapel in the lines at Karráchi. When the regiment left Karráchi, J. and his friend Mr. B. invited such as liked to come to the former's tent for worship, and they have ever since continued this meeting together with Mr. T., another of J.'s subalterns, and about seven or eight men from the other regiments at Peshawur. Their method of worship is this: one of the officers reads a hymn or psalm, (they do not *sing*, to avoid disturbing others), and then prays extempore; they then read a chapter, and some sermon or tract, and conclude by prayer from one of the men; for,

said J., "they do it so much better than we." Some of their friends at Multán, where there was no Chaplain, consulted them about the lawfulness of commemorating the Lord's death without the presence of a minister. They gave their decided opinion in favour of it, considering it as required by the simple terms of our Blessed Lord's command, "Do this in remembrance of me;" and by the utter absence of any allusion to the presence of a Minister or President, or any recommendation that such should be appointed, in 1 Cor. xi., which clearly shows that none was necessary. In due time the Chaplain at Peshawur left, and the same question then came home to themselves. J. and his friends stated the matter to their fellow-soldiers in Christ, and begged them to think and pray over it, and discussed the matter with three of the chief among them, when they all came to the conclusion that it was their duty. They met at the house of a pious medical man, and as some were Presbyterians and some of the Church of England, they use the service of the latter, but sit at a table and pass the bread to one another to avoid the least appearance of pre-eminence. They thought it best not to awake prejudice by saying anything on the subject, when one of these Officers was recommended by Colonel Lawrence to the Commanding Officer of a man sentenced to death for murder, as the fittest person he knew to visit the criminal. He did so with two pious men of his regiment. The man had been book-keeper in Jamaica when the Rifles were there. He had lived a bad life, and was much given to intoxication; but his conscience troubled him, and the very evening he committed the murder he was on his way to the clergyman to ask him for some "good

books" when he gave way to an inclination to enter the canteen. He did so, drank an immense quantity of spirits, and while in a state of raving intoxication shot his victim.

All the members of the little church prayed earnestly for this poor man; but although he said he liked to hear the Bible read and to be spoken to, there were no signs of any good result. One day this officer and the two soldiers left the tent in which he was confined, almost in despair; one of them said, "Sir, it's of no use, we shall never do any good." The officer was on the very point of saying the same thing, but hearing it expressed by another, its sinfulness struck him, and he answered, "Oh, do not let us distrust God." A short time after the two soldiers came joyfully to tell him they thought the good work of conversion was begun. It seemed to go on rapidly—the criminal said he knew his sins were forgiven, and he gave good reason for the belief. The night before his execution he sent to his Commanding Officer to say he wished to receive the Sacrament. The officer who had visited him was applied to, who, having satisfied himself that he desired it with no superstitious motive, saw his duty clear. The two pious soldiers who had been with him nearly night and day joined, so did others, some came in from the camp five miles off. The affecting nature of the scene can be imagined: it was about midnight, the poor man was heavily ironed hand and foot, but joining with the greatest earnestness—and then to see the man hanged after that!

At five we went to a small soldiers' chapel, built by Captain Simpson, which he means to give to the missionaries, and in which Mr. Newton preached. After

the service he greeted J. so warmly that we were all quite pleased.

Monday, November 26th.—J. showed me a chapter in "Friends in Council," on the art of living together; I was delighted with it, and mean to get the book. After dinner we all went to the "Soldiers' Garden," formed by Sir H. Lawrence; it is very extensive, laid out with much taste with both vegetable and flower beds, rustic seats, a labyrinth, a place for gymnastics, a racket court, two or three tigers, one of which is the largest and finest I ever saw, and a coffee-shop at the entrance. It is open to all, and is most creditable to its generous founder. An immense vinery has just been erected. We saw the tiger fed, and then went into the labyrinth, from which we had no small trouble in extricating ourselves, and came back to tea, after which Mr. Newton read and prayed.

Tuesday 27th.—Colonel Garbett drove me, C. and James rode, to the citadel, a very picturesque and extensive range of buildings, erected by Jehangir. It contains so many courts that it is almost as much a maze as the labyrinth, and great part of it is now used as barracks for European and Native troops. We went to Dr. Login, who has charge of the young Maharaja and of the palace and its contents, including at present Mulráj, Chatter Sing, and Shir Sing. Dr. Login led us to the armoury, which contains a ponderous mace, said to be that of Rustum himself, and then to the Motimanda, Runjit's treasury, which was formerly a mosque, and in which the scales for weighing money now occupy the place of the kiblah, though, I suppose, without any intentional sarcasm. Dr. Login opened the chests and showed us trays full of jewels, of which

I admired the pearls most, as many of them were of perfect shape, and all of fine colour, some as large as buck-shot; but most of the emeralds, though of immense size, were full of flaws, and the diamonds generally ill cut. The Koh-i-Nur surpassed my expectations, it is of great brilliancy, and will, I hope, soon be a crown-jewel of the Queen's. Nadirshah took it from one of the Hindu temples in the Dekkan; on his murder, his general, Ahmed Shah, founder of the Afghan monarchy, whose name and title is engraved on an immense uncut ruby, as Duran-i-Durani, seized his jewels and took them to Kábul. Ranjil got the Koh-i-Nur and others from Shah Shujah by pure treachery and fraud, so that our title to it is certainly as good as that of any of its former owners. The old treasurer, on giving it up to Dr. Login, congratulated himself on getting rid of a charge that had cost the blood of so many men. We also saw a magnificent coat embroidered with pearls, and a baldrick of emeralds, made for Shir Sing, but he was murdered before it was quite finished; the sword of Holkar and that of Vazir Fattish Khan, eldest brother of Dost Muhammad, who was murdered at Kandahar by Kamram, with many others.

In the Toshakhana, or treasury of robes, shawls, &c., we saw the arms of Ranjit, consisting of a cap and shirt of chain-armour, a steel headpiece, shield adorned with pearls and diamonds, bow, quiver, sword, guns, and spear; also his throne and footstool of gold, a gold chair, and a set of gold vessels, gharras, (pitchers), lotas, (drinking vessels), &c. The toshakhána is full of shawls, but mostly coarse ones. It contains, also, the sword of Rustum and a suit of Akáli arms, with an Akáli pagri, or turban, made of black stuff, with divers steel quoits

fastened in it. This is a weapon peculiar to the Akális. Govind's sword is also here; Runjit Sing was in the habit of performing pujá to it every morning.

Wednesday, November 28th.—James came with me on an elephant to Dr. Login's apartments in the citadel to draw some Sikhs. I sketched six, several of them very fine-looking men. One old man had been keeper of the robes to Runjit for forty years. I drew him sitting, and then wanted a fine-looking younger man, who is Jemádar of Orderlies, to stand by him, but he said if he *stood* people would take him for the old man's servant. In vain I said he would be taken for his son. He was very unhappy until I offered to draw him on a separate sheet of paper, when he shouted and skipped for joy in so ludicrous a manner that James and I both burst out laughing.

We breakfasted with Dr. Login, having enjoyed an excellent view of the Governor-General's arrival, his tent being just opposite the tower in which we were. It was a very pretty sight as the cavalcade wound along the double line of troops, and the numerous elephants added greatly to the effect. After breakfast Dr. Login took us to visit the little Máhárájah. He was in the Shish Mahál, or Glass Palace, a very lofty apartment, open on one side to the court, the walls and ceiling are covered with a sort of mosaic of little mirrors and colours. The back opens into his sleeping apartment, which is of the same description. Dhalip Sing is about eleven years old, with beautiful eyes and nose, but the lower part of the face is too full. He met us at the door and took Dr. Login's hand; a gold chair was set for the little prince, and a silver one on his left for Dr. Login. A box of toys had just arrived from Sir F.

Currie, and both the little Maharajah and his servants were anxiously waiting to see its contents, which consisted entirely of boxes of figures, some with and some without music, such as a blacksmith hammering, a cobbler drawing his thread, &c., very baby toys for a boy of eleven. We did not stay long, but returned home through the narrow streets of the city, which are almost impassable except on an elephant. Something led us to speak of the example of our Blessed Lord as the best test for any action; James remarked that there seem few circumstances mentioned in the Gospels in which His example could apply to us, and yet no circumstance can happen to us in which we cannot judge at once how He would have acted.

Thursday, November 29th.—James came and took me out on an elephant. Told me a ludicrous story of Mrs. Lawrence's guards. At one place they had only one pair of trousers among the whole of them; so that, when relieved, the sentry passed both the word and the trousers to his successor.

Friday, November 30th.—The little Maharajah having expressed a wish that I should draw him, James accompanied me on an elephant at gun-fire. Dhalíp Sing passed in an open carriage and four, with his hawk on his fist, escorted by some of Skinner's horse; so I took a sketch of the town, or rather of Runjìt's Tomb and the Jamna Masjid. We saw the Commander-in-chief and his staff come in, and then proceeded to the fort, where we breakfasted with Dr. Login, and then went to the little Maharajah, who was richly dressed in yellow velvet and silver, with a sort of crimson tunic underneath, and magnificent pearls round his throat. I took a sketch of him and several of his attendants;

and he in return sent for two native artists, who made hideous representations of J. and me. While there, Sir H. Lawrence and Mr. Courtenay came in. The former kept his hat on—a barbarism practised, it seems, by Sir F. Currie. Mr. Courtenay spoke courteously to the little prince. James told us of two adventures of his with old women at Multán.

On one occasion, five or six old women were in a house close to the wall, and fearing they might communicate with the enemy, James desired them to move into another house. This they obstinately refused to do, so he took up one to carry her, when she kicked and screamed in so outrageous a manner that she brought the fire of the garrison upon them, and James was obliged to drop her and run off; seeing which, she prudently ran after him. Another time when it was bitterly cold, he and his men made a fire in the square to warm themselves during the night. They found a store of wood in the house of an old woman. James lay down to sleep, and the soldiers continued going for wood during the night, until he was awoke by a great outcry; and as soon as he could get the sleep out of his eyes, he beheld the old woman struggling with a soldier; the wood being spent, they had carried off her door, which was more than she could endure. James, thinking she might have been ill-treated in some way, interfered in her behalf; she was no sooner free, than she dived into the fire, plucked forth the burning remnant of her door, and cuffed her deliverer with it most vigorously about his ears; "and the men," added he, "laughed so abominably that they could not help me," so it was with some difficulty he got quit of this ungrateful old virago.

Saturday, December 1st.—C. and I went, soon after gun-fire, on an elephant, to see Jehángir's tomb, about three miles distant: James rode. It is a stately quadrangular building, but much dilapidated. I took a sketch of it. James and C. went to the Durbar; Sir H. Lawrence went to fetch the Maharajah, and Sir H. Elliot received him on alighting; and the Governor-General met him at the door of the tent. Dhalip looked very handsome and royal. About fifty-three trays of presents were given to him, besides khillats or dresses of honour, and presents to all the people about him. Lord Dalhousie returned his visit in state a few days after; but it seems almost a pity that the Governor-General should have acted on the kindly impulse which prompted him to treat the little prince as a sovereign, for both he and his attendants will be proportionably disappointed at his being sent away to Fattihghar. I believe he has a revenue of two lakhs (20,000*l.*) per annum allotted to him. Dhalip never speaks of his mother. Dr. Login took him aside one day, and asked him if he did not wish to hear of her. "No," he said, "she has disgraced me much. Ham ko b'hót bad nàm kya."

Mrs. C. B. and I went with the Commander-in-Chief and his party to see the Toshakhana. It was curious to see the interest with which Sir Charles drew and poised each celebrated weapon, and the lively curiosity with which he afterwards inspected the jewels. Being rather tired, I sat down a little behind the rest of the party, when he came to fetch me, that I might see everything; and when I explained, he said kindly, "Oh, but these are worth seeing twice." The Chief was delighted with the Koh-i-Nur, and measured it on his pencil-case, marking the length—upwards of 1¼

inch—with his aide-de-camp's sword. Did I tell you of the two bridal veils, formed of strings of pearls, for the bridegroom, not for the bride, and the pummels of gold and diamonds? Some European soldiers were present; and it was pleasant to see how they listened and enjoyed the Commander-in-Chief's jokes. They were illuminating the streets as we came home. Colonel Birch, James, Major Burn, Captain Hugh M. (who, honest man! has just lost three steps, by apologizing for telling the truth regarding the cowardice of a superior officer) dined with us.

Monday, December 3rd.—We took Mrs. M'Murdo to see Ranjìt Sing's cenotaph. It is not yet finished. It is a very elaborate building; but I suspect that some of the mosaic-work and carvings have been transferred from old Muhammadan tombs. Ranjìt's tomb is in the centre of the building, covered with green Kashmir shawls. The Granth (or sacred book of the Sikhs) is on one side also covered with shawls, and both are hung with wreaths of scented flowers; while a man stands night and day with a chourì, to keep off the flies. As Ranjìt's body was burnt, this tomb can only contain his ashes.

This reminds me, that in the citadel we saw some relics of Muhammad and his successors: a print of Muhammad's foot on a marble slab; some of his teeth (invisible, being buried in sandal-wood powder), and some of his hairs—good stout reddish hairs, that may have belonged to a chestnut horse; also his turban, and that of Ali; the whole in a glass case, adorned with wreaths of marygold, and watched by a zealous Saiad with long black hair and beard. Mrs. M'M. and I each made a sketch of the tomb.

Dined at the Governor-General's; the tents were exceedingly cold. There was a ball after dinner, and we left early; every one seems to know that we do not go to balls. The Governor General mentioned how much he had been struck with the regal manner of the little Maharajah. It is indeed most remarkable. At the Grand Durbár the other day, after a little whispered conversation with Dr. Login, Dhalìp Sing turned to Lord Dalhousie and said with childish simplicity in English, "I am very glad to see you here." In one sense the Governor General was the last person whom the poor little prince should have rejoiced in seeing at Lahore, but as respects his future life and happiness, he has been his best friend. Dr. Login mentioned, that he was convinced that the little Maharajah fully enjoyed the feeling of personal security at present. He must remember the fate of his little predecessor, Purtáb Sing, a son of Shir Sing's, who was murdered when about his own age. Lord Dalhousie expressed his displeasure that none of the Sirdárs had been near the little prince; adding, "It is a very bad compliment to us, if they think we should not like it."* I was also glad to hear him say, that he thought the Tàj worth coming from England to see; and declared it was "mere affectation to think otherwise;" for many seem to think there can be nothing worth seeing in India.

I have known a gentleman, six weeks close to a most interesting native city, and never take the trouble of entering it.

Tuesday, December 4th.—Mr. Montgomery drove me to the Shalìmár Gardens, where C., James, and Captain Hodson joined us. Mr. Montgomery made the fountains play. This is really a lovely garden for hot

weather. It consists of three terraces, one below the other, with canals full of fountains down the principal walks, a lake, likewise full of fountains, with a marble chabutra or platform in the centre, abundance of trees and shade. There is also a very pretty set of bath-rooms. I made a sketch of it, so James stayed to drive me back, and we had a very pleasant conversation going home, about novels, when fit and when unfit, the necessity of avoiding even the thought or mention of evil, and many other points.

A Hill Ránì and her little son, a fine bold little boy, about twelve, came to make salàm to my husband. The Ráni made no scruple in showing her face, but stepped out of her Duli before every one, and sat with us all. Being a widow she was almost entirely dressed in white, and her chin and under lip covered, very much like a nun's head-dress, or that of a widow of the middle ages. She was an intelligent-looking woman, and assured me that she and I were 'ham-shir' of one milk, *i. e.* sisters. C. had met them on one of his journeys from Simla, as they live between Rupar and Loodiana, and they now came to ask him to introduce them to Sir H. Elliot, with a vague hope of bettering themselves in some way. The little Chief was dressed entirely in yellow, and attended by two very fine looking Sikhs. He asked me to play to him on the piano, and the whole party listened with curiosity to an instrument hideously out of tune. In the afternoon, C. accompanied Mrs. M'Murdo and me to take a second sketch of the little Maharajah in the dress he wore at the Durbar, as I thought Lord Dalhousie would like it better. He looked extremely handsome with a sirpesh, or aigrette, of diamonds, and wreaths of pearls in his turban. His hawk is always in the hall, and when

he drives out he carries it on his wrist; it is a mark of royalty.

Wednesday, December 5th.—Drew all day, to finish the picture of the Maharajah and his attendants for the Governor-General. About four o'clock James drove me to the Soldiers' Garden, where there was a fête for the troops. They had tea, games at football, a donkey race, and divers other diversions, before we arrived: it was pleasant to see many of them walking about with their wives and carrying their little children. The Governor-General left just as we arrived. The little Chief was there, rushing about and shaking hands with all the ladies. The evening was concluded by beautiful fireworks. There was a fountain of fire, which played, I should think, for more than half an hour, and rockets with no sticks in them. We returned to dine and dress for the Installation of the Bath, to which we drove about nine o'clock. The Governor-General's tent has been made still larger than on Monday, being supported on four poles. We entered between two lines of European soldiers. The Governor General's throne, raised on three steps, was in the centre of the long side of the tent, opposite the door; on his right a chair and footstool for the Maharajah, and on his left one for Lady Dalhousie. The Knights and Companions of the Bath sat on either side of the passage from the door, and behind them the sirdars on one side, the ladies on the other, with the whole background filled up with officers in every variety of rich uniform. It was a very brilliant *coup-d'œil*, though the ladies were not nearly so ornamental, either in appearance or dress, as they might have been.

The Commander-in-Chief warmly greeted his old

antagonist, the Amir, Shir Muhammad, of Sind, who was placed just behind him; but when Tâj Sing, who is said to have held back his troops at the battle of Sobráon, appeared, he cried, "Tâj Sing! I won't sit by him—he is a traitor." Lord Dalhousie was ushered in by a procession of Chobdárs, or mace-bearers, some with short gold or gilt maces, like little bolsters; some with long ones, and some with curious things of gold, representing fans of peacocks' feathers. I think the Pope has just the same. Then came the Aides-de-Camp, private secretary, &c., and the Governor-General in his civil uniform. He looked very well, and made a short animated speech. Mr. Courtenay handed him the papers, the Queen's mandate and Prince Albert's letter. Sir C. Napier and Sir D. Hill then led in Sir W. Gilbert, preceded by Colonel Mountain, with the insigna on a red velvet cushion. All made three reverences as they came up, and General Gilbert being seated, Sir D. Hill and Sir H. Lawrence went to bring in Sir H. Elliot. The two knights knelt, and Lord Dalhousie invested them with the insigna of G. C. B. and K. C. B.

What a pity this fine old military Order is thus extended to civilians, instead of founding another for rewarding civil merit; for there is something singulary anomalous in rewarding those who have shed their blood and those who have shed their *ink* in the same manner. After the ceremony the guests formed into groups and partook of a standing supper. The little Chief was there again, to the great amusement of the ladies and the Commander-in-Chief. All that remains of the royal family of Lahore were present, and comprised only a little child of four years old, son of Shir Sing; and an elder half-brother of his.

Thursday, December 6th.—James drove me to the Citadel, to draw Chattar Sing and his son. In passing we got out to see the Jamma Masjid, a very fine building now used as a magazine. It appears to have been fully equal to the Jamna Masjid at Dehli. Breakfasted with Dr. Login, having seen everybody returning from the review from the windows of the tower in which he lives. This tower was formerly occupied by Jewáhir Sing, maternal uncle of Dhalip.

I will just give you a sketch of the Panjàb revolutions. Ranjit died, and was succeeded by his son, Kharrak Sing, who was imbecile, and poisoned by his son Nao Nihál Sing, who, returning from his father's funeral pyre, was grievously if not mortally wounded by a beam which fell upon him in passing under a very lofty gateway. We saw the place, and though some say it was done purposely, yet the gateway is so lofty, and the difficulty of aiming a beam aright so great, that such a clumsy contrivance can hardly be supposed. He was *taken care of* by the two Rajput brothers, Guláb Sing and Rajah Dhyan Sing: the latter my husband says was the handsomest man he ever saw. They suffered no one to enter his chamber until he was dead, in which consummation it is supposed that they assisted. His mother, Rani Kour Chand, then claimed the supreme power, which was contested by Shir Sing, a pseudo son of Ranjit. The Rani was beaten to death by her slave-girls, who threw her out of the window into a small court which we saw. Shir Sing then became king, but was assassinated at a review by Sirdar Ajit Sing, at the instigation of Dhyán Sing, who under pretext of presenting his carbine to him, shot him. His little son, Partáb Sing, was sought out and murdered. The two conspirators, Dhyán Sing and Ajit Sing, returned

to the city together in a carriage, and Ajit having "his hand in," stabbed Dhyán Sing as they passed under one of the gateways. He was pursued by Hira Sing, the son of Dhyán, and fell fighting. Sucheyt Sing, brother of Guláb and Dhyán, the most honest and gallant of the three brothers, fell in action about this time. Rani Chanda then brought forward Dhalip as a son of Ranjit; but her brother Jewáhir Sing having caused the only real son of Ranjit, then living Peshorá Sing, to be cut to pieces and cast down a well at Attok, the troops became enraged, and ordered him to come to a review. In vain he scattered gold and bangles among them, and entreated them to spare his life; in vain the Ráni accompanied him, and endeavoured to save him. One volley missed him; the second brought him down. The recent history you know.

After breakfast Dr. Login took us to the tower where Chattar Sing, Shir Sing, and his brethren are confined. I drew them on the roof, with a shemianah or canopy over us, a European sentry walking up and down on one side, and a Sepahi on the other. Chattar Sing is said to be rather an honest man. The expression of his countenance was very sad. Shir Sing is very like the portraits of Henry VIII. It is said that Shir Sing informed Major Edwardes of all Mulráj's messages, and of those who were likely to desert our cause, up to the day before he went over, when an earnest injunction from his father determined him to go over himself; but directly he met Mulráj, he asked him how he dared to spread a report that he was coming a week before, when he had no intention of doing so.

When I had finished sketching them, they asked

to look at my other drawings, and named almost all the persons, which shows that they must be like. They made salám, both to the little Maharajah's picture and to that of Ranjit's tomb. I started about half-past eight in my palki for Amritsir, guarded by Suleymán Khán, and arrived about sunrise next morning at the Ram-Bagh, Ranjit Sing's residence, where Mr. McLeod, the Assistant Commissioner, now lives. Mrs. McLeod brought me tea in the tent, and C. and James arrived soon after, having ridden in. The house is very picturesque, both inside and out. The centre room, now used for dining, is open on all sides, and consists of a centre compartment, raised two steps from the passage around, and supported by massive clusters of pillars, slightly pyramidical in shape. The garden is delightfully shady.

After breakfast our kind host took me into a tower, from which I sketched the gateway. The walls of the small room in which we sat were covered with curious paintings of scenes from the Hindu Mythology. After tiffin Mr. McLeod drove me through the town. It is by far the cleanest town I have seen in India; has been newly paved, and supports an establishment of Bhistis, sweepers, and watchmen, at an expense of 1500 rupees a month, which, among a population of 70,000, falls very lightly on each shop, many of the poorer ones being excused payment. It is a most picturesque place, with narrow streets, beautifully carved houses, the upper stories projecting over the lower ones, and many of them adorned with curious paintings. I saw one house with a row of peacocks, the size of life, supporting the balcony. In Lahore a row of geese perform a similar office, so well carved and painted, and in such natural

attitudes (one of them stretching out its neck as if hissing at the passers-by), that we at first took them for live birds.

We alighted, and were ushered through a small door to the edge of the great tank, in the centre of which stands the famous gold temple, glittering in the rich hues of the setting sun. It was like a picture of Turner's. The temple is of gold (*i.e.* brass gilt), with a basement of white marble and mosaics. It is connected with the shore by a long white marble bridge, which was crowded with men, women, and children. I put jorábs (Kashmir socks) over my shoes, and accompanied Mr. McLeod and James to the terrace beneath. We saw extensive buildings on all sides, occupied by the priests, and a very curious temple, of great height, with three open galleries, one above another, filled with people in the most varied colours. Beneath, on the pavement, sat a crowd of worshippers, among whom were many Akális, those martial fanatics who feared neither death or wounds. They are dressed in dark blue, with very high pointed turbans, interwoven with steel chains and sharp steel quoits. Loud music was heard from the right—it was a most striking scene. Another, not less so, presented itself when we crossed the bridge and stood at the door of the golden temple. Within, in the centre, was the Granth, on a pile of Kashmîr shawls, and covered with the same; in front of it was a candlestick and lighted candles; a row of musicians with guitars and drums, &c., sat and sang loudly on one side; groups of worshippers sat around. It was sad to think their minds were as dark as their temple. In driving home, Amritsir reminded me of Athens—the "whole city given to

idolatry." We then drove to the Fort; but it was nearly dark, so we could only perceive the long winding gateways. We called on Mrs. J. The officers' quarters in Govindghar (the fort and the birth-place of Govind, the second founder of the Sikh sect) are very bad. Captain J.'s are the best, and consist of three small rooms for themselves and children. After dinner we had music and singing, a bright fire, and pleasant chat.

Saturday, December 8th.—Went to the shawl manufactory. They make most beautiful Kashmìr shawls here, all the workmen being Kashmirìs. The Choudrì, or Mayor of the town, preceded us—a very fine black-bearded man, in crimson and yellow, on a prancing white horse, with a long tail, and red and gold saddle: how such a mayor would astonish the peaceful citizens at home! We found a long room crowded with weavers, but with no noise from the looms. At the top sat the man who draws the patterns, and the one who writes out the stitches in a character like musical notes, which every weaver understands. For instance, O stands for red, and the mark + placed under it, stands for eighteen stitches. I am not sure that these are the exact marks, but they are similar to them. The shawls are woven, or rather worked, with a small shuttle; but it is more like carpet-work than weaving. Three or four work in one loom. The best worker was a boy, blind of one eye, who kept incessantly reading and working, "Now eighteen red, now three green, now two white." Only half of one end of a long shawl is woven at once; a piece about a yard long had taken three men four months; they do about a quarter of an inch daily, and receive from two to two and a half and

three annas daily (four annas is sixpence). C. gave them some money for a feast, at which they were much pleased. Lord Dalhousie presented 5,000 rupees to the temple at Amritsir. It was said to be "for the poor;" but the priest at Lahore told us that the Lord Sahib had been so pleased with their worship, that he had given 5,000 *to the temple*. Thus it is made to appear like a national encouragement to idolatry; and its having been done by former Governor-Generals is no reason for its continuance. After breakfast, I drew Jewán Sing, the commander of a Sikh regiment, which, for its good behaviour in the late campaign, has been taken bodily into our service (a very fine-looking man); his Adjutant, older, but still more handsome, a Gurcharra, or horseman, one of Ranjit's corps of Orderlies—a man about six foot four, and an Akálì, with a very good expression and most quiet determined eye. C. gave him and his companion, another Akálì, a present, and said, "I, too, have eaten three wounds, and have been nine months a prisoner." The man's face lighted up at once, as if he thought, "I have found a comrade." Returned to Lahore in the evening.

Monday, December 10th.—C. read the last chapter of St. Luke's Gospel to James and me. James remarked that Our Lord relieved the disciples from their fears on two occasions by saying, "It is I, be not afraid;" and so whenever we see Him in any dispensation, all dread of it is taken from us. We parted with sore hearts.

Tuesday, December 11th.—Went with Mr. Newton, at gun-fire, on an elephant to see the house he has got in the city; but they sent me a very high hunting-howdah, so difficult to get in and out of, that we went to Colonel Birch's tent, asked for his, and sat some time

with him. He showed us a most interesting letter, giving an account of a meeting of 500 Italians in Leicester Square, who declared their renunciation of the Pope and Popery and their belief in the pure Gospel. We then went to the house which formerly belonged to Sucheyt Sing, and which will be, I think, very comfortable. We left our kind host, Colonel Garbett, in the evening; arrived at Ferozepore about nine. Khazán Sing, one of our Subadars, came to see his commandant, and sent his best salam to me, saying, "He considered me as his mother; for," said he, "she drew my picture." The Satlej is in two wide branches, and on the Panjab side of Ferozepore: we crossed in large boats: there is a great space of sand between. Left about seven, and got into Dharramkote soon after sunrise. While there I made a sketch of Suleyman Khan. C. told me that, on the way from Amritsir to Lahore, this worthy man kept up a continued narration of all manner of subjects—his travels, the people he had met, &c. He said that in Kashmìr the air was so fine that one could never eat enough. Speaking of Mohun Lál with the contempt which most natives appear to feel for him, he said, that when they were in Bokhara, where the people are all Sunìs, he, too, was a devoted Suni Mussalman; but no sooner did they reach Persia, than "Suní Munì gazasht," (we heard no more of Suní Munì). The natives have a ludicrous custom of adding some word merely for the rhyme, just in the fashion as a nurse talks of "mopsey-popsey" or "chicky-biddy." Four or five of our men, who are on duty there, came to express their great sorrow at losing their commandant. C. gave them his hand, which the honest Sikhs shook with extraordinary vigour and warmth. Arrived at Loodiana early on Friday.

I forgot to tell you of two things we saw at Lahore: one was a dwarf of the little Rajah's, twenty years old and beautifully made, but not quite three feet high. The other, the Durbar tents, which were put up for the Governor-General's inspection. They were under a guard, who only let us in in consideration of C.'s rank as Brigadier. There were a great many of them enclosed in a khanát (wall of cloth) of scarlet. They were all "bèchobás," that is, with no pole in the centre, about twenty feet square, and of the most magnificent description—some lined with green, others with red Kashmìr shawls; some with gold damask, another with printed velvet; others with fine cloth, silk, or satin, embroidered with silk, and even with gold and silver. One was made like a tower, with an upper story, the floor of which was planked; and they were as variegated and as picturesque outside as in, though not so costly. Everything in the Toshákhánà is to be sold by auction, and the little Màharajah is to leave Lahore for ever in a few days. The walls are, I believe, to be thrown down; so that I am very glad we have seen the last remnants of Ranjit's monarchy and splendour. Mrs. Newton is going to Lahore.

Monday, 17th Dec.—C. and I rode over to take leave of her, whether to meet again on this side of the "dark swelling waters" of Jordan, our Father alone knows.

Wednesday, December 19th.—Rode. Took a sketch of Hasan Khan. Hasan Khan's Bibi Ji has just had another daughter. Leila Bibi's little son is a very fine child. Hasan Khan brought my husband into the Zenána to see him. C. proposed giving the ladies notice. "No," said Hasan Khan, "we will catch them." So C. had a good view of them before they

could take flight. He showed us the presents he received from the Governor-General at the Darbar the other day; they consisted of a common shield with gold studs, a handsome sword, a fine Kashmir shawl, which, however, had been washed, a piece of Gujerat kincob (brocade), and some trifles. They pressed me again to take the emerald earrings, which of course I could not do, so Leila got them for herself. It makes one's heart ache to think of seeing these kind creatures no more for *ever*.

Friday, December 21.—We had put off our departure for a week, in hopes of meeting Dr. Duff; but hearing that he had gone to Koteghar, we had almost given up hopes of his arrival in time. When we found him at Mr. Janvier's, he gave me three such hearty shakes of the hand that my wrist did not recover for some time. He is looking exceedingly well, though tired with his rapid journey.

Saturday, December 22.—Rode to C.'s farewell parade. Dr. Duff, Mr. Janvier, and Mr. Rudolph also went. C. dismounted, the men were drawn up in open column of companies, and he passed along every rank, speaking to some, patting others, and ending with a short address to each company, and one to the native officers. Dr. Duff followed him everywhere, nodding approvingly at the end of each of the eleven speeches; I followed on horseback. It was very grievous work, and when it was all over my dear husband was quite overcome. The inspection being finished, the regiment formed in line, the colours and officers advanced to the front, and the colours were saluted. I could not forbear riding up and making salam to them. When the parade was dismissed, I took a sketch of the lines with my Camera. It was pleasant to see how eager they all were to help me, how the ser-

geants pulled off their bonnets to raise my Camera, and one havildar took my shawl, and another held the glass and my pencil. I rode to the Sergeant-Major's bungalow to take leave of his wife, and found the Quartermaster Sergeant's with her. They both expressed much sorrow, and Mrs. Ferguson seized my hand and kissed it—a mark of warmth I hardly expected from a sober Scotchwoman. Every one says the regret shown by the whole regiment is as genuine as it is unusual. Dr. Duff, an excellent judge of human nature, was much struck with the attachment manifested by the regiment to their Commandant, and remarked to me, "Those men would go through fire and water for Capt. M." The Afgháns are all in grief, and we were told that even those in the City, who do not know C. personally, speak with sorrow of his departure. The Postmaster wrote him a letter of congratulation on his appointment, but regretted the departure of "so good and kind a gentleman." By-the-by, yesterday morning as I happened to ride past the Main Guard by myself, the Subadar gave the word and the whole Guard saluted me as if I had been Commandant!

The Shahzadeh Shahpur sent his salám to C. after the parade, and took leave of him with tears in his eyes. Indeed these last days were full of pain, every hour one had to take leave of some person or place we are not likely to see again. An old blind Afghân, formerly Master of the Horse to Shah Shuja, to whom C. has allotted a small pension, prayed that the Virgin might bless me; but my husband explained to him that we looked for blessings to the Most High alone. This is one among several curious instances we have met, of the influence of the Romish perversions of Christianity on the minds of the Musalmans. It is known that when

Akbar requested an account of the Christian faith, the Jesuits furnished him with a so-called "History of Christ," so full of "lying fables" that the Emperor rejected it with scorn. I believe this is the work called "Dástar Masih," by Hieronymo Xavier; and the Muhamadans never seem to have lost the impression given them by the Romish Missionaries of the idolatrous nature of Christianity. C. bestowed a few words of admonition on Mahábir Sing, the gallant but ill-behaved little Gurka Jemadar, who, however, seems to have been mending his ways lately. Dr. Duff and Mr. Janvier were exceedingly interested, and it gratified us very much that they should come and show so lively an interest in all that concerned us. After breakfast I drew Subadar Sudial Sing, Jemadar Ram Bakkas Misr, both Rajputs, and successively Havildar Majors, when we first came up, Attr Sing, a very handsome Sikh Havildar, who is to be promoted on the first vacancy, and Fatteh Sing, a Sikh Subadar; then went to the Janviers: C. joined us after dinner.

Sunday, December 23rd.—The day of Sir Wm. Macnaghten's murder. Everybody went to church to hear Dr. Duff, and I drove to the Mission Compound early, to spend the day; stopped on my way through the lines to give a book to the Sergeant-Major and Quartermaster Sergeant (Baxter's Call, and Elijah the Tishbite). Mr. Janvier told me about the sermon, which was a most impressive one. When dear C. arrived we had a conversation with Dr. Duff about using the English liturgy, &c. After dinner Dr. Duff accompanied Mr. Janvier to the City, and C. and I walked through the dear old garden and to Jacob's tomb for the last time. Then to the Newtons' little Compound, which was once ours, and where dear Nelly lies under a young

pipal-tree, and on the roof of the house where we have spent so many mornings. Our dear friends were to have had the Sacrament as usual next Sunday, but owing to our departure, and Dr. Duff's presence, they appointed it for this evening; so when the sermon was nearly finished, C. came back for me. I sat between him and Dr. Duff, Mr. Rothney being next my husband, and we received the Lord's body and blood, I trust with thankful hearts. Heard part of Mr. Janvier's prayer. The last time I communicated in this chapel dear Mrs. Rudolph sat beside me. Mr. Rothney came back to the house with us, and we stayed till late, as Dr. Duff was to leave at 1 A. M. He took a most affectionate leave of us; it has been a very great pleasure to meet him again. He tells us that Rose, Mahendra's widow, is dead: she was most useful and energetic, and I have seen few like her among native Christian women

Monday, Dec. 24th.—The kind friends came to take leave of us. Some of the Native officers and havildars stayed all day, so did Mr. Rothney, so did Hasan Khán. Mr. Campbell, the Deputy Commissioner, came to breakfast and dine. General Ventura came and sat by at dinner. Having made all ready, I took leave of my poor little Ayah, who wept bitterly, then of the kind Cracrofts and Miss Wilson, of the kind old General, &c., and of a whole crowd of servants, soldiers, &c., at the door. Mr. Rothney drove me in his buggy to take leave of dear Mrs. Dempster and his sweet little wife, who was very unwell with a feverish cold. I kissed her two sleeping pets, and we then went on to the Janviers', where C. joined us with Hasan Khán. After tea, dear C. lay down and fell asleep till eleven o'clock.

Then we parted with prayer—a sad, sad parting from the dear Janviers, Mr. Rothney, and Hasan Khan: the latter walked some way with my husband, and wanted to ride the first stage, but C. would not let him. He squeezed him in his arms and sobbed. These partings are really dreadful.

CHAPTER III.

Aunt of Shah Shujah. — Great Canal. — Cold. — Delhi.—Visit to the Royal Zenáná.—Political Report on the Subject.—Kutab.—Environs of Dehli. — King's Revenue. — Well. — Humayun's Tomb. — Selim Ghar.—Government Vandalism.—Alighar.—Agra Atta Mahamud. — Decay of Muhammadism. — The Town. — The Jail. — Monuments destroyed.—Fattihpúr Sikri.—Mosaic Work.—Hindu Dwelling.—Indian Rothschilds.—Dàk Book.—Superstition.—Journey.—Bearers.—Pilgrims.—Bengalis. — Surrender of Ghazni.—Crossing the Són.—Address to Oxen.—Palm Trees.—Roads.—Board of Control.—22nd Madras Native Infantry on March.—Dag Dagghi.—Baricon.—Calcutta.—Old Mission Church.—Slave Girls.—Mission School.—Baptism.—Behari Lal.—Mussalman Convert.—Concert.—Dear Old Lady. —Difficulties of Embarkation.

Tuesday, December 25th.—Reached Kanaka Serai about eight A.M.; a sad breakfast, and both very tired. Mr. C., editor of the Delhi Gazette, was encamped close by; he and his wife paid us a visit, and asked us to dine in their tent, which we did. Mr. C.'s grandmother was an aunt of Shah Shujah, Colonel W. married her, and had her educated. She was very proud of her royal birth, and was always styled the Begum Sáhìb. The road to Amballa is very bad; the trees which Mr. Clerk planted all along the way-side are now much neglected, and we crossed a river and a very deep nullah, both without bridges, and con-

sequently capable of delaying troops or stores for an indefinite period in the rains. We have certainly done little as yet for India in the way of establishing a perfect chain of communication. Dr. Duff gave us an account of the stupendous canal works near Sáharanpore, over which the natives say Ma Ganga, or Mother Ganges, will certainly refuse to flow; but while executing these, the Government need not neglect the highways, that only want completing. It is exceedingly cold at night, and I travel wrapped up in a great postin, or sheepskin cloak, while C. wears a shorter one.

Started from Gannúr (27th December) about nine, in hopes of getting into Delhi by night, but our Dàk having been laid for the evening instead of the morning, we found no bearers ready for us. Reached the first stage about noon, there we had to wait for upwards of an hour, till the Kotwàl, by great exertions, got a few men, who, with some of our old bearers, took us on another stage. There the Chowkì was far from any village; they put us down in the road, and we stayed there from four P.M. till dark, when C. got five bearers for my palkì, and two for his own dollhì. We got into Delhì about five A.M., C. having walked about twenty miles, and assisted in carrying me part of the way. Went to bed very tired.

Sunday, December 30th.—Read an admirable sermon on Assurance, by Mr. Ryle, an English clergymen.

Monday, Dec. 31st.—Drove to the Jamna Masjid, and drew the gate. Dined at three, as there was to be a dance for the whole station in the evening. Met Mr. Boyle the chaplain, an Irishman, and large-hearted man, who seems a real Christian. Of course I did not dance, our young hostess never does.

Tuesday, January 1st, 1850.—Mr. Ryley came about

one, and took me to the citadel, where I made a sketch in the camera of the Dewàn-i-Khàs, where the peacock throne used to stand. No chair is allowed within the court, but Captain Robertson, who commands the palace guard, sent me one. Immediately the servants of the palace were in a great fright, and begged me not to sit on it, or they would be turned off. However, they sent a message to the king on the subject, who said I might have a stool but not a chair, and accordingly sent me a very rude little bench. Some of H.M.'s guard marched in; most of them were boys, almost children. When I had finished, I desired some of the numerous bystanders to look into the camera, with which they were greatly delighted, and as we were going, a message came from the king, asking me to show it to him. We accordingly turned back, and three or four black slaves came to conduct me into the harem.

They introduced me to the chief Lady, Zinát Mahál Begum, or Ornament of the Palace, who struck me as old and ugly, and then led me to the king's apartment, where the old monarch was smoking his huqá. He is slender and feeble-looking, but with a simple kindly face, though he took no notice of me when I came in, which I suppose is etiquette. His bedstead, with four silver posts, was by him, and a crowd of women about him; one old woman was rubbing his feet. No one was handsomely dressed. The old king wore a gold scull-cap and a cotton chupkan. I sat down for a moment, and then told them that the camera must be put up out of doors. They led me into the balcony, but that would not do, so they took me to a terrace where I put it up. The old king seemed pleased, and asked .me to draw the queen, to which I willingly

agreed. She was so long in adorning herself, that it was dark soon after I began. They brought out boxes full of jewels; she put on about five pair of earrings besides necklaces, a nose-ring with a string of pearls connecting it with the ear, rings for the fingers, besides ornaments for the head. Then she retired to change her dress, some of the women holding up the cotton rezaì (wadded quilt) in which her majesty had been wrapped, as a screen. She came back dressed in red muslin spotted with gold, and sat down huqa in hand, with two female servants with peacock fans, or rather *clubs*, behind her. When I looked closer at her, I saw that she could not be old, but she is very fat, with large though unmeaning eyes, and a sweet mouth. Her hair, like that of all the other women, of whom there must have been about fifty present, was *à la chinoise*. Her little son, Mirza Jewan Bakht, came and sat beside her, but as soon as I offered to sketch him, he was hurried away to change his dress, and returned clad in green velvet and gold, with a sirpesh or aigrette of jewels in his gold cap.

The noise and chattering of the assembled crowd was deafening, but the chief eunuch occasionally brought them to order and made them sit down. Her Majesty laughed very loud, as loud *as she could* with her mouth wide open, at some jest which passed. Not one of all these women were doing anything, or looked as if they ever did do anything, except three who were cracking nutmegs. What a life! The old king came in, and a man with a black beard, whom I took for one of his sons, and who remained standing, but the women sat and jested freely with his Majesty. He approved of the sketches. His little prince is he whom the king wishes to have declared heir-apparent, though he is the

youngest of his ten or twelve sons. He has no less than thirty daughters.

I was exceedingly amused with my visit, and thought how astonished you would all be to hear of my spending new year's day with the King of Dehli—the Great Mogul! When we got home, Sir Theophilus told me that the king does not give a chair, even to the Governor-General. His father gave a chair on one occasion to a Governor-General, and repented of it ever afterwards! The present king, on one occasion, sent for Sir Theophilus, thinking himself near death, and commended the Begum Zinat Muhal to his care, and as she could not shake hands with him in person, he gave him an impression of her hand, which she had made by covering it with tumeric, and then pressing it on paper. A day or two after, Sir T. Metcalfe received the following, a précis of palace intelligence, furnished to him, as it is to all British residents at native courts, daily. This is afterwards sent to the Governor-General and the Court of Directors. "January 1, 1850.—It was reported that a lady and gentleman were employed in sketching views of the Samman Burj. The lady required a chair, and Puran Sing Chobdar was sent by the Commandant Palace Guards to procure one. The king immediately sent a stool for the lady. When the lady had finished sketching, Bilal Alì Khán, eunuch, waited on His Majesty, and spoke in high terms of the lady's talent to the king and the Zinat Mahàl, Begum. They requested a visit from the lady, who took likenesses of the Prince Mirza Jawán Bukht and the Zinat Mahàl, Begum. The likenesses not having been finished, the king requested the lady to come again and finish them."

So my visit is recorded in the Chronicles of the Kings of Dehli. I will just give you some account of Dehli, from an interleaved Gazetteer with M.S. notes, by Sir T. Metcalfe. That pretty canal we saw near Karnàl, is the one which conveys the waters of the Jamna from Kuruàl to Dehli, and is of the greatest importance to the latter city, as both the Jamna and the wells at that place are adulterated with natron and salt, so that there is hardly any pure water save from the canal.* Old Dehli is said to have been twenty miles in circumference, and this is borne out by the extent and magnificence of the ruins which remain. The whole distance between this and the Kutab is covered with magnificent tombs and remains of palaces, including the Observatory, built by Rajah Jysingh about the fourteenth century, and the tomb of Safdar Jang, second Vazir or Nawáb of Oude. The appearance of this immense plain studded with ruins, reminds me of the Campagna near Rome. In one spot I counted fourteen domes in sight in one direction, so that they might all have been included in a moderate-sized sketch. Those visible on all sides would have to be reckoned by scores.

Modern Dehli was built by Shah Jehan, 1631; it contains between 23,000 and 24,000 dwelling-houses, mostly pucka, and two magnificent streets, one a mile long by forty yards broad. The palace was built by Shah Jehán, who also erected the Jamma Masjid. The entrance to the palace is through a most stately and lofty gateway of red stone (like the walls), and of such great length, that the interior is now used as a public

* It was made by Ali Merdan Khan, I know not when, and restored by the British in 1820.

bazár. The Dewan ì Am was filled with lumber and sleeping soldiers of the king's private guard, but the raised throne and its fine Italian mosaics are but little injured. The Dewan ì Khàs, which is well described as an open quadrangular arcaded terrace of white marble, has suffered greatly from the stones being picked out from the mosaic work. The Moti Masjid, built by Auranjzeb, is a beautiful little domestic chapel of pure white marble, with a raised balcony adjoining, looking out on the gardens.

Rajas of Dehli, or *Indraprestha,* are mentioned as early as A.D. 1008, and three years later the city was taken and plundered by Sultan Mahmud of Ghaznì, to whom the Raja became tributary. Shabudin (Muhammad) Ghorì, who was killed in 1206, having no sons, was fond of bringing up Turkish slaves, one of whom, Kutab u Din, rose to be Governor of the Indian provinces, and on his master's death ascended the throne and took Dehli from the Hindu princes. He was a just and beneficent ruler, the first of the Afghán or Patàn sovereigns, whose dynasty continued till the time of Baber. Altamsh was a son-in-law of Kutab u Din, and was recognized as king by the Khalifa of Bagdad, died 1210. His fine tomb is near the Kutab: I drew it when last here. His son proving utterly incapable of reigning, the daughter of Altamsh, the famous Malikeh Duràn, Rezia Begum, was raised to the throne. Of her it is said that no fault could be found but that she was a woman. She sat daily on her throne to administer justice to all comers, and showed herself a just and able sovereign, but having excited the jealousy of her nobles by raising an Abyssynian slave to the office of Amìr ul Omra, or Com-

mander-in-Chief, they rebelled, a Turki chief named Altunia at the head of them. The queen marched against him, but her troops mutinied; she was taken prisoner and her brother Behram raised to the throne. Rezia Begum soon gained over Altunia; he married her, assembled an army, marched to Dehli, fought two bloody battles, when they were both captured and put to death. She reigned only three and a half years.

Behram was a tyrant, died 1239. Ala u din Masaud, his nephew, was no better; died 1242. Nasir u Din Mahmud, another grandson of Altamsh, then succeeded; he had passed most of his life in prison, and retained on the throne the habits of Darwesh. He defrayed his private expenses by copying books, had only one wife, to whom he allowed no female servant, and who cooked for him with her own hands. It is curious that the idea of poverty should be associated with piety by Muhammadans as well as Romanists. Nasir was a great patron of Persian literature. On his death, in 1266, his Wazir, Ghias u Din Bulbun, a Turkish slave of Altamsh, who had married a daughter of that Prince, added the title of King to the regal power which he already possessed. He was succeeded, 1206, by his son Keikobad, who was dethroned and assassinated, 1288, by a party of Ghiljyes, from Ghazni, and their chief, Jala lo Din Khan, raised to the throne. He was then seventy years of age, and professed great regret at his elevation, retaining his old simplicity of manners. The Ghiljyes were Turks by descent, but had been so long settled among the Afghâns as to be almost identified with them. The old king was treacherously murdered by his nephew, Ala u Din, 1295;

during whose reign the Moghuls invaded the Panjàb, and advanced to Dehli, under Kublai Khan, but were defeated by the king. Much confusion followed—many princes died and others reigned. Mubárak Shah made a converted Hindu, to whom he gave the title of Khusru Khan, his Wazir. This man conquered Malabar, and in 1321 murdered his master and assumed the crown.

A noble, Gházi Khan Toghlak, Governor of the Panjáb, defeated and slew the usurper, to the great joy of the people. He was the son of a Turkish slave of Ghiás u Din Bulbun, and was a good prince. On returning to his capital, after reducing Tirhoot, he was received by his eldest son, Juna Khan, in a magnificent pavilion of wood erected for the occasion. It fell and crushed the king and five other persons, thus throwing suspicion on his successor. This prince built the massive fort, Toghlakábad, about twelve miles from Dehli. Juna K., 1325, took the name of Sultan Muhammad, a prince of extraordinary eloquence and talents, but whose whole life was thrown away on visionary projects; and it appears that he was in some degree insane. He reduced the Dekkan, and assembled a great army for the conquest of Persia, which dispersed for want of pay, carrying pillage and ruin into every quarter. He next sent an army of 100,000 men across the Himalaya to conquer China. Those who succeeded in crossing, found a powerful Chinese army assembled, and were obliged to fall back. They were harassed by the mountaineers; and so terrible were the calamities of the retreat, that at the end of eight days scarcely a man survived to tell the tale.

One of this prince's freaks was to change the site

of his capital to Doulatabad, in the Dekkan; which he did more than once, regardless of the misery he inflicted on the poorer classes. The Dekkan and Guzeràt revolted. The latter was subdued; M. Toghlak set out for Tatta, in Sinde, to settle the affairs of Guzeràt before subduing the Dekkan, but died in 1351, leaving the character of one of the most accomplished princes and most furious tyrant that ever adorned or disgraced a throne. He was succeeded by his nephew, Firoz Toghlak, who, like the rest of his warlike and energetic race, was in continual activity. He was constantly engaged in military operations—now in the south-east of Bengal, then in Sinde, and again in Guzeràt—till in 1385, having reached his eighty-seventh year, he invested his son, Nasir u Din, with full powers; but this prince was so incapable, that he was forced to fly by two of his cousins, and a nephew of his set up in his stead. The old king died at the age of ninety. It was he who made the canal which irrigates Hansi and Hissar. Divers grandsons disputed the throne, and during these confusions Guzerát nearly recovered independence; Malwa and other provinces threw off the yoke; Teimur Lang, the Tartar (Teimur Lane), led his hordes to the conquest of Persia, Tartary, Georgia, part of Russia and Hungary, and in 1398 approached Dehli. The king, Nasir u Deen Muhammad (Toghlak), ordered a sally to be made. Timur repulsed them, and beheaded their leader; and finding that the prisoners he had made since crossing the Indus amounted to upwards of 100,000, he put the whole of them above fifteen years of age to death, lest they should join their countrymen.

On the 7th January, 1399, Teimur forded the river, and putting more faith in action than in astrologers, he advanced against the Delhi prince, for whom it truly proved an unlucky day. The van of his army consisted of 120 elephants. Timur ordered his troops to attack the Mahauts, and the elephants, being left masterless, carried confusion into their own ranks, of which Timur took advantage, and that night saw him at the gates of Delhi, and Muhammad Toghlak in flight. On the Friday he was proclaimed Emperor of Hindustan, in the Mosques. The city was sacked, the Dehli troops fought with frantic courage, the Hindus slew their wives and children, and fell upon the Tartars with the fury of despair. The massacre lasted five days. Wearied with slaughter, and laden with treasures, the conquerors quitted the scene of desolation. The Mussalmán historian coolly says, "they sent to the pit of hell the souls of those infidels, of whose heads they erected towers; and Timurlane offered up to the insulted majesty of the Most Merciful the sincere and humble tribute of grateful praise." Truly, as there is a beautiful homogeneity in the works of God, so is there one of the opposite sort in the works of the devil; Pope Innocent III., or a Grand Inquisitor, with their Auto-da-Fés, will supply the parallel to Teimur's devotions.

Nasir u Din returned two months after, and died 1405. He was the last of the Ghiljye princes, and was succeeded by Muhammad Khan *Lodi*, who was in fifteen months deposed by Saiad Khizzar Khan, Governor of the Panjàb. Of him, the chief facts seem to be (like many other people) his *birth*—a descendant of Muhammad—and his *death*, for which (in honour of his descent) the people of

Dehli wore black for three days. He was succeeded by his son and grandson and great-grandson, long-named men of little importance, in whose time the kingdom was still further reduced, so that in one direction it extended only eleven or twelve miles from Dehli. The last of the Saiad family abdicated, in 1450, in favour of Behlol *Lòdì*, who had obtained the Punjàb, and reconquered the empire as far as Benáres. The second prince of the house of Lodi, Sikander Shah, did *not* kill his brothers or nephews, though they rebelled against him. He was mild, just, and fond of literature; died 1516. His son, Ibráhím Lodi, had none of his father's virtues, but disgusted his tribe by his pride. Sultan Baber sent to demand the restoration of the Punjàb, which he took. This great prince was a Turk, fifth in descent from Timur, and descended by his mother from Jenjiz Khan, the great Moghul prince. He, however, always speaks of the Moghuls with hatred and contempt. It must, however, have been from his mother that he inherited his great talents and energy, as his father was extremely pacific, and delighted solely in pigeon fights, like the present King of Dehli. Sultan Ibráhím is said to have imprisoned the victims of his cruelty in the Selimghar, or State Prison, which joins the palace of Dehli. Many of his nobles invited Baber to advance. The latter came across the hills to Rupar and Loodianah to Dehli, defeated Ibráhím at Panipat, where that prince was slain. Baber treated the conquered with generosity; he advanced to Dehli by the Kutab, visited the tombs on his way, and after seeing the palaces and Masjids of Dehli, he says in his journal, "I returned to the camp, went on board a boat and drank arak!" His son, Humayún, had greatly distinguished himself

in this his first campaign. Baber was the founder of a noble line of princes, under whose sway the whole of India bowed. Humayún being at the point of death, Baber determined to devote his own life to save that of his son, in accordance with a superstition still prevalent in the east; and so strong was the impression made on all parties, that Humayún began at once to recover and Baber to decline. He died, 1530, at Agra, but is buried near Kabul. Elphinstone justly pronounces him the most admirable prince who ever reigned in Asia. Such a genial, loving, energetic nature is not to be easily found on an eastern throne. Hamayún's great opponent was Shir Shah, an Afghan by descent, who first made himself master of Behár and the forts of Chunár and Rohtás, retarded Hamayún's advance by the obstinate defence of the first-named fort, until he had completed the conquest of Bengal, and then avoiding a contest with a force far superior to his own, allowed Hamayún to overrun Bengal until the rainy season reduced him to inactivity, cut off his communications, and thinned his ranks by sickness; during which time Shir Shah recovered Chunár, intercepted Humayún's communication with Agra, and surprised and defeated him on the banks of the Ganges, as he strove to emerge from the trap so judiciously laid for him. The next year Shir Shah again defeated him near Canouj, and obliged him to fly to Lahór, 1540, followed him up, and took the whole of the Panjáb, founding the famous fort of Rohtas, on the Jelam. This great prince fell at the siege of Culinjer, in 1544. He was no less distinguished as a ruler than as a general. Shir Shah's fort and Humayún's noble tomb are still in good preservation close to Dehli.

Shir Shah's Selim reigned nine years, and was succeeded by his brother Adílí, of whose unpopularity Hamayún took advantage to invade India, and recover Dehli and Agra. Hamayún died at Dehli, but his Vizér, Behram Khan, consolidated the power of the young prince, known in after years as Akbar the Great. Hamayún was a brave though undecided character; he wrote a bad hand, used fine inflated words, and only spelt tolerably, for all of which faults his father reproved him. Separate kingdoms had arisen in the Dekhan, in Guzerát, &c., during the reign of Mahomed Toghlak.

Akbár conquered Behár and Bengal, which were filled with Affghan settlers, recovered Kabul and conquered Kashmir. Akbár founded modern Agra, called from him, Akbarabad, and the magnificent palace of Fattehpúr Sikri. He died 1605. His son Jehangir, the World-seizer, was succeeded in 1627 by *his* son, Shah Jehan, who founded modern Delhi and built the Taj, where he is buried by the side of his queen. He was a liberal and magnificent prince, but was dethroned by his ungrateful son Aurangzeb, the Louis XI. of India, who first defeated his elder brother Dara, and then assumed the crown seven years before his father's death. He afterwards captured and slew his brother, whose head he buried in Humayún's tomb. Shah Jehan was, however, revenged by the mistrust and suspicions of all around him, which embittered the life and especially the latter years of Aurangzébe. He was a cold-hearted bigot, full of industry and talent, watching over the minutest details himself. Conscience awoke on his death-bed, and the picture of his fears and doubts, both as regard this world and that on which he was entering, is indeed a sad one. It was in his reign that Siváji

founded the Mahratta power, and after long contests with these rising soldiers, Auraangzéb was compelled to retreat to Ahmednagar, where he died, 1687. He was the last of the great emperors of Hindustan. Then came his son Bahadar Shah, and several other insignificant princes. In the reign of Muhammad Shah III., Bájirao, the Mahratta Peshwa (the Maire du Pâlais of the descendants of Sivaji), was obliged to retreat from the gates of Delhi, by the approach of the Vizir Azof Jah a Túrani, *i. e.* a Turk by origin, who founded the dynasty of the Nizams of the Dekkan. These two facts show the low ebb to which the imperial power was reduced.

In 1707, Shah Allum, who seems to have coined all the rupees, ruled. Six sovereigns rose and fell in rapid succession. In 1735, in the reign of Muhamhad Shah III., the Marattas burnt the suburbs of Delhi. In 1739, Nadir Shah entered Delhi, 9th March; massacred, plundered, and departed in April. In 1756, Ahmed Shah of Kabul, formerly the Duranì general of Nadir, entered Delhi on his own account. In 1761, Shah Allum II. attacked the British acquisitions in Bengal and Behar, was defeated, and then voluntarily surrendered to the British, who assigned him an ample revenue; but in 1771, he quitted their protection, returned to Delhi, and became the tool of the Marattas, and in 1788, of the Rohillas, who blinded him. Sindiah drove out the Rohilla chief. But the poor old king was not much better off under him and the French officers in his service, the allowance for each of the princes being only fifteen rupees a month! Lord Lake defeated the Marattas, six miles from Delhi, in 1803, to the infinite joy of the aged emperor; restored to

him the palaces and gardens, and supplied him with funds. A lakh of rupees monthly was soon after allotted to him, together with some lands, which produce about one lakh more per annum.

On Wednesday, 2nd January, C., Emily M. and I, drove together to the Kutab.* Sir T. Metcalfe and Sir Erskine Perry had preceded us. The house is merely a transformed tomb with a verandah added to it. I went with C., Sir E. Perry, and Mr. Metcalfe, to see a bauli or well, down which the people jump fully sixty feet. Near it are some very curious houses belonging to the royal family. I sketched the gate of the college close the Kutab; in the evening it rained.

Thursday, January 3rd.—In the city, near the Kutab, I saw a most curious burial place, which reminded me of the street of tombs in Pompeii. Many of the tombs are very elegant, and many of them are open at the top and contain flowers. Friday it rained all day.

Saturday, January 5th.—Sir Theophilus, who is a most kind host, had sent a large tent to Hamayun's tomb. Drew the tomb of Nizam-u-Din. Met a Dar-

* The Kutab was completed in the reign of Altamsh; everything shows it to have been a Hindu building. It is 212 feet high (probably the highest column in the world), diameter of base 48 feet; the three first stories are of red stone, the height of the lowest is 90 feet; it is composed of 27 divisions or flutes, alternately semicircular and angular, the second story, 50 feet of semicircular flutes only; the third, 40 feet of angular ones. The fourth story is of red stone, intermixed with white marble; the whole richly carved. The night before the defeat of Sindias (six miles from Delhi), 10th September, 1780, an earthquake injured this splendid pillar. It was repaired by the British under Lieutenant-Colonel R. Smith. The third story is perceptibly out of the perpendicular. It was found necessary to construct the scaffolding quite distinct from the building, and to fashion each stone separately exactly to the size and shape of the interstice it was to fill.

wesh, just like a monk, with bare and shaven head and a black mantle. Lunched at Hamayun's tomb, and from it I made two sketches, one of Shir-Shah's fort, a fine specimen of Patàn architecture, with the buttresses sloping inwards from the base. We had a most pleasant day, and arrived in time for dinner at the residency. It is difficult to convey any idea of the wild grandeur of the scene, the stately tombs looming in the distance like shadows of the mighty dead. There are numerous remains of summer-houses and palaces. They must have been magnificent old fellows, those old kings. A number of people surrounded us, asking for bakshish. C. asked what they had ever done for him. "We bless you," said one. "Yes," answered he, "to my face, and when my back is turned you will curse me as an infidel Feringhi." "He speaks the truth," said several of them, but it ended as usual in their getting a good bakshish.

Sunday.—Read part of Redford on Conversion. I talked over it with my husband. In the evening took a quiet walk in the grounds; it was more like an English park than anything I have seen in India, especially as it was a grey day.

Monday, January 7th.—Mr. R. went with me to the palace, and as the King and the Begum were both asleep, I sketched the interior of the Devan i Khás. A cannon, a band, and a great noise soon announced His Majesty's waking. He did not wish to be drawn himself, so I finished the sketch of the Begum. Here is the Palace Report, 7th January, 1850. "At 4 P.M. His Majesty was informed that the lady had come to finish the likeness of the Prince Mirza Jawán Bakht, and the Zinat Mahal Begum. His Majesty directed

that she should be admitted, and both the pictures were finished. His Majesty presented the lady with an emerald ring and 100 rupees, but the lady declined accepting them and took her departure."

Tuesday, 8th January, 1850.—The weather is very cold. Drove with Emily and Mrs. Colvin, to Selim Ghăr, the old state prison. It joins the palace by a bridge, and is a fine specimen (that is, its walls are, for nothing else remains) of Palace architecture—gloomy, stately, and massive, with projecting buttresses. It now contains nothing but a garden, which I suppose supplied the numerous cauliflowers which I saw cutting up in the Begum's presence, to furnish forth His Majesty's dinner. It is pretty to see the wild peacocks in such abundance.

Wednesday, 9th January.—A soaking rain all day. I hope I have not wearied you all with my history of Dehli.

January 10th.—Rain.

Friday 11th.—We left our kind friends with much regret, and mounted an elephant, which conveyed us to some distance to meet our palkigárri, which had started early. In crossing the sands we had an excellent view of Selimghar and the bridge by which it is connected with the palace. The rain had swollen the Jamna so much that it nearly reached the hip of the chaprási, who was a tall man, and some women who were fording it must have been wet up to their waists. About twelve miles from Delhi we passed Toghlakabad. Some tombs remain in a most ruinous condition. There was formerly a very fine Patan gateway, but the government (British!) has pulled it down to build barracks! We read "Blackwood's Magazine," then we sang, and then we ate oranges and cake and went to sleep. We

reached Allyghar about noon the next day, and were surprised to find it so pretty a place, with beautiful rows of trees. We were warmly received by the L.'s. In the evening, drove to see the remains of the batteries used by Lord Lake against the town, about 1803, when he took it from the Mahrattas. Allyghar was held by General Perron, in their service. The batteries are only about 500 yards from the walls, rather different from General Whish's practice at Multán. Mr. L. has a very large horse, fit for so large a man. His Sáis insist upon calling it Mahadéo, or the "Great God," which shows that they have no real reverence even for their own idols. The next day was the anniversary of Chillianwalla, and the Sepáhis of the 30th got hold of the only gun in the place and fired a salute in honour of it.

Monday, January 14th.—After an early breakfast Mr. L. drove us out part of the way and lent us his horses to go on. The country seemed prettier, and there were many more trees than we had remarked on our upward journey. The road was a most excellent one, as smooth as a deck, and quite shady. It was very cold; I sat in a warm woollen dress with as many wraps as I should have used in England. There were fine crops of young wheat and other grain on either side. We saw a crow-pheasant, a very handsome bird, swarms of minas and of paroquets. Reached Agra about 8 P.M., and were kindly received by Mr. and Mrs. B. Heard that our poor dear Bow had died about a fortnight before, which grieved us much.

Tuesday, 15th January.—Went to our camp, where servants, people, and horses have been waiting for us for the last three weeks. It was pleasant to see them all again. Aga Mahomed Khan, who is accompanying

us to Elichpur, and superintends our baggage and people on the way, seemed very glad to see us. I paid a visit to his wife, a very nice, bright, intelligent looking woman, who kissed my hand and perfumed me with attar.

You may remember that she escaped from Kábul about two years ago, to join her husband, and made her way to Loodiana with no other escort than her young brother-in-law. Aga Mahomed brought my husband his own pipe, and entertained us with spiced tea in the baggage tent. There was a dinner party in the evening, mostly civilians, as I quickly discovered by their huqás. I have never seen the huqa smoked save at Dehli and Agra, except by a very old general officer in Calcutta.

Wednesday, January 16th.—We rode to Sekandra. You remember my description of Akbar's tomb at Sekandra. The gardens round it struck me as more beautiful than before, for we slowly rode through them while waiting for the Sáises to hold our horses. They are full of fine trees, particularly one very leafy kind, called the Khirnì. After the stately, simple Afghan tombs at Dehli, and especially after the grand one of Akbar's own father, Hamaiun, I did not admire the style of this, always excepting the beautiful uppermost story. It is in three stories, each one more or less encumbered by a multiplicity of gumbaz, a kind of short minar, or rather canopy on pillars, which, when ranged closely together, look very much like bee-hives. The lattice-work of the garden wall is most beautiful.

Thursday, January 17th.—Mr. Taylor and Aga Mahomed accompanied us to the Táj on horseback. It was exceedingly cold—quite a hoar frost. The Táj seems more beautiful each time we see it. I had forgotten that the tombs in the vault were as elaborately

ornamented as the mausoleums above. On our way back, Mr. Taylor pointed out the ruins of a fine building, called the Rúm-i-Ghar, or Roman (*i.e.* Turkish house), where the Ambassador from Constantinople formerly dwelt. What a change from the days when the "Grand Signor" sent his embassies to the "Great Moghal!" Is anything but this contrast needful to prove the truth of what Taylor says in the second chapter of the "Saturday Evening," that Muhammadanism is "superannuated and decaying with age."

I must give you the passage, for the whole of it is most true:—"The grave and masculine superstition of the Asiatic nations, after employing the hot blood of its youth in conquering the fairest regions of the earth, spent a long and bright manhood in the calm and worthy occupations of government and intelligence (as under the first emperors in India). During four centuries, the successors of Muhammad were almost the only *men* the human race could boast of (I suppose he means from A.D. 600 to 1000). In the later season of its maturity, and through a lengthened period, the steadiness, the gravity, the immoveable rigour which often mark the temper of man from the moment when his activity declines and until infirmity is confessed, belonged to Islamism, both Western and Eastern." (See the History of the Turkish Empire.) "And now is it necessary to prove that every symptom characteristic of the last stage of human life attaches to it? Muhammedian Empire is decrepit; Muhammadan faith is decrepit; and both are so even by the confession of the parties." We have often heard this confession both from Afghans and Hindustanis.

Friday, January 18th.—Took another early ride to the fort. Outside the walls is a horse's head, in stone,

on the road, of which no one seems to know the history. The walls of the fort are of red stone, and very fine, though smaller than at Lahore; but the walls there, being of brick, are not to be compared to these. The fort and city were built by Akbar, hence its Muhammadan name of Akbárábad. We saw the lovely moat Masjid, or Pearl Mosque, with its gilt roofs, the ladies' mosque; the Dewan-i-Khas, and innumerable halls and chambers, the former open on three sides, and adorned, in the most elaborate manner, with beautiful carvings and mosaics. The lattice-work is very fine, and one projecting tower, with a balcony over the river, is particularly beautiful. This is the finest palace of any I have seen. Even the fountains are inlaid in Florentine mosaic; the rooms panelled with flowers in bas-relief, among which the lily is conspicuous.

All these halls are raised on a kind of platform, called a Chabutra, approached by three steps, and even these latter are beautifully decorated. We again saw the great throne of black marble, which is said to have been broken the instant a Ját set his foot upon it, at the time when they lorded it over the fallen Empire of Delhi. We rode back by the Tripolia, so called from three roads uniting in this spot, and then through the town. This is the first place where I have seen anything like a vegetable market. The streets are very clean, and it was a picturesque sight to see each man in his own little shop laying out his wares, which appeared to be equal in quantity to those of a pedlar. There were shops full of scull-caps, others of slippers, then again those of the druggists and perfumers, with Chinese jars and curious many-coloured bottles. Went to the house of Mr. William Woodcock, who is in-

spector of prisons from Benares to Kurnal; and this being the central prison, immediately under Mr. Woodcock's own eye, we were anxious to see it. He kindly led us over the whole. We saw them making paper and *polishing* it with a piece of blood-stone, making pottery and tiles, repairing and adding to the prison, and grinding wheat. Among the paper-makers was a fine-looking young man, with an open honest countenance; he was a Thug! The sleeping wards are open galleries with an iron bar down the middle, to which each prisoner is fastened by a chain, except very well-behaved men, who are allowed to sleep free. These have been built at less than half the expense of those constructed by the engineer officer, who made his almost without ventilation and *bomb-proof* (as if prisoners were inanimate and explosive materials!) There is a very large garden attached to the jail, in which Mr. Woodcock humanely employs the life-prisoners. The jail, at present, contains the following:—

Thuggi, 97; Dacoiti, 312; Highway Robbery, 166; Breach of the Peace, 92; Murder, 622; Burglary, 60; Theft, 582; Kidnapping, 24; Arson, 7; Perjury, 14; Forgery, 21; Rape, 20; Smuggling Salt, 9; Notorious Bad Characters, 33; Miscellaneous, 79: Total Criminal Prisoners, 2168; Under Trial, 20; Civil Prisoners, 27; Revenue ditto, 24; Grand Total, 2239; In Hospital, 36; Life Men, 442; Ditto Women, 83; Term Men, 1537; Ditto Women, 19; of these 697 slept out of jail, being employed on the roads or other works. They have 14 Officers, 4 Turnkeys, 144 Permanent Guard, and 214 contingent Guards at present employed with the working gangs. Sepáhis are never allowed to work out of the prison, as the guard cannot manage them—a

curious fact. The hardest work is grinding wheat. Mr. Woodcock pointed out to us the most troublesome man in the jail. He had a most determined look and a very badly shaped head; and as soon as he saw us looking at him he began to grind with perfect fury. Mr. Woodcock took us into the female ward. I never saw such horrible faces as those of some of the women. Most of them were in for murder, infanticide, or poisoning. One old hag had murdered seven people; the crime not being sufficiently proved to allow of her being hanged, she is imprisoned for life. They were all spinning. Some women have blinded themselves by producing opthalmia, in order to avoid work; they are, therefore, made to grind. One woman had defeated all the magistrates and jailors for seven years. She said she never had worked and she never would, and nobody had ever been able to make her do so. Mr. Woodcock was determined that she should, and ordered her head to be shaved; she no sooner found he was in earnest than she fell at his feet and promised, if he would only spare her hair, she would work as much as he liked, and there she has been spinning ever since. The prisoners give very little trouble. Those with labour have 24 oz., those without, 20 oz. of atta and dál (flour and peas) per diem, and 1 lb. vegetables, some oil twice a-week, with 1 oz. of tobacco a-week.

Mr. Woodcock intends establishing a school among them, using Christian books, and giving, though not enforcing, the use of the Scriptures. It was a most interesting visit. Mr. W. seems admirably suited, by his benevolence and firmness, to the office he fills, and his heart is evidently devoted to his work.

In the evening, Mr. and Mrs. B. drove us to the

tomb of Itimah-u-Doula. This title signifies Confidence, or Prop of the State. His name was Abu Fazl, the famous vazir and friend of Akbár. He fell fighting gallantly against an ambuscade laid for him, at the instigation of Prince Selim, afterwards Jehanghir, to the great grief of his imperial master, who only survived him three years. The tomb is very beautifully carved, and the lower part has one of the most beautiful mosaic pavements I have seen, with a very bold arabesque pattern: both the tombs and cenotaphs are of yellow marble. Like all Mussulmàn tombs, that of the wazir is distinguished by the kallamdán, or pen-case; and that of his wife by the tablet or slate. The building has only four short minars, one at each corner; there is a fountain in front of each side: and the chambers which always surround the principal tomb, contain those of other members of the family. This fine building is much defaced, quantities of agates and other stones being picked out and sold to Nattu, the present mosaic manufacturer. These depredations might surely be put a stop to. The late magistrate of Agra sold the stone of Fattihpur Sikrì; and Lord William Bentinck had the marble baths in the fort pulled to pieces and sold. We then went to the Rambagh, a fine garden.

Saturday, January 19th.—Mr. William Woodcock having kindly offered to show us Fattihpur Sikrì, we started at gun-fire with him, and rode thirteen miles, chiefly at a gallop; so that I was rather glad to get into the buggy. It was a hard frost, which gave everything a very home look. I remarked the great kos-minárs, for marking the distances. Mr. Woodcock told me a good deal about the character of the natives. He thinks (and I agree fully) that the women are worse than the men.

He says the Hindu women have no religion at all. We arrived about ten o'clock. Our breakfast had been prepared in Bir Bhal's daughter's mahal or palace. This is a building erected for one of Akbar's wives, the daughter of his greatest personal favourite, Rajá Bir Bal, who fell in an Afghán defile, in a desperate encounter with the Eusofzais. He is said to have been a man of great merit, liveliness, and wit; and Akbar, who, like his grandfather Baber, was a man of strong affections, was nearly inconsolable for his loss. It consists of four rooms on the ground floor, all most elaborately and beautifully carved in red stone, and two others above, built diagonally to each other, like the black squares on a chess-board, the white squares being open terraces. It will give you some idea of the immense extent of this magnificent palace, to know that this building is one mile from the entrance, and yet is not at the opposite end.

After breakfast, I walked out to the Rumi, or Turkish Begum's house, where the old guide pointed out the paintings of Rustam and other fabulous heroes, with which the outer walls were covered. The gentlemen joined us, and we went first to Salîm Chistî's tomb. He was a famous saint, whom Akbar consulted in his distress at having no son. He advised him to build a magnificent mosque and palace around his hermitage; and Akbar complied by raising this stupendous edifice, in comparison to which even Versailles is insignificent. The tomb is situated in the midst of an immense quadrangle, on one side of which is a mosque, with a curious mixture of Hindu architecture, modified by the more lofty Muhammadan taste; and on the other, the finest gateway in the world. It is 120

feet in height; of very grand, simple form, and stands on the top of a gigantic flight of steps, so that it is a most conspicuous object from every quarter of the surrounding country. Mr. Woodcock made us observe the doors, which, instead of being hung on hinges, move on a pivot or double centre, and are consequently as well hung now as when they were first put up, and swing so easily that I shut one side. It is strange that we have not taken the hint.* The gates are covered with horse-shoes; a kind of thank-offering for the recovery of sick horses and mules. The whole quadrangle is surrounded by lofty arcades. We found Mr. Middleton, of the Government College, taking daguerreotype and calotype views of the place.

The tomb of Selìm Chistì is of white marble, with very peculiar and beautiful flying buttresses. The inner building is surrounded by a verandah, with the most delicate openwork in marble I ever saw. One, which is said to be made of a single piece of marble, is exactly like a veil of double net. The inner walls are painted; and to the lattice-work and tomb are attached innumerable scraps of cloth and thread, fastened there from the belief that doing so will ensure the fulfilment of any wish made at the time. The tomb and canopy over it are of mother-of-pearl. We then went to see the tombs of the Aulàd, or descendants of Salìm Chistì, of whom our guide is also one. From thence we went to the palace of the Rajah of Jeipur's daughter (another of Akbar's queens), which is the largest of all, and built in the Hindu style. The roof of the colonnade was taken down by Colonel Monson, to prevent his men from falling off it! The Mahál, or chambers of the Istambul Shahzadì, are also very beautiful, though small as those of London lodgings.

Everywhere the masonic sign of the double triangle is visible. We went over the rest of what still remains of this imperial palace. Court follows court—building follows building. There is one court where Akbar and his vazìr used to play at pachisì (a game played on a board in the shape of a cross, with twenty-four squares in each limb), with sixteen slave girls, dressed in four different colours, for counters. The squares still remain in the pavement. Then there is a building expressly for blindman's-buff, full of narrow passages, abrupt turns and cul-de-sacs; a large court for wild-beast fights, with a tower for viewing them, stuck all over with elephants' tusks; again, a five-storied building, called Pànjmahál, consisting of tiers of pillars, arranged quincunx-wise, so as to form parallels in all directions. Then we saw Akbar's Privy Council Chamber. His seat was on a high pillar in the centre, while his four vazìrs sat on four spokes, which proceeded from it—a most curious contrivance. In another place is a small canopied seat for his Hindu astrologer; for Akbar was anything but a good Mussalmàn. We came to Bir Bal ki Beti's mahal, and I sketched our old guide. We then drove homewards. It is sad to see the immense piles of bricks between the outer and inner walls, the ruins of masses of building as extensive as those which remain. We drove back, after a most delightful day.

Sunday, January 20th.—Spent the afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, of the American Mission. We had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Fraser, mother of one of the elders—a Christian old lady of seventy-five, whom we saw at Mr. Lish's. It is quite refreshing to meet a venerable old woman in this country. The evening reminded us of our Sabbath evenings with our

dear missionary friends at Loodiana. We were very much pleased both with Mr. and Mrs. Wilson.

Monday, January 21st.—Mr. Woodcock took us to see Mr. Middleton, who showed us his daguerrotypes and Talbot types, and promised me some of the latter. Then we went to the house of Nattu, the mosaic worker, and saw all the processes. The stones are first cut in exceedingly thin flakes, about the thickness of a card, by means of a wood and packthread bow, water and sand. A portion of the flake is then held close to a little steel pattern of the required shape and filed into its exact form. The workman showed us the tips of his fingers bleeding from the filing. The object that is to be inlaid having been made in white marble, the intended design is drawn upon it and then hollowed out with the utmost delicacy, and the pieces of mosaic being laid in with a kind of mastic beneath them, are covered with talc, to prevent them from being injured, and the mastic being melted by the action of fire, the talc is taken off and the work has only to be polished. I should like to know if this is the process now in use at Florence. The smaller specimens of this mosaic are not much worth having, but we saw some beautiful chess tables, one for Lady Dalhousie, for 400 rupees. Nattu's house was well worth seeing as a specimen of a rich tradesman's dwelling. The rooms were exceedingly small, like those at Pompei, with a tiny balcony, scarcely more than a foot wide, the door leading to it not being above three feet and a half high. There were a good many tiny rooms, all very clean. I saw an accordion with four keys on the table. The staircase was so narrow that I tried to put my arms a kimbo in going down and could barely do so. It must be very difficult for a fat Babu to thread his own house. This reminds me, that while at Dr.

Murray's one day last week, receiving a lesson in calotyping, I saw the great Mattra banker, his brothers and son. They are the Rothschilds of India. Most of the party (fat, sleek creatures) were in a barouche, but the rich man himself adheres to the primitive conveyance of a Bylis, a thing like a footboard on two wheels, generally drawn by two oxen, but in which he drives a splendid pair of white horses, sitting cross-legged the while!

We passed the bridge made of iron pontoons and paid a farewell visit to the Táj; Mr. Woodcock pointed out to us one small piece of repair which had cost 500 rupees. It was a slip of mosaic, not very minute, about a palm broad and three or four feet long; so this will give you some slight idea of the enormous toil and expense of the whole edifice. Mr. Woodcock dined with us. Our host, Mr. B., one of the Sadr judges, is a man of remarkable integrity and justice, and has often got into disrepute for steadily setting his face against all oppression and knavery.

Tuesday, January 22nd.—Packed and departed. It grieved us to take leave of our poor servants, some of whom wept; and of the Havildar and guard, the last we shall see of our regiment. We drove out two stages to Muhammadabad.

Wednesday, January 23rd.—The bearers, on crossing a bridge, shout Ram, Ram. Further north, superstition does not seem to prevail to the same extent, it does not seem to be perpetually on both knees as it is here.

Do you want to know how we spend the twenty-two hours out of every twenty-four which we pass in the carriage? To-day early, C. went on the box for two stages while I read: when C. came in, I read several chapters of "Andersen's Bilderbuch" to him, and after

our dinner I read to him from "Evangelical Christendom," and we read and discussed a critique in "Blackwood" on Byron's description of "Clitumnus." Then he sang to me "La Garde meurt mais ne se rend pas," and "Will Watch," and then we went to sleep. This is a populous country, with many villages, and fine trees and avenues.

Thursday, January 24th.—We get on very rapidly, going upwards of five miles an hour on a beautiful road through a well cultivated country. Palm trees are becoming more common. Went on the box with my husband in the evening. Reached Cawnpore at noon.

Friday 25th.—Reached Kissea Bungalow at eleven A.M. Our eyes were regaled all the way by green fields, and the weather is very pleasant. We were much amused by a little boy among the bearers, who shouted and screamed, and urged on the men with extraordinary zeal and vigour. The Kahárs make a great noise as they draw us. As they proceed, one of their number puts two or three short questions, to which they all give short answers; a longer question follows, to which they respond in chorus with a kind of howl. They give warning to the bearers of the next Chowkì, or stage, by a peculiar cry, and generally bring us in shouting and screaming with all their might. The fresh bearers rush forward in a crowd, and each man endeavours to secure a place. At Allahabad they dragged us along at so rapid a pace, shouting as if they were intoxicated, that we could not help laughing at the idea of what our friends at home would think, if they could have seen us. We came so much more quickly than we calculated on, that we reached Allahabad on Friday evening, and pushed on to Benáres, and though our dàk was not laid, we found bearers

waiting for us at each stage. The road to the river of Allahabad has been boarded over, which, as the sand is extremely heavy, is a great improvement. The roads are covered with pilgrims to Benáres. All accounts agree, that the number of pilgrims to all the great shrines is much diminished; so what must it have been formerly? We crossed the majestic river on a bridge of boats, and reached Benáres the next day (Saturday) at one o'clock, very hot and tired. Received a hospitable welcome from Mr. and Mrs. R. After a bath, drove to see the new College, a very fine building now in progress. It is in the Elizabethan style, the architect is Captain Kitto.

Monday, January 28th.—Started about noon, much refreshed with the rest we had had. Crossed the Ganges in a rickety boat, barely wide enough for the carriage to stand in, so that they were obliged to put stones to prevent its running off on either side. There was a cool pleasant wind. The people here are very different from those of the Upper Provinces, much slighter, shorter, and darker; much more Indian looking, with good foreheads, well-shaped heads, deep-set eyes, and well-shaped noses. Many young trees have been planted by the roadside and fenced with prickly pears.

January 29th.—We were refreshed by a view of some beautiful hills, which we did not lose sight of for the next three days. The road is covered with pilgrims. I go on the box with C. morning and evening. The change of posture is very refreshing, for the Palkigári is arranged like a bed. We were amused at the childish manners of our bearers. The way in which they trotted along, wagging their heads, was quite like that of children of four or five years old. Their voices

have no depth, they are wooden and chattery voices, as if nutcrackers were speaking. My husband tells me that, even without the least anger, their language is indescribably coarse and bad. On this side the Són river we passed some indigo planters' graves. The 27th B. N. I. was crossing on their way up the country. C. spoke to them, and an old Hindu Subadar, who had been with the regiment at Ghazni, was quite delighted to see him. He spoke openly of Colonel P., his former commanding officer, as "the son of an owl." Speaking of the surrender of Ghazni, and disgrace thus brought upon the regiment, he said, "Our honour became like mud." It was a pretty sight to see boat after boat crossing with the troops. We had three yokes of oxen to our light Palkigári, besides the bearers pushing it and turning the wheels. The driver addressed the oxen thus, "Oh, my son, pull, and I will feed thee with sugar; pull, pull, pull,—why dost thou not pull?" We passed five or six divisions of the stream, fording most of them, and at other times crossing in a boat. The water is of a deep clear blue, and the beautifully shaped distant hills made the scene lovely. The bed of the river is three miles wide, the intervals of water being deep heavy sand. On one piece a whole flock of little grave gulls were sitting; C. roused them, but they immediately settled again.

The road both to-day and yesterday has been broken up in several places, so that C. walked to lighten the carriage. We reached Nourungabad by 2 A.M. It was very hot. This being the home of our servant Husein, we sent him to see his friends; and it was amusing as we left the place to see every one looking up at us in a friendly way, as much as to say, "I know who you are, and that our townsman is your

servant." Husein informed us, "that they were mostly Saiads, and all people of good repute." It is a pretty little place from the number of palm-trees in it, which always have a peculiar charm in my eyes, from the Oriental look they give to the landscape.

Wednesday, January 30th.—It was what an old general officer called a *ravine-ous* country, very pretty, full of bridges, and with plenty of wood; quite autumnal in its varied tints. We had some very long hills, both this day and the next, there was a succession of hill and dale. At Barhi we found the 22nd M. N. I. My husband went to see them, and although he knew none of them personally, the officers all received him like an old friend. They told him that their Sergeant-Major, who had been Quartermaster-Sergeant in the 48th M. N. I., was always talking of him (as a rider and as an Adjutant). He is an Irishman of the name of O'Driscoll. When sent for, he was quite overjoyed, though he did not at first recognize my husband, owing, as he said, to the "moustayches," and when C. gave him his hand at parting, tears glistened in the honest soldier's eyes. Hirá is most diverting; the little bird runs about us, droops his half-opened wings, mops and mows, hops and skips, and plays all manner of pretty little tricks. At night we had some milk from a Bungata, and ate our bread with it, and Hirá was handed up to me on the box, and took his supper, too. C. and I agreed that we never enjoyed our meals so much as on this journey, I suppose from having only one a day. The trees were very fine, and so are the crops, and there is grass to be seen, instead of the sand of the Frontier Provinces. We had a little crooked bearer, evidently a great fanatic, but full of energy. It is curious to see how even in this temporary association one bearer

always takes the lead, and admonishes and rules the others. One of these days we passed a colossal figure of Rani lying on his back, all the bearers saluted it with the cry of "Ram Bahadar." Passed the *two thousand* camp-followers of the 22nd M. N. I.

January 31st.—Very early this morning, passed 1500 Europeans of different regiments going up the country.

February 1st, Friday.—Some rain fell in the night. It is now very warm, though with a nice breeze in the day. Passed the 42d B. N. I. on their march. Just before we came to their camping-ground we saw a man beating a little drum with a small flag beside him. This is a sort of Faqir, who attaches himself to the regiment, and is called the Dag Dagghi, and the sight and sound of him so encourages the men as he announces the vicinity of their encampment, that, as C. said, "in the fulness of their hearts and the emptiness of their stomachs, they give him something as they pass." Leaving Bardwán we saw the chapel and mission-houses of the Church of England Mission, a pleasant contrast to the Shewállas we had seen on entering it. The roads are bordered with fine trees. The road has been much worse lately; very different from the beautiful condition of that above Benáres. Imagine that this great trunk road was only made by Lord William Bentinck! Is it not disgraceful that it should get worse as we approach Calcutta? With much difficulty we were dragged across a nallah, the bridge of which was broken down more than two years ago, and has never been mended yet. The great want of India is the means of internal communication. At present there is scarcely any: though much is doing in this respect, far more remains to be done. During the last famine at Agra, the best

grain was to be had 400 miles off at *one-eighth* of the price at which coarse grain was selling in Agra, yet the difficulty of transport prevented its being brought thither. How differently did the Romans act! *Their* first object in a conquered country was thoroughly to intersect it by admirable roads; thus opening it to civilization, making it available for revenue, and placing it thoroughly under military control; but in India, even if a Governor-General be fully impressed with the necessity of these internal improvements, he is thwarted by lectures on economy from the Home authorities. About 4 A. M., on the 2nd, we reached the Ghat, and were ferried over the Ganges. Our hearts were filled with gratitude on receiving a note, telling us the dear girls had arrived on the 20th January, all safe and well. We stayed with James and M. till the 13th; a most pleasant visit which we all greatly enjoyed.

Found Mr. Ewart's school in a most prosperous condition, as also Miss Laing's. Mahendra's sweet widow Rose has rejoined him above; but Anna (Koilas's widow) fills her place. Rose has left a very interesting little girl, said by every one to be the image of Mahendra.

M. took me to hear Mr. Coley on Thursday evening, at the old Mission Church. He is an excellent preacher, but I could hear nothing; but it was very pleasant to see so large a congregation on a week-day, and to see the church where Henry Martyn and so many Evangelical men made known the blessed Gospel. Tablets to their memory surround the walls near the communion table. Bishop Corrie is commemorated as "the friend of Henry Martyn;" those of Mr. Charles Grant and David Brown are among them. Marian took me to see the Church

of England Mission at Mirzápur, under the charge of Mr. and Mrs. Sandys. It is large and very interesting. It contains the remains of Mrs. Wilson's orphan-school. By-the-by, Mrs. Wilson's leaving was her *own* act. We also saw four young girls just placed there by Mr. Wylie. A short time since, a child of twelve escaped from the house of her master (a Muhammadan in the city), on account of his cruelty. She had been sold to him as a slave, and said that there were four other slave girls there worse treated than herself. Mr. Wylie sent a police agent with her, and desired her to tell the others that if they liked to come, the magistrate would protect them. They all availed themselves gladly of the offer. One is in hospital from the effects of ill-treatment; another, whom we saw, has lost an eye from a blow. They all seem very happy and contented, and much pleased at the change in their condition.

Mr. Sandys told me that they baptize all infants as soon as they receive them, and older children so soon as they understand the nature of the obligation. They do so on the ground that they themselves stand in *loco parentis* to these orphans. They find that the orphans seem to feel their own responsibility and the claims of the Gospel much more deeply after baptism than before. The elder girls read fluently in Bengalì, and answered well to questions on the Scriptures. They also understand English pretty well.

There is a large boys' day-school and a boys' orphan asylum. Behari Lal Sing, one of the Catechists, who is employed in reading the Gospel and speaking chiefly to the domestic servants of Calcutta, came to see us. The others are mostly absent. I took Behari's picture. He told us that a Muhammadan native doctor is to be baptized on Wednesday (13th). He received a copy

of the Scriptures sixteen years ago, and occasionally read them; but about two years since they arrested his attention, so that at last he came to Behari Sing for further instruction. His examination was very satisfactory. Behari Lal Sing, you know, is Timothy's brother. I went to Mr. Mackay to draw some of the converts; but had only time to sketch Lal Behári De, who is now a Catechist, and Ennar Charan Ghose. It was a great pleasure to see these young Christians again. All of them seem to have become *men* since we met. Bahári Lal Sing, especially, is like an experienced city Missionary.

Saturday, February 9th.—We had a great treat. The Philharmonic Society, of which James is a member, met at his house. They gave us the First Symphony of Haydn most beautifully, and then a piece of Meyseder and one of Osborne's. Only one lady was present besides the members.

Wednesday, February 13th.—Called on good old Mrs. Ellerton, the "oldest inhabitant" of Calcutta, an aunt of Dr. Jackson's, and mother of Bishop Corrie's wife—a truly pious, delightful old lady, very small, very upright and lively, and mother of half the charitable institutions in Calcutta. No one can tell the value of a dear old lady till they come to India, where they are almost unknown.

CHAPTER IV.

Difficulties of Embarcation.—The Sulimáni.—Reverses of Fortune.—Crew.—Colombo.—Coffee Store.—Sea Serpent.—Parsi Customs.—Khálásis.—Bombay Harbour.—Energetic Parsis.—Bombay People.—Governor Duncan.—Mesmerism.—Jemah Schools.—Moveable Bungalows.—Parsi and Brahman Converts.—Hungarian Cause.—Archduchess Joseph.—Narayan Shi-Shádri.—Towers of Silence.—Female School.—Use of Pen.—Jewish Ladies.—Rev. H. Pestonji.—Parsi Family.—Elephanta.—Zoroasterism.—Want of Phankahs.—Salsette.—Murder of Dr. Healey.—Romish Baptism.—American and German Missionaries.—Maina's Story.—Vincent and Balu.—Boys from Bagdad.—Converted Faqir.—Baptismal Service.—Khandála Ghat,—Puna.—Mission School.—Nagar Converts.—Chaplains.—Ahmednagar.—Fort.—History of the Dekhan.—American Mission Schools.—Female Mission Schools.—Singing.

About two, J. and M. drove us to the Ghat, where a large budgerow was waiting for us, C. having taken our passage to Bombay on board the "Sulimánì," Captain Dawson. We stayed on deck till about eleven o'clock, when the tide turned, and we anchored. Got a little very uneasy sleep at intervals. About half-past three, the men being refreshed with oranges, we started, and after hailing an immense number of ships, and always finding that the "Sulimánì" was "further down," we came in sight of, and missed her, and had to anchor some distance astern of her, as the tide was too strong to pull such a heavy budgerow against it. After some

time, a large dinghi (a light boat, strongly manned) came to our assistance, and towed us to the ship. Got on board about 7 A. M.

Tuesday, February 26th,—We have had such light winds, that instead of reaching Colombo in five or seven days, we only passed the latitude of Madras yesterday morning, having a very pleasant passage. The weather lovely, though hot; the sea perfectly smooth, and no motion. Our cabins are small, as the "Sulimáni" is a ship of only 790 tons, but very clean; and I much prefer a small ship all to ourselves, to a large one full of passengers. We have paid Co.'s rupees 2250 for our passage to Bombay. The Captain and his wife are most agreeable. All our sympathies are enlisted on behalf of Mr. T., the second officer. He is a middle-aged man, who had made sufficient, after commanding a ship for eighteen years, to retire in comfort, and to support a widowed sister and five children. He himself is a widower with one little boy. By the failure of the Union Bank he lost everything, and is now working his way round to Bombay as second officer, in the hopes of getting a ship there. He speaks in a manly, Christian spirit of his reverses, and said, "When I am inclined to be downcast at my losses, I fly to my book,', meaning his Bible. We passed an Arab ship, the commander of which is in a similar position, having lost everything and obliged to go to sea again in his old age; separated, too, for ten months in the year, from his wife and family. How thankful should we be for being spared such reverses! The crew consists partly of Chinamen and partly of Musalmáns from Suràt; every division is under a tindal, and the whole under a Barra-Tindal, or chief boatswain's mate. The Seraing, or chief boatswain, is responsible for the whole crew.. The

Chinese are ugly, strong, and useful, and apparently merry, with great ugly hands and feet, and large limbs. The Surat men are small and slight, with delicate hands and feet. The cargo consists of 6,000 bags of rice, of 164lbs. each, Bombay being supplied with rice from Bengal.

Monday, March 4th.—Yesterday saw Adam's Peak, and a very curious canoe came alongside. It was very long, and so narrow as barely to leave room for one person to sit in it, with an outrigger, which renders it perfectly safe. At breakfast this morning we were only twelve or fourteen miles from Colombo, which we hoped to reach in a couple of hours; but a calm came on, and the current drifted us backwards, so that we did not anchor till near midnight. How pleasant it is to know that all these delays are appointed for us by our Heavenly Father, and are, therefore, just what is best for us!

Went on shore in the ship's boat with an awning; and the rowers—who were all in their best, with the curious Surat headdress, which is like a hat without any brim, made of parti-coloured straw, with gay red and other coloured handkerchiefs twisted round the temples—amused me by singing all the way. The chant was monotonous, but their voices pleasing. Ceylon looks very pretty from the sea, from being well wooded. The houses form a red line, while the beach and everything on landing is strange and tropical. Every one walks about with palm-leaf umbrellas. The dress consists of a cloth, some ten yards in length, reaching from the waist to the feet, and wrapped tightly round and round the body. One would fancy it would impede them in walking, nevertheless they stride along swinging their arms in a manner that is quite refreshing after the Bengáli saunter. The men wear their hair very long, and turned up at the back of the head with a

comb, so that as they have very slender figures and soft features, unless they have beards it is impossible to tell them from women. My Ayah was exceedingly amused at them. There are others who wear white caps, like plasterers, and those of some rank wear preposterous tortoiseshell combs, six inches and upwards in height. Some wear a very uncanny-looking black head-dress, of an indescribable shape. We got into two neat little Palkígárís, each drawn by one pony, and led by a man. Our party was obliged to divide—we went to the Royal Hotel, Captain and Mrs. Dawson to another. The heat was extreme. They brought us moon-stones, amethysts, and cinnamon-stones for sale. Drove through the little fort where the 37th Queen's is on duty (the men without any white covers to their caps), and then by the sea-shore, where we enjoyed the sight of the waves and the delightful sea breeze.

We passed a man with his long hair hanging down his back, smoking a cigar, another with a small gold cross round his neck, showing him to be a Romanist. All the fishermen are said to be Roman Catholics, and the tithe they pay to be worth £10,000 a year. English money is used in Ceylon. The scenery was delightful to us—the fresh verdure, the abundance of trees, the ponds, and the picturesque groups of people, all refreshed our eyes. We came to the cinnamon-gardens without knowing it. The plant itself is a broad-leaved shrub, in some cases a tree, and the ground was covered with most beautiful flowers, such as would adorn any garden. Came back by a village, where we saw a Budhist priest in his yellow robes. The cocoa-nut groves were very beautiful. Major L. joined us at dinner, and showed us some very interesting sketches of places in the interior, which has only lately been subdued. In 1802, Major Davies and 400 men were destroyed by the people of Kandy, after

having taken the place by a *coup de main.* It was the Kabul disaster on a smaller scale. After that we left the King of Kandy in peace till about 1817, when the interior was finally subjugated. There has lately been a pretender to the crown. He was taken and made a stoker on board one of the steamers. We were all very tired, so went to bed early, but suffered from the excessive hardness of the beds, which equalled those of Calcutta: one might as well have slept upon the floor. In the morning, Mr. Smith, J.'s agent, came for us, and drove us to see his coffee store. It is on a very large scale. The coffee is separated from the "parchment," or skin, by huge wheels (moved by steam) passing lightly over it. It is then carefully picked by 500 women and girls, whose wages are fourpence halfpenny a day, then passed through a sieve, to separate the finest sort, called peaberry (which is very small and round, and therefore roasts more evenly) from the rest, and then packed in casks, instead of the bags formerly used. These casks are made on the premises, and cost about £20,000 per annum.

The price of coffee is now about 75*s.* a cwt.; expenses when on board ship, including everything, 25*s.*; London charges 10*s.*; being 35*s.* per cwt. A good estate gives about eight cwt. per acre. I sketched two of the women employed—one a Cinghalese, the other a Malabar woman—both, especially the latter, as graceful as any antique statue. We drove through the town. I have nowhere in India seen such comfortable dwellings for the poor. Every man when we first went out had a cigar in his mouth. There is a large Wesleyan Mission here. By the time we returned, at nine o'clock, the heat was very great. The houses do not seem well adapted for a hot climate.

They appear small and confined, and there are scarcely any Phankahs. Major L. says, that owing to the violence of the monsoons, Phankahs are never needed except now and then, as at present, when one monsoon is ceasing and the other not fairly set in.

I summoned one of the girlish-looking waiters and sketched him on the spot, and took another frightful individual down stairs while my husband was paying the bill, which was a great relief to my mind, for I should have grieved at not having a drawing of these curious people. Re-embarked.

Thursday, 7th March.—Saw Cape Comorin and the high land about it this evening.

Friday, 8th—A boat came off from shore with fowls, fruit, &c. I sketched one of the men, a fine young Malabar. They have open countenances, and are as beautifully and delicately made as any young girl, though not small men. Some old writer speaks of the Malabars as "a fierce and warlike people."

Saturday, 9th.—Off Cochin this evening, we see the land almost constantly, and yesterday a fire-fly reached us. This evening the sea was white with fish. They looked just like great streaks of moonlight, Mr. Tingate told me that the people live chiefly on fish. They sell it at eight annas the half-maund, or one shilling for forty pounds.

Monday, 11th.—We have most varied desserts, sweet limes, plantains, pine-apples, pumilows (*i. e.* shaddocks), and jack fruit. The latter is most curious, it has a dark brown rough rind, the size and shape of a small keg, inside, the fruit is arranged in layers. It is yellow, something like a plum, very good, and the stone when roasted is somewhat like a chestnut. Bears are very fond of this fruit, and I sympathize with them.

We have pumpkin pudding and pies, both very good, and pineapple pie, which is better than either.

Monday, 11th March.—We were called on deck to see an immense sea-serpent, lying coiled up and asleep just beneath the surface of the water. The pounce fish also floated by. Many scorpions and centipedes have been found, but I am thankful to say they have done no one any harm.

Wednesday, 13th March.—Passed the Sacrifice Rock, about three miles from shore, on which, till within the last few years, human sacrifices used to take place, especially of young infants.

March 27th.—We have been creeping on ever since. The wind afterwards improved, but was very light, so that we made about thirty miles a day. We have had some pretty glimpses of the shore, especially of Fort Geriah, a very strong-looking place rising out of the sea, which was taken by Admiral Watson from the Mahrattas.

Monday, 25th.—Captain Dawson told us that the Pársi women never show their hair to any except their husbands and nearest relations. When a person is considered to be dying, they place him or her in some outhouse surrounded by a wall of stones, and leave them there without food or drink, to die alone—a horrid and barbarous custom. A physician at Bombay, Dr. Case by name, was attending an old Pársi, when one morning on calling, he was informed he could not see him, as he had been laid out to die, and no one could go near him. It was only by threats of giving the family into custody on charge of murder, that Dr. Case succeeded in overcoming their prejudices, and obtaining access to his patient. He found him very ill, but after administering a restorative, the old man

spoke. Soon he sat up, and he eventually lived some weeks later. The Pársis have a great affection for dogs. They think it a point of duty to give the first mouthful of food to a dog, and they believe that after death, the dog whom he has fed, meets the soul and defends it from evil angels. Mad dogs abounded at one time in Bombay, so that the Government ordered that every dog straying about should be shot. The Pársis most vigorously resisted this, and made such a riot that the military were called out. The Pársis then endeavoured to prevent supplies being furnished to the ships in the harbour, but the troops protected their embarcation, and the malcontents were obliged to give in after some shots had been fired.

The Khalasis, commonly called Lascars, lie asleep on deck, in all manner of corners, with no covering but their clothes, and no pillow but a coil of rope. I asked Mr. Tingate if they had no bedding. He said that he did not think two men in the ship had any, that is among the Khalásis. These men, who are all Musalmáns from Surat, get from 12 to 14 rupees a month, as they are considered able seamen; but they spend the whole of it in folly, and come on board with nothing but a change of clothes. The Chinese, who are but ordinary seamen, and only pull at the ropes, seldom going aloft, get only about 8 rupees per mensem, yet every man has his bedding and a chest of clothes. They also live extremely well, eating pickled pork, fish, &c., daily with the ship's rations of rice, ghi, and dal. There are a few Portuguese on board, for steering and mending sails, some of them Indian, some European Portuguese, who get very good pay: they are called, "Ship's Cunnies," or "Sea Cunnies." We have packed, and are all anxious to land; but if we have learnt somewhat

more patience by the delay, we shall have gained far more than a quick voyage could have given us.

The pilot came on board, but brought us no news. The entrance to Bombay Harbour is very beautiful. I know nothing but the Firth of Forth and the Bay of Naples to compare it with. It is like an immense lake studded with picturesque and rocky islands, of which Salsette and Elephanta are the largest, next to the Island of Bombay itself. The coast is very fine, range beyond range of mountains, and then a sky and stars such as we do not dream of at home. Yet I would rather see a Scotch mist. We all sat on deck watching the scene, which was enlivened by many boats with white lateen sails. We had scarcely dropped anchor when a boat full of Parsis arrived, offering themselves as servants. What an energetic people they must be! men who would come out such a distance after dark, on the mere chance of obtaining employment, must get on in the world. Not long after, a boat from our agents arrived, bringing thirty-two letters, the accumulations of four mails, and a most kind invitation from Mr. Grey to take up our abode at his house.

The next morning I was on deck about sunrise to enjoy the view as we sailed up to Bombay. It was very lovely. Went on shore in what they call a Bunder boat, much like a Calcutta Budgerow, with the same kind of queer spatulæ for oars. We found carriages at the Bunder, which is the same as a Ghát, *i. e.* landing-place, and drove to Mr. Grey's office. There he kindly greeted us. My husband stayed there, and the girls and I drove on to Breach Candy, Mr. Grey's Bungalow, about five miles from the Fort. Just outside the walls is a very fine sitting statue of Lord Wellesley, with two other figures and lions beneath him. We were struck

by the athletic look of the men as compared with the Bengalis. They wear sandals quite of a classic form, and huge turbans, the largest I have seen, and often bangles on the legs. One man at Mr. Grey's office had a huge silver bangle round his waist. There are numerous Parsis, known by their fair complexions and peculiar caps, generally made of shining black oilcloth with a pattern on it. They are a handsome race, with piercing eyes, wide apart, arched eyebrows, aquiline noses, and a very independent gait. There is a remarkable family likeness between them all, and they have often a noble expression. They wear the moustache and whiskers, but shave the chin, and wear their hair, generally, rather long and in curls behind the ears.

The Bombay women are fine and tall, but the dress of the Mahar, or low-caste women, is so scanty that they look like boys. It consists of a cloth or Sarí, wound round them so tight that, although the upper part of the figure is very decently covered with that and with a little jacket, the lower limbs look as if clad in a very short pair of inexpressibles halfway down to the knee; but they are so beautifully made, that I could not feel grieved at their coats being kilted so high. Bombay is quite a different town from Calcutta. There every one lives in a splendid mansion *in* the town: at Bombay few Europeans live in the Fort: the remainder of the town consists of native shops and dwelling-houses, the latter, like those in Ceylon, are superior to any I saw in Bengal for the poorer classes. Almost all the Europeans and rich Parsís live in the country at Ambrolie, Malabar Hill, Magzagan, &c. &c. Nearly the whole way was lined with gardens and trees. Mr. Grey's dwelling consists of three Bungalows joined by covered passages, with a very pretty garden. It is close to the sea, on

the north of the island, and enjoys a delightful breeze most of the day. Drove out in the evening and enjoyed the view of the sea and the delightful breeze. We went along a bund or dam, made at a cost of £25,000 by Governor Duncan, to prevent the sea overflowing this part of the island, and turning it into a salt marsh covered with dead fish, and thus rendering the whole island so unhealthy that European life was worth only three years' purchase; whereas since the bund has been made, the Island of Bombay has become one of the most salubrious places in India. Will it be believed, that that Court of Directors were much displeased at the expense incurred, and threatened to make the valiant Governor Jonathan Duncan pay the amount out of his own pocket!

Passed a very large tank with towers, covered with pigeon-holes, for the purpose of containing lights. Another evening we had a beautiful drive round Malabar Hill. The whole neighbourhood of Bombay is exceedingly pretty; I wonder that I have not heard it more often praised. Calcutta and the Hugli are not to be compared to it.

Saturday, March 30th.—Went to a famous Chinese shop, kept by a Parsi. It is full of beautiful cabinets, trays, &c. Among other things, they showed me two magnificently worked shawls, one of which, in pure white, I purchased for a friend. It cost 200 rupees, and was the handsomest I ever saw.

Tuesday, April 2nd.—Dr. Miller is an adept in mesmerism. He told me, the first time he tried it, it was the means of curing a young lady who had been in bad health for years. She had lockjaw, he mesmerised her, and she slept for eight hours. The same result took place the two following days. Two of the chief medical men in Bom-

bay saw her. One still adhered to his former opinion, that she would die; the other said, "If you can manage to keep her asleep in this way, I think the disease will wear itself out." Dr. Miller soon after found that he could no longer mesmerise her with the same results as at first, he therefore thought of making passes over her brain, and asking her to prescribe for herself. He did so with complete success, gave her nothing but her own prescriptions, and completely cured her. He mesmerised so much for two years, that he injured his health by it. Mrs. Wilson called; a very pleasant person. She dissuaded me from visiting the Assembly's Institution, on account of its being in so bad a situation. There are many female schools, because parents will not send their daughters any distance. The teacher is obliged to go round to their houses to collect the girls, and to take them back in the same manner in the evening, as, owing to the ornaments they wear, they would probably be robbed if sent out alone. The teachers are almost all heathens, but they use the books appointed by the Mission, and each school is visited regularly (some daily) by a member of the Mission. Those in Dr. Wilson's Compound receive religious instruction from him daily, and from Mrs. Wilson in the afternoon after a sewing lesson. Most of the others meet at Dr. Wilson's house once or twice a month, to be examined and addressed by him.

Dined at Commodore Lushington's. He has a house on the Esplanade, and to my great amusement, I found that the Government will not allow any permanent houses to be built there, lest they should be in the way of the Fort guns. All the house on this spot are therefore temporary erections, which are pulled down and the materials packed up (all except the *mud*) on the 1st June,

and rebuilt on the 1st October. It was a very comfortable-looking bungalow, but there was something very incongruous in a first-rate dinner, and a beautiful dessert service of variegated glass, in a dwelling such as some Nomadic chief might erect for his winter residence.

Wednesday, April 5th.—Yesterday my husband met Mullá Ibrahím, who greeted him with the utmost joy. He is an extremely handsome man, the handsomest Jew I ever saw; quite as fair as an Englishman. Dined at Dr. Wilson's. Met Narayan Shisha dri, a converted Mahratta Brahman, who is shortly to be ordained, and Hormazdjí Pestonjí, who is already a minister. Both wear their national dress. We were exceedingly pleased with Dr. Wilson, who is a younger-looking man than I expected, and with Mr. and Mrs. Murray Mitchell, and not less so with the converts. Hormazdjí's child, of twelve years old (Bachu Baí), has been under Mrs. Mitchell's charge ever since her father succeeded in recovering her by a process at law. His wife has since been married again to a Parsí merchant. These two facts enable one in some measure to realize how much a native convert has to give up for the sake of Christ. Bachu Baí was at dinner; a very nice little girl of much intelligence. She has just returned from a four years sojourn in Scotland with Mrs. Mitchell, and both in mind and dress is quite like a little fellow-country-woman. Dr. Wilson recommended Professor Robison's Harmony of the Gospels, lately published by the R. T. Society. He showed us some curious Arabic and Hebrew translations of the New Testament, done by some ancient Christians. He went home through Hungary, I asked him about the justice of the Hungarian. cause, of which he has no sort of doubt, and

gave just the same account of the matter as that which we had already received as true, viz., that the present contest was wilfully brought on by Austria inciting the Croats to attack Hungary. He spoke of Count Zyrny, who was put to death by the Austrians, as a truly pious man. He also said that there had been a very great change for the better in the Protestant ministers of Hungary, chiefly owing to intercourse with the Free Kirk Mission. Many of them are now really Christian men. Dr. Wilson spoke with the greatest regard of the Archduchess Joseph, wife of the late Palatine of Hungary. She is a sister of the King of Würtemberg, and not only a Protestant, but a devoted Christian. She was married to the Arch-Duke very young, and before she was enlightened on the subject of religion, and speaking of her children being brought up as Romanists, she compared herself to a hen with ducklings. The Arch-Duke seemed deeply interested in the Bible and Missions. He sent for Dr. Wilson, and had a long and very pleasing interview with him.

Thursday, April 4th.—Naráyan came about eight o'clock for me to sketch him. He told me that much greater enmity is manifested against converts in Bombay than in Calcutta. They cannot pass through the streets without being reviled; though the opposition is in some degree less than it was. I told him of the young pupil of the Assembly's Institution in Calcutta, who, when dying, warned his companions to confess their faith openly. Naráyau said he had known several such cases in Bombay; "but," added he, "there is a glory in confessing Christ openly, which cannot be told. Often, when in passing through the streets the people have abused me, one passage of Scripture after another has

come into my mind, so that I have not felt their insults in the least." Naráyan told me that he was formerly a most bitter hater of Christianity; but the instruction he received, first in the school at Puná, and then in that of Bombay, completely weaned him from Hinduism; so that, to use his own expression, "his mind was emptied," and then the beauty and truth of the Gospel gradually dawned upon him. He spoke of the dissension between Gopi Nath, of the Fattihghar Mission, and his American colleagues, and said he had no sympathy with those who would make any distinction on account of birth, between members of the same church. In this you may be sure I cordially agreed with him. He said he thought that *no* convert would ever misapply mission funds; but, on the contrary, in some cases a native would be a better judge how to appropriate them than a European. He asked with great interest about the Calcutta converts.

While we were at breakfast, the girls were much amused by the performances of a juggler. He repeated his play with balls for me. It was a pretty sight: he kept up four balls at once, throwing them in every possible way—over his shoulder, &c., and every now and then chattering to the balls, as if they were living creatures, and invoking "Madras Mary," meaning the Virgin.

Dr. W. gave us some lithographs of a Parsí Dakhma, or "Tower of Silence," where they expose their dead: it is a high circular building, within which, beginning six feet below the top of the wall, is a platform, sloping towards the centre. It is divided into three rows of compartments (the uppermost for the bodies of men, the next for women, the lowest for children), each of which has a channel which conveys the rain directly

into the centre reservoir. Here the bodies are exposed; every three or four months a priest sweeps the bones into the reservoir, the contents of which are washed away in the rains, through a passage which conveys them to the sea, or to some river, whenever this is practicable. These sketches were made by a naval officer, who risked his life by so doing.

There is only one Parsí lad at present in the Free Church Institution, all the others go to the Established Kirk's School, because no conversions have yet taken place there; but Dr. Wilson considers the alarm and prejudices of the Parsís to be subsiding, for only two days ago he received a visit from a very learned Parsí, of much influence, who expressed his regret at the existence of such feelings, and hoped they would soon pass away. Dr. Wilson took us to see Mrs. Seitz's boarding-school. It contains thirty girls. Mrs. Seitz, who is country-born, and widow of a German schoolmaster, devotes herself to the work gratuitously. She is a very pleasing person. Dr. Wilson asked me to examine the girls on any subject. We asked them where Mexico was?—Bruxelles?—Germany?—the capital of Germany?—some town on the Rhine?—the boundaries of Belgium?—the religion of Germany?—of France?—and of England?—the difference between Romanists and Protestants? Maina (a convert and assistant-teacher) answered, that the Romanists worshipped images, and kept the Bible from the people; and proved the right of everyone to read the Scriptures from the verse, "All Scripture is profitable for edification," &c. They also answered correctly as to the way of salvation. The younger ones hardly understood enough English to reply; but one little girl answered a few questions. Dr. Wilson said, that in Marathi they

could have answered fluently. They sang very nicely, and work well in needle, knitting, and crotchet-work. They also write well; and that which struck me chiefly in this school, was the free use made of the pen as a means of intellectual culture. I read a kind of essay by Maina, on Peace and Joy, the subject being chosen by herself; an account of a sermon of Dr. Wilson's, by another girl; and of Dr. Duff's visit, by a third;—all exceedingly good, with few mistakes in spelling or grammar. All of them (except, of course, the very little ones) write an account of the sermons they hear, in Marathi; the older ones do it both in Marathi and English, and also write upon any subjects they please. Mrs. Mitchell, who takes a great interest and share in their instruction (having formerly had sole charge of the school), requires them to write down, off-hand, on their slates what they remember of the lesson she has been giving them, together with any deductions or reflections that it has suggested to their own minds. I have seen no other girls' school where this admirable plan is carried to the same extent, and none where (so far as I can judge) the pupils have attained to the same understanding of the English language. In the day-schools they are taught extensively in Marathi, as it would be waste of time to employ any part of their very short period of learning in acquiring a few words of English.

I was much pleased with the appearance of the girls: Maina was dressed exactly like any other girl of her caste. There was a pretty little Arab child, of three or four years old, whose mother lately brought her to be educated. We then joined my husband and Mulla Ibrahim, who took us to the house of the latter. We were ushered up a dirty staircase, on the landing

of which several richly-dressed women met us, and led me into a nicely-furnished room. They were Ibrahim's wife and her sisters; all of them very fair, and with pleasing expression. They wore false *red* hair, cut short over the forehead, and looped up in plaits over their turbans, while their own long black tresses were hidden. Strange to say, it had not an unpleasing effect. Their head-dresses were covered with strings of pearls, with small gold coins attached, and strings of pearls and emeralds passed under the chin. They wore closely-fitting dresses, with *no* folds, and tight sleeves. Hannah the wife's was of a striped material, and over it she wore a short-sleeved open jacket, of green velvet and gold; Miriam, her sister, was in silver brocade. All of them wore red and gold gauze handkerchiefs over the back part of the head and shoulders, and the rich stomacher covered with heavy gold chains. They are from Baghdad.

Ibrahim's only child, a sweet little girl of three, named Firhá, or "Joy," was dressed in blue satin and gold trousers, a little white shirt above, and a very unbecoming skull-cap, trimmed with lace, which was soon pulled off, and showed her pretty auburn hair. Miriam wore immense gold anklets; and all of them having bangles on their feet, and silver tassels at the end of their long plaits, made music as they walked. They gave us luncheon; and I sketched Miriam, Hannah, and the little one. Their mother came in—a very handsome woman, with few marks of age—and several handsome and well-dressed Jews, their near kindred, one of whom—a young man—begged that he might be drawn too. They offered me beautiful presents of shawls, and a ring, which of course I could not accept; so they gave me a bottle of delicious atta of roses.

Friday, April 5th.—Hormazdji brought his little girl to spend the day; I sketched him. He told me that he has now friendly intercourse with several of his relations. His sisters were friendly from the first, but his brother's manner was very constrained for the first four or five days that he visited him, which is only quite recently. He told me that his mother died before his conversion, his father not long ago, and it is a satisfaction to him to know that his father received a statement of the evidences of Christianity, and of the reason of the faith which his son has embraced, before he departed, though he is ignorant what effect it had upon him. I expressed my strong satisfaction on hearing that he was kindly welcomed by many of his nation; he seemed quite moved, and said, "It does one's heart good to know that the people of God feel for one." He said many inquire earnestly for a time, and then cease coming, either because their own convictions have grown cold, or because they are prevented by their friends. I forget whether it was Naráyan or Hormasdji who told me of a person attached to the mission, who, thinking he might die; requested him to look over his accounts so that everything might be correct; the convert did so, and said "This is a very good preparation, you are wise to make it, but have you made up the account which your soul will have to render to God?" His hearer is one of those who are convinced of the truth of Christianity, but who are not willing to give up all for Christ. Captain and Mrs. Dawson came and took me with Bachu and Germaine to see a wealthy Parsí broker of the name of Manokji and his wife. They live at Mazagon, a beautiful house in a fine garden.

The Parsís go to great expense in cultivating their gardens. We were met at the door by a little boy of

five or six, and a little girl of nine or ten, both dressed in short shirts and trousers, and a close cap on the head, so that the girl was only distinguished by a pair of emerald eardrops. Mr. Manokji received us very heartily and politely; he speaks English perfectly. The house was very richly furnished, spacious rooms with velvet sofas, three or four very large pier-glasses, some portraits (one of the Queen, and another of Sir Jamsetji Jijibhái), marble tables, alabaster figures, French clocks, and vases of flowers, the Illustrated Times, books of prints, and different English works. I also saw a Guzerátti New Testament, some fine prints from Landseer and others, rich carpets, spring cushions, a self-acting pianoforte, which cost £300 (one of the barrels was made in Bombay, and plays Persian and native airs), in fact, everything which money can buy. His wife soon came in, and I sketched her. She was very fair, with large dark eyes and delicate hands and feet, like all the women of this country. She wore a nose-ring with three immense pearls, a pearl necklace and gold arm-band, on an orange satin jacket, bordered with green, with short sleeves, and dark purple satin sári (*i.e* petticoat and veil in one) bordered with red. Her hair was entirely concealed, like that of all the Parsí women, by a close-fitting white skull-cap. Manokji said she had a necklace of pearls as large as filberts, and that the Parsí ladies were never contented with their ornaments, but were always wanting more. He then took us over his house; the lower part contains an immense tank which is filled during the rains, and supplies the house and garden for the rest of the year.

Some Parsí ladies learn music; and many of the Parsís take their wives out driving with them, but as yet only in closed carriages. They have some of the finest horses in

the island. We had scarcely got back when we started with Commodore Lushington for Elephanta. We had a pleasant run over of only half-an-hour. It is a very beautiful rocky island, with wood reaching even *into* the sea. We went in a little boat as near the shore as we could, and were then carried in a chair. It was about five o'clock, but the breeze prevented our feeling the walk up to the caves very hot, and the last bit I was carried by some English sailors. C. said to them as they were lifting the chair, "You will carry her with more pleasure when you know that she's the daughter of an Admiral, one of your own blue-jackets." They smiled and said they would.

The entrance to the cave disappointed us, it is not of the gigantic character we imagined from reading the descriptions of Basil Hall and Mr. Erskine. After a kind of vestibule we entered three lofty aisles, divided by ranges of massive pillars all cut out of the living rock. At the far end of the centre one is the famous colossal threefold bust. The right hand head, Shiva, is clearly smiling, *not* frowning, and the whole is, I believe, about nineteen feet high. On either side in the other aisles are immense colossal figures, one of which represents Shiva and his wife Parwatí in one figure, the right side being of the male, and the left of the female sex. There is a lengthy name for this combination of their detestable idols, but neither you nor I would be the wiser for remembering it. Other gigantic figures stand sentry at the doors of some little chapels; and numerous alto-relievos, all gigantic, all more or less mutilated, and all of them in honour of Shiva, adorn the other parts of the excavation. C. and I both expected something much more grand. We walked to the back of the island, from whence

there is a most beautiful view; and below in the jungle we saw where the gigantic stone elephant which gave the island its name formerly stood. So unhealthy is this beautiful island after the rains, that out of twenty-three Europeans who have had charge of it nineteen lie buried beneath a little grove of trees. We sat outside the cave till it was dark, when the Commodore had each of the great aisles lit up by blue lights. The effect was beautiful, and every part of the sculpture much clearer than by day, while the bright ghastly light gave them a very uncanny appearance. Some of the sailors then walked before us carrying burning blue lights through the remainder of the cave. This is certainly the right way to see the caves. There is something Egyptian in their appearance, but I suppose the Egyptian sculptures are less monstrous and better finished. The cave-temple of Elephanta is supposed to have been made about A.D. 1000, when Buddhism was extinct in this part of India, for there is no representation of Buddh in it, except one small figure among Shiva's attendants.

We were towed back in a little Government steamer, and arrived at Breach Candy about ten. You know that the Parsis (*i.e.* Persians) are descendants of the ancient inhabitants of Persia, and followers of Zoroaster. They fled from the Muhammadan conquerors about the end of the 7th century, and found refuge in Guzerát and the adjacent countries. Although much has been added to their faith, yet essentially they are of the same religion that Cyrus was. On the occasion of Hormasdjí's baptism, Dr. Wilson preached a sermon to the Parsís, who were present in great numbers, from Isa. xlv. If you read that chapter, bearing in mind that the chief doctrines of the Zoroas-

trians are, that the Supreme Being is entirely passive (somewhat like Buddh and Bramh), and takes no part in the affairs of the world, which are entirely governed by two Archangels, Hormazd, the creator of light, and Ahrimrán, of darkness, between whom and their followers a perpetual warfare is carried on, you will see the prophetic appropriateness of this address to Cyrus. The Parsis worship not only the Sun and the Elements, but everything, as a manifestation of Hormazd; they are in fact Pantheists. Hence the Lord Jehovah says, " I am the Lord, and there is *none else*," no other God, no other object of worship—" I," the Supreme, the Almighty, I, and no Archangel, " form the light and create darkness; I make peace and create evil." These deluded people still say of Him who fashioned them, " He hath no hands." They teach that all things are made by the two supposed rulers of the world, and that God himself is wholly passive. The Parsís have greatly increased of late years. Some have joined the Syrian Church, and Dr. Wilson baptised the son of a Parsí convert to the Armenian faith. Many of the Apostles are said to have preached the Gospel in Persia, Mesapotamia, and India. The Church of Persia was not only rich in numbers but in martyrs, until the Mussalmáns were made the instruments of punishing the tyranny of the Zoroastrians and the corruptions of the Christians in that country.

Naráyan Shishadri is by birth a subject of the Nizám. The last time he visited his home he saw great numbers of people emigrating from the Nizam's to the Company's territories, on account of the oppression exercised in the former. The climate of Bombay at this season is delightful; but strange to say, though they have two months of much hotter weather, Phankáhs are very rare, and only to be found in dining-rooms. The same is

the case up the country at Puná, Ahmednaggar, Aurungabád, &c.; and as few people shut up their houses, one has to suffer much more from the heat than is at all necessary. I have not seen a Phankáh in a bedroom since I landed, though the nights in Bombay are not so cool in proportion to the day as one might expect.

Saturday, April 6th.—Germaine and I started at 6 A.M. with Mrs. Wilson in a carriage for Salsette. My husband was prevented by business from accompanying us, which was a great pity. We had a lovely drive of about twenty miles, the scenery very beautiful, especially about Zion Fort. The shape of the hills is remarkably craggy and picturesque, they are of black tufa or trapp rock. The mangoe trees, with their rich dark-green foliage, form the greatest ornament of the island. Salsette is separated from Bombay by so narrow a channel, that it is crossed by a bridge. We overtook Hormasdji, and met Dr. Wilson at a village, at the end of our drive. He had been to Tanna the previous day, in compliance with a request from the inhabitants, that he would open a school there. A meeting was held, and he clearly explained to them that the Bible would be taught. "Well, never mind," was their answer, "it is a very good book." The native inhabitants have proffered twenty-five rupees a month towards the expenses of the school. We breakfasted, and then started for the caves of Kanheri, which are the finest on the island and about four miles off. Dr. Wilson rode; Mrs. Wilson and Hormasdji went in a bullock-cart; Germaine and I in chairs, carried by four men each. We folded our plaid shawls into eight, and laid them on the top of our heads, and thus with blue veils and double umbrellas, we escaped all harm from the sun. It took us about an hour and a half, through a very beautiful jungle filled with cocoa-nut, palmyra, cotton

trees, and many others with abundance of sweet scented flowers, which in some places made the air heavy with their fragrance. These caves are, I think, far more interesting than those of Elephanta, from their greater variety and extent, though they have fewer and less remarkable sculptures; these are entirely Buddhist, the Buddhist religion prevailed from about BC. 600 to AD. 600, and these are supposed to have been excavated at the close of the period, as they are in some parts unfinished.

Buddhism is of a kindred origin with Brahmanism, a sort of reformed Brahmanism, but rejecting the worship of images and sacrifices. It is a rationalistic Pantheism. They consider everything as an emanation and even as a part of the Deity; they deny in toto any superintending Providence; they are fatalists, consider matter as essentially evil, and recognize seven Buddhas or men, who have become wholly disengaged from matter. How many and various are the inventions which man has sought out to dishonour his Creator and Provider, his Saviour and Mediator, his Regenerator and Sanctifier! Well may one of the chief titles of the Most High be "a God, full of long-suffering." These unfortunate Buddhists were greatly addicted to the monastic life, and the caves cover an extent of upwards of four miles, and consist of innumerable cells, some solitary, some for communities; a temple for worship, tanks, and cooling places, and colleges, large and small, where the priests instructed their disciples. They contain many inscriptions which have been recently decyphered by Dr. Wilson and other learned Orientalists. The first we saw, was a row of cells about six feet square, with a little window the size of a man's fist. In many instances the cell is nearly filled by a bed-place cut out of the living rock; there is often a

similar cell for the monk's servant. Then we went to the great temple, which is an oblong square, with a vestibule, a range of pillars on each side, and a horse-shoe roof; at the furthest end is a Dagobah, a thing cut out of the rock, in the shape of a very tall beehive, and supposed to contain some relic of Buddha, such as a hair or a tooth, there are several of these in other parts of the caves. I think there were no sculptures inside this temple, or Chaitya, but at either end of the porch or vestibule is a colossal figure, about twenty feet high, of Buddha, in alto-relievo, his left hand holding his garment, his right hanging by his side with the palm forwards, this represents him giving his blessing. There are two other colossal bas-reliefs, each contain two pairs of men and women with curious head-dresses, supposed to represent the inhabitants of the country at the time the temple was excavated. There is more life in their attitudes than in any others I have seen.

One of the women has a very petulant, saucy air. The dress and the ornaments are the same as those still worn by the Brinjáris or cattle-drivers; these are surrounded by innumerable representations of Buddha in the attitude of contemplation, *i.e.* holding the little finger of his left hand with the fore-finger and thumb of his right, as if he were going to demonstrate a fifth point. We saw several small and one large college, or shálá (from which Sanskrit term comes our word shawl), each surrounded by a stone seat on three sides of the room, and the last adorned with innumerable images of Buddh, and figures supporting his lotus throne. There were also many cells—all these excavations are reached by steps cut out on the face of the mountain; from one part the view is of a city of caves. On returning to the chaitya, Dr. Wilson pointed out to me the

115th Psalm—a most appropriate one for such a locality. He then, in accordance with his invariable custom, read the Scriptures and prayed. The skin of a large snake was waving in the wind over the entrance, it seemed to me a fit emblem of the temple itself deserted by its demon-inhabitant. I sketched some of the figures, and then took the likeness of Vishnu Sháshtri, the most learned Brahman of Western India, and one of the first who decyphered the cave inscriptions. There was a remarkable expression of pride, inward dissatisfaction and unrest in his countenance. I have very often observed this, especially in Brahmans. About half-past four descended the hill. Dr. Wilson pointed out that the east side of all the cocoa-nut trees is white with lichen, owing to the dampness brought by the monsoon.

We dined at the house where we had breakfasted, which belongs to a Parsi friend of Dr. Wilson's, and then set out homewards, in two carriages—Dr. Wilson and I went together. We talked for the first stage; but after that we both fell asleep, so tired were we. I suppose you think you could not fall asleep in a *tête-à-tête* with Dr. Wilson; just go twenty-four miles, and then scramble about in the sun, and then try. We did talk, however. Dr. Wilson spoke most highly of both Hormasji and Dhanjibhai. The latter is of a more lively temperament than his friend, and a very favourite preacher among the Europeans. Dr. Wilson said he was a great advocate for frequent communions; he would wish the old practice of communicating every Sabbath to be revived. Dr. Wilson thinks that the Reformers did not mean to teach baptismal regeneration in the Baptist service, because it is a known fact that they did not hold it themselves; but it seems to me that the desire to change as little as possible, induced

them to affix a "non-natural" sense to the old Romish form. When a church thus evades a difficulty, she acts just like a State forming a national debt—she entails the burden with fearful interest on posterity.

Sunday, April 7th.—We all went in the evening to the Free Church, and I went home afterwards with Mr. and Mrs. Murray Mitchell, who had asked Mr. Fraser and some converts to meet us. I was delighted with Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell and Mr. Fraser, there is so much heart and warmth, and so much devotion to their holy calling in all of them. We spoke of rebaptizing converted Romanists. It is the practice in America, but it was not that of the Reformers, not even of Knox, though the Reformation in Scotland was chiefly after the Council of Trent had put the finishing seal to the Romish apostacy. We talked much of the American and German Missionaries. The former are most laborious, energetic, godly men, but are often deficient in eloquence and distinctness of enunciation.

The German Missionaries they spoke of as devoted men, who do not take common care of their health, and therefore die in scores. Mr. M. seemed also to think they had less stamina than British Missionaries, probably from poorer diet. They told me about Maina, who wrote a note to Mrs. Mitchell, excusing herself from coming, as Mrs. Seitz thought it too late, and calling her "My dear Mama." It was in Mrs. M.'s school that Maina learned the value of the Gospel. She declared her determination to be a Christian, and persisted in spite of the greatest opposition on the part of her mother, relations, and her whole caste, that of the Dhobís (washermen). She has often come to Mrs. Mitchell with her face all bruised and swollen from the ill treatment of her husband, to whom she was betrothed. When at

length she took refuge in Mr. M.'s house, her caste filled the court and made a terrible confusion. Her husband declared he would hang himself, and climbing up on the gateway he unwound his Pagrí (turban) and proceeded to put his threat into execution, but the police laid hold of him and carried him off for making a disturbance. After Maina's baptism Mrs. Mitchell was obliged to go to Scotland for her health, and left the young convert under charge of an American Missionary's wife, who improved her exceedingly. She has since been with Mrs. Seitz, and is a most useful as well as consistent Christian.

Mr. Mitchell remarked, that the German female Missionaries whom she has seen, are generally entirely uneducated, and therefore ill fitted for instructing others. From what I have heard from others, I think this is very often the case. Two young converts took tea with us—Vincent, a converted Romanist, who is to profess his renunciation of Romanism publicly next Sabbath, and Bàlu, a converted Hindu, who is now studying at the Medical College, with a view to become a Medical Missionary. These both live with Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell. Vincent told me, that it was not the perception of the falsehood of any particular dogma which caused him to renounce Romanism, but the general inconsistency between the whole Romish scheme of salvation and that of the Bible. "It was getting hold of the Bible," said he. Two interesting little boys are also living with the Mitchells, who were found by a gentleman, about two months ago, wandering about the streets of Bombay. One is a fine little Nestorian, an orphan about nine or ten, and the other a little Armenian boy, who has a mother living, and who seems to be about six or eight. It appears they had heard at Bagdad of

the schools at Bombay, and so put themselves on board an Arab ship, and came to Bombay.

There are few even among Christians who would willingly receive so many inmates into their small dwelling, yet so far from thinking it an act of self-denial, Mrs. Mitchell said to me most heartily, in speaking of the little boys from Bagdad, and saying how remarkable free from vice they were—"Oh they are *very* good boys! I like them VERY much," as if it were quite a delight to her to have them. At family worship there were four Scotch, one Parsi (Bachu Bai), one Portuguese, one Hindu, one Nestorian, and one Armenian. May all be Christ's at his coming!

Mr. Mitchell kindly brought me home. He says they have had little trouble with the native Christians—they mostly walk consistently with their holy profession. He spoke very highly of Hormazdji and said, "I never knew a more conscientious man than Hormazdji." He remarked how great a blessing it was, that the first two converts at Bombay should be men of such a high standard as Hormazdji and Dhanjibhái. The latter has married a converted Mussalmáni girl, all of whose family are likewise Christians, and of whom Dr. Wilson speaks in high terms. He is labouring in Guzerat, so we did not see him.

April 8th, 1850.—Ibráhim brought his family to see me. The Jews exchange rings in marriage, but do not constantly wear their wedding-rings as we do. They embroider in gold and silver, and make braid and fringe. They do not seem to know the use of lace. They have asked me to procure some light auburn hair from England for them. The day we were at their house, Ibráhim declined writing his name under his picture because it

was the last day of the Passover, so strictly do they abstain from work on their Sabbaths, but he now did so.

I took a sketch of a very remarkable convert, named Yohan Prem. He is a native of Anjár, in Kach, of the Loháua caste, and being left an orphan, was adopted and made a Musalmán of by the wife of Abd-el-Nabi, an Arab Jemadar, who was childless, and who took a fancy to the child when only nine years old. When grown up, he gave himself out to be a holy man, and supported himself sometimes by acting as guide to a blind faqir—sometimes as an assistant to a Hindu cloth merchant. After the taking of Puná by the British, he went to Bombay, and lodged in one of the mosques, where a Mullah instructed him in the Kurán and other Muhammadan works, at the expense of a devout woman. The Saiads then made him a masaiakh, or teacher. He scrupulously observed the five times of daily prayer and the fast of Ramadhan, and had a great desire to go on pilgrimage. He got disciples whom he instructed in Musalmán traditions.

"At that time," said he, in relating his life to Dr. Wilson, "I had some idea of the evil of sin, but not of a very acute character. A faqir named Gharib Shah, a disciple of Kamál Shah promised to show me the way of God. He maintained that every existing object is a portion of the Divinity, and sought to destroy within me every sense of dependence on the Divinity. At this time I fell into grievous sin. . . . The great object I then kept in view in the instruction of my disciples was the procuring of money." Sometime after his curiosity was excited regarding the religion of the Jews, and he was directed by the Headman of the Ben-i-Israel to attend the Arab Synagogue. One day meeting a friend of his,

a Hindu of the name of Rakhmaji, the latter taught him the Ten Commandments. He then reflected on the power of the English, and had some thoughts that God must be on their side, and that their views of Jews must be more correct than those of the Kuran. He then dwelt for some months at Nasik and other places, giving instruction even to Hindu pilgrims, although he himself was a Musalmán, teaching his disciples the Ten Commandments, and residing sometimes with a Muhammadan Kadhi, sometimes with Hindùs, considered by all as a holy man." He then returned to Bombay. "I went," says he, "to my friend Rakhmaji, and asked him if he could give me any further information about the religion of the Ten Commandments. He showed me the Lord's Prayer, and began to tell me of the genealogy of Christ. This I commenced writing down from his lips. He said, 'Do you mean to copy a whole book? I will get you a copy of it for yourself.' He accordingly procured for me a Hindu New Testament. I commenced reading the Gospels in the houses of my disciples."

It is a curious illustration of the brotherhood that exists between the different superstitions of India, that a Hindu merchant prostrated himself before this Musalman faqir, and besought him to come and dwell with him, for the purpose of discovering who had stolen his wife's jewels. He did so, and when the servant of the Banya fell sick, it was attributed to his guilt of the theft discovered by the presence of the holy man. He was afterwards lodged by a Musalman Subadar, and then by a Parsi. In 1832-3, he was directed to Dr. Wilson, who explained to him the Gospels of Matthew and John, chapter by chapter, comparing them with the old Testament. He also gave him his own work—"Refutation of Muhammadism"—taught him to pray, and prayed

with and for him. The word of God came with power to the soul of the inquirer. He boldly declared to the Musalmans that Jesus was "not only a prophet, but the Son of God, one in His Divinity with the Father and the Spirit," which greatly incensed them.

On the day of his baptism, 1st September, 1833, he was attacked by them, and his clothes torn. During all this time he had wholly supported himself; and after his baptism entered the service of a Hindù shopkeeper, and afterwards began to sell things on his own account. These he purchased from a young Armenian named Aratun, to whom he spoke of the Gospel, and finally introduced him to Dr. Wilson. This young man, after travelling to Burmah, where he joined the Baptist brethren, has returned to Persia, in hopes of doing good to his fellow-countrymen. Latterly Yohan Prem has been employed as assistant in the native schools, and as colporteur to the Bible Society. The Indo-Portuguese were for some time frequent purchasers of Scriptures, whereby some who have not yet become Protestants, have been greatly alienated from Popery. The Mùsalmans frequently purchased the Scriptures, and discussed the Gospel with the convert; and an Irish soldier, who had no money, gave a flute for a copy of the Irish Bible. Neither the Hindùs nor Parsis were such ready purchasers as the other classes. He is now employed as an itinerating Missionary among the natives, visiting them at the doors of their houses, and in the hospitals, and taking every opportunity of conversing with them.

In the afternoon, drove down, in great haste, to the Bunder and rowed to the steamer. Nothing can exceed the kind hospitality we have met with from Mr. Grey and his partner, Mr. Coles. There was a magnificent

sunset, and our little voyage across to Panwell was very beautiful. My husband introduced Captain Mylne to me. He is Superintendent of Police over a district of 2,000 square miles, and his corps having been reduced in number, twice as many of his men are now on the sick list, from over-exertion, than were so when the corps was at his former strength. Captain Mylne's conversation was a great pleasure to me, for both he and his wife know and love dear E., and he spoke most warmly of dear Lady C., &c. He remarked on the far greater Catholicism of feeling among Indian Christians than among the majority of those at home. Spoke of the Baptismal service, and of a curious letter from Mr. Bickersteth on the Gorham Case. He said, that if plain English meant anything, the Baptismal service clearly taught Baptismal regeneration, *i. e.* conversion by means of Baptism; and when I told him of Mr. Drummond's opinion, that we might give thanks in faith for that which we believed would be granted, he said, "Why you might just as well give thanks now for your safe arrival at Elichpur; you have prayed for a prosperous journey and you believe it will be granted you, but you cannot give thanks for the performance of it yet." We may give thanks for promises, but not for the performance of them beforehand.

Four miles from Panwell we had to get into a boat, so that we did not arrive till eleven instead of nine. We took tea at the Bungalow, Captain Mylne with us. It is most refreshing thus to meet a Christian brother. We started in two phaetons, uncomfortable shaky things, in which it was almost impossible to go to sleep. At the foot of the Ghat, Palkís were provided for us, but without either mattrasses or pillows, so we took the cushions of the carriages. The proprietor brought me a Parsí bouquet

like those Manokji gave us, with the flowers arranged in circles according to their colours; they are very pretty. I awoke about dawn and enjoyed a magnificent prospect; on the left hand was a very large extinct crater, on the right were strange-shaped rocks, beautiful trees, and a most lovely distant view. We reached Khandala, at the top of the Ghát, about half-past six, got some milk and bread, and started again in phaetons.

April 9th.—We reached Puna about 1 P.M. instead of 9, A.M., as we should have done had the tide permitted the steamer to reach Panwell by 9 o'clock. The hot wind was not nearly so bad as we expected, for rain had fallen a few days before, yet I had a very bad headache from it after we got in. Puna has a very large cantonment. We passed some Europeans playing at ball on the Parade under this burning sun. Is it any wonder they die? Captain and Mrs. St. C. received us very kindly, and took us a drive in the evening to see Parwati's Temple and Tank. The latter we only saw at a distance; the Tank is beautiful, surrounded by fine trees, and with a little island in the midst, it looks like a tiny lake. On entering, in the morning, we passed some very picturesque Gháts and temples; and in our evening drive we found Puna as full of the latter as might be expected from a "Sacred City." Although Puna is fifty miles from the coast, yet it enjoys a delightful sea breeze every evening. Many more people are seen in the Bombay than in the Bengal Presidency with idolatrous marks on their foreheads, for they are much more bigotted to Hinduism.

The next morning called on Mr. James Mitchell, the Free Church Missionary, but he was gone to a marriage, so we went on to the English School, but found that

Wazér Beg, the chief Christian teacher, and the first class had already left. We heard the second and third classes read. In the latter they all read clearly and distinctly and could explain pretty well the meaning. The Parsí boys seemed to me the quickest. There were several Sepahis' sons in the school, a good many Portuguese, and one very fine lad, who, when C. asked him if he were a Portuguese, replied frankly, "No, Sir, I am a half-caste. The second class read English beautifully, and answered our questions in English. They also showed an excellent knowledge in geography. Their teacher is a very clever Brahman, whom Mr. Mitchell considers as fully convinced of the truth of Christianity. His name is Anna.

The second boy in the class is considered as a Christian, though he is not yet baptized. He is brother of two young Brahmans, Narayan Keshawa and Gopal Keshawa, who are both converts and teachers. My dear husband spoke very plainly to the teachers and scholars on the only way of salvation; he told them, he himself had been merely a nominal Christian until he was thirty, and that it was not head knowledge, but a new heart, that was essential to a Christian. He spoke to them also of the peace enjoyed by believers, both with God and their consciences. Anna listened with much appearance of interest, and recognized every passage of Scripture quoted. An old Madras Christian acts as chaprási to the Mission, he brought me a glass of water. Drinking water from his hands was a kind of recognition of being of the same caste, which pleased me. Anna told me that a few educated young men instruct their wives. We said we hoped many more would do so; and my husband asked him if it were not very tiresome for an educated man to have a stupid

wife who could not understand any subject which interested him, and he agreed very cordially. There is something extremely benevolent and winning in his countenance. Female schools thrive well here; but the funds of the Mission are about 500 rupees annually short of the expenditure, so that they have been obliged to give up the most important of their English schools (the one in the city), as also the farthest advanced and most prominent of all the Marathì schools. They are about to give up the boarding-school for girls; and should they not receive liberal aid, they will be forced still further to cripple the operations of the Mission. Surely this ought not to be. I asked Mr. Mitchell about the native Christians. He gave us the same account that we got at Bombay—viz., that their conduct is in general satisfactory and consistent; but they do not admit them hastily, but keep them in a state of probation for a lengthened period before baptizing them. There is only one member of the Native Church at present suspended. He is a Parsi named Rastonji, who was baptized in jail, rather against Mr. Mitchell's judgment, about two years ago, and who, since his liberation, a few months since, has been neglectful of Christian ordinances, and guilty of resuming the kasti, or sacred girdle, in order to facilitate the arrangements of his affairs with his kinsfolk.

I will send you the report of the Puna Mission, and also three essays by young natives, one of them a convert, on Female Education and Family Reform. The latter gives a most curious and minute picture of the interior of a Hindu household. You will have read in the "Missionary Record" about the two young Abyssinians, Gábru and Marrika Warke, and will find a further account of them in Dr. Wilson's "Lands of

the Bible." They have just returned to preach the Gospel to their countrymen, and have been most kindly received. He showed me their pictures. They ear very pleasing looking youths, and full of affection. The King gave them two lions—an honour scarcely, if ever before, conferred on a subject—and they knowing Dr. Wilson's fondness for all sorts of curiosities, living or dead, proposed sending these living lions to him.

Wednesday, April 10th.—Started again. We stopped at a bungalow, halfway, and took some tea, bread, and cake, which we brought with us, and finding that the river was too much swollen to allow of our fording it, we put two beds together, and the three girls and I enjoyed between two and three hours' good sleep, which refreshed us much. We reached Ahmednagar about nine o'clock, having started again about three A.M., and were most kindly received by C.'s old friend, Colonel Parr and his wife.

Thursday, April 11th.—We are to pay about 125 rupees for the use and return hire of four palkis, each of which has twelve bearers; mine, being heavy, has eighteen (Madras men who have just come from Nagpur), and the Ayah's doli eight. Dined at four, and Colonel and Mrs. Parr took us to see a fine villa of the Kings of Nagar, called the Ferrier Bagh. It is rare that one finds any remains of the dwellings of the Musalman conquerors: durability seems to belong only to their tombs. This is a two-storied building of octagonal shape. We ascended the ruinous stair with some difficulty, and from the top of the domed roof enjoyed a beautiful view of the hills, the wood, and the sunset.

Friday, April 12th.—Mr. Munger, of the American Independent Mission (to whom we had sent a note of

introduction from Dr. Miller) came to see us. He is a tall, elderly man, with grey hair and a plain though most benevolent and pleasing countenance. He has been here about sixteen years. The Native Church members are about one hundred, and they go on satisfactorily. They are very cautious in baptizing them, generally keeping them as catechumens for eight or ten months. By-the-by, I was told that many of the Free Kirk Inquirers are such as would be baptized by the Church of England Mission: and that although some have left the Church of England, an instance is scarcely known of a member being expelled by her.

I have recently heard of a case which shows the frequent laxity of some of the Church of England Missions. A catechist of the London Missionary Society, in the Bengalore district, resigned, in order to avoid being dismissed for his inconsistencies, and was at once received and employed by the Mission of the Propagation Society.

Mr. Fenton, one of the English chaplains at Puna, is a most large-hearted Catholic man, of deep piety, and so Calvinistic that his brother chaplain, Mr. Allen, says he ought to be a Free Churchman. Mr. Allen is said to be a Christian, but Armenian in doctrine. Mr. Fenton has been the chief founder of Evangelic Alliance in West India. As we are still detained here, it was settled that we should visit the schools early the following morning. Took a drive in the evening, the girls going in a Nagar cart, *i.e.* a cart on springs drawn by bullocks. We went to the old Patan fort, which has a very deep ditch, and the best glacis in India, one which completely covers the works, so as to make it impossible to breach them. It was taken by the Duke in 1803. It contains some guns of monstrous size, among them a 56-pounder,

lately sent out from England, which is considered the perfection of heavy artillery, it carries three thousand yards.

The tyranny of Muhammad Toghlak drove the Moghal Amirs of the Dakhan into revolt, and about 1347 this rich province, which had been conquered only a century previous, became independent under Hasan Gangu, an Afghán of the lowest rank, who founded the Bahmáni dynasty. His descendants reigned for thirteen generations.

After many contests between Shiáhs and Sunis, the Behmáni monarchy was divided about 1512-18 (in the reign of the Emperor Charles V.) into the kingdoms of Bijápur, under Eusof Adil Khan, a Turkish slave (who is said to be the brother of Muhammad II, the conqueror of Constantinople, whose mother sent him to Persia to preserve his life, at the accession of his brother), of Nizamul Mulk, the son of a converted Hindu, whose capital was Ahmednagur, Kutb Kuli, a Turkman, at Golconda, close to Haiderabad, and Imád Shah (descended from a Hindu convert) at Elichpur, and sometime after Amir Barid proclaimed himself King of Bidr, but little is known of his dynasty or territory. The Adil Shah, or Bijapur sovereign, was the constant enemy of the Nizam Sháh. Ahmed Shah, the second of the Nizam Shái race, built both Ahmednagar and Ahmedabad. In 1595 Akbar took advantage of there being no less than four competitors for the crown, to send an army against Ahmednagar, under the command of his son Prince Morad; but was repulsed by the famous Chand Sultana, Regent for her infant nephew, and the Moguls withdrew on the King renouncing his claim to Berár, which he had lately conquered. But the next year the Prime Minister plotted against the authority of Chand Sultana, and recalled the Moguls.

The King of Bijapur assisted her, and, after a furious battle for two days on the banks of the Godáveri, both parties claimed the victory. The Vazer, Abul Fazl, took the Fort of Doulatabad, and Chand Bibi having been assassinated by the soldiery, Ahmednagar was taken by Prince Daniál. It was on his march back from the Dekhan that Abul Fazl was murdered. The cause of the young King was maintained after the death of Chand Bibi by his Prime Minister, Malik Amber, an Abyssinian, who founded a new capital on the site of the present Aurangabad, and some years after recovered Ahmednagar, 1610, and successfully held it for six years, when Shah Jehan compelled him to submit. He espoused the cause of that prince when on his defeat by his brother Parwiz, he fled to the Dakhan. After the death of Malik Amber, the resistance of the Dakhan kingdoms continued, and it was not till 1636-7 that Bijapur and Golconda became tributary to Shah Jehan, and the kingdom of Ahmednagar was extinguished.

Saturday, April 13th.—Went to the house of Mr. Wilder, one of the American Missionaries. Their mission has no English service, thinking it their duty to devote themselves entirely to the natives, but I think this is to be deplored on account of the Europeans, as it is but seldom that the Government chaplains preach the word in simplicity. He inquired much about the Mission at Loodiana. Colonel Parr told us, that at the Foundling Hospital (in which his father-in-law takes the deepest interest) the great difficulty is to get the children to play. It seems as if full moral and intellectual life can only be imparted and sustained in the family, and that these poor children, who have never known a home or a parent, are crippled in mind, as well as stunted in body, for

a tall foundling was never known. Mr. Munger joined us, and we went to the English school and heard some of the first class read. Here, as in the Free Church Mission, none are admitted to the English school until they have passed through a vernacular one. The American Mission, wisely I think in this place, rather discourages the boys from learning English, and endeavours to give them a solid education and thorough knowledge of Scripture in their own tongue. Some of the elder scholars read beautifully, the subjects were more simple than in the Free Church schools—I might say more juvenile, but they are taught in a very thorough manner, and translate everything into Mahratti, explaining all difficult words. They also answered very fairly in geography, and sang a hymn nicely. Some of them are paid for their attendance, in order to retain them longer in the school. They are chiefly of the lower castes. We saw two converts, and Mr. Munger drove with us to one of the five schools superintended by Miss Farrer. I cannot tell you how our hearts warmed to her when she came forward, the very pattern of a Christian old maid; so clean, a little formal in her curtsy, and so full of heart, and energy and devotion to her work, in which she has been engaged twenty-three years.

It was a touching sight, to see rows of little native girls in every variety of picturesque colour and garment (some with their little soft infantine bodies bare down to the waist), reading, singing, and receiving Christian instruction. The woman who collects them and brings them to school, learns with them, and a great girl who is lame, is so attached to the school, that by her entreaties, she prevailed on her parents to let her return, after she had been taken away.

They learn arithmetic, writing and geography, and showed the places on the map of India very well. Miss Farrer has a Sabbath class, which they all attend, and at which she can speak more freely to them, from the absence of the heathen teachers who assist her on other days. There was one little fat child, whose dress consisted chiefly in a pointed cap tied under her chin. It looked like a little pixy, with such arch merry black eyes. Both Colonel Parr and my dear husband were quite moved. Miss Farrer took a most affectionate leave of us.

We then went to see Mrs. Burgess's school, also for girls, but older than the last, and chiefly boarders. They read and repeated large portions of Scripture in Marathi, showed a good knowledge of the map of Europe, and excelled any I have seen in mental arithmetic. One question which they answered immediately was—If four-fifths of ten are two-sevenths of another number, what is that number? Mrs. Burgess is what you would call a very fine creature, evidently full of intellect and energy. Miss Farrer told me, that in several cases her former pupils have visited her and she has visited them after their marriage. She knows of some who are going on well, others have taught their husbands to read. An inquirer applied to another mission, I think in Gujerát, for instruction. "How did you learn to read?" "My wife taught me." "Your wife! where did she learn?" "At Miss Farrer's school at Bombay." Mrs. Burgess also has one married pupil, whom she sees, and who appears to remember what she has learnt. We saw two little girls, nieces of the Brahman convert who assists Mrs. Burgess, and daughters of his Christian brother, who assists Miss Farrer. They seemed pleased to shake hands with

Mary and me, but looked a little frightened when the Sáhib put out his hand too. Their uncle, a man of humble expression, asked us to pray for him. Both he and his brother are fruits of this mission. I must not forget to mention, that Mrs. Burgess teaches the girls to sing on Hullah's system, and consequently they are the best singers I have heard. It was curious to hear them sol, fa. Mr. Munger sent us a most affectionate letter, with a present of a work by himself, "Conquest of India by the Church." All the Missionaries we have known, seem overflowing with love and kindness.

CHAPTER V.

We left our kind hosts with much regret, in two Nagar carts, about five o'clock, and overtook our palkís twelve miles off. We got in to Tokah, on the Godaveri, a very pretty spot, early the next morning, Sunday, April 14th, and stayed all day in the bungalow. As the heat is likely to increase every day, we thought it lawful to proceed again in the evening. The heat of the day was intense, so that I could scarcely read; however, I got through the account of the Puna Mission. Gave away three tracts. Started at seven P.M., and crossed the Godáveri into the Nizam's territories. I wetted my hands twice in the river, and the hot wind dried them before we reached the bank. The cry of my

Madras bearers is very musical: it is in three notes, something like "ah! ih! ōh!" An hour after midnight we reached a bungalow, and halted an hour or two. About dawn I woke, and found myself in a large plain, bounded by most curious truncated hills, rising very abruptly out of the level ground, and looking like walls and fortifications more than natural barriers. Brigadier Twemlow had very kindly sent his carriage to meet us; and we had a pleasant drive into Aurungabad, where Mrs. Twemlow had tea and cake in a delightful arbour in front of the house. There were phankahs in the drawing-room, the first we have seen, except in dining-rooms, since we landed. This is generally the hottest month. How grateful should we feel to our Heavenly Father, who has thus graciously tempered the season for us. I firmly believe, that such is the perfection of His scheme of government, that everything works for good to each one of His people, while at the same time it works that which is best suited to His plan as a whole; so that this mild season is at once a peculiar mercy to *us*, and a part of the grand scheme of the universe.

Aurangabad was in a great measure built by the Emperor Aurangzeb, about the time of Charles II. Here we tasted the popoi, a delicious fruit, something like a sweeter and more tender melon; and custard-apples, also exceedingly good, for the first time. The large kind of custard-apple is called Ram Phul (Ram's fruit), from their idol, Ram; the smaller, Sita Phul, from his wife, Sita. We saw some of the Nizam's cavalry this morning: they are the finest in India; most of their horses Arabs. We found afterwards that (being chiefly Afghâns and Patans, and having therefore a European portion of curiosity) they were most

inquisitive as to why the brigadier's carriage was going out, and who could be in the six palkis. At last their officer told them it was the new brigadier. "Is he married?" "Oh yes; he has five bibis!" This is really a beautiful place.

Tuesday, April 16th.—Started very early for a tomb built by Aurangzeb in honour of his daughter. We saw the great extent of the old city, and how sadly its proportions have now shrunk. The tomb is an imitation of the Táj, but does not possess its perfect proportions. Most of it is of stone, chunamed; and where the chunam has fallen off, the stone quickly perishes. On entering the mausoleum, you look down on the vault where the tomb lies: it was covered with wreaths of flowers, brought the day before by a party of Musalmaní ladies, who had come to pray there. A great part of the building is evidently intended for living in, as it has chambers and rings all round for magnificent awnings. Had tea in one of the summer-houses. Aurangabad is celebrated for its beetle-work embroidery on net or muslin: it is done in gold thread and green beetles' wings. Started again in our palkís after dinner.

Early in the morning reached the tents Brigadier Twemlow had sent out for us. They were pitched in the shade of some beautiful trees near the village of Baltri. I made a sketch of the camp and a curious Hindu Shiwála. The kneeling camels, the horses of our escort picketted, the troops preparing their food or slumbering idly in the shade, a distant well surrounded by cattle, an occasional bullock laden with water-skins, a Ghascut with a huge bundle of fodder on his head, all formed a very picturesque scene. It became very hot; we had the tattis of our Palkís sewed together and hung

before the tent-door, which refreshed us very much, though the Kuli threw the water on them with such vigour that he drenched both M. and me. In the evening we halted about nine at the tent of an officer who was marching, and gave us tea. His tent was pitched near a stream and under some fine trees, at a place called Bankel Neulá. We reached Ajanta early next morning, and met a very kind welcome from Mrs. Gill. Her husband, Captain Gill, is employed by Government to make drawings of the famous caves at Ajanta, and he has two very clever native draughtsmen under him. They are the only Europeans here, and live in a native house, where "the Duke" stayed after the battle of Assaye, and which they have made very comfortable. It is a very monotonous and lonely life for Mrs. G., her children being very young and her husband constantly away for ten days at a time, and under no circumstances is he at home in the day. The skulls of thirty-six tigers, all of which he has killed, adorn his office. Opposite the windows is a rugged rocky gully, now dry, down which a roaring waterfall rushes during the rains. The country is infested with tigers, one was killed in Captain Gill's Ghusal Khána (bath room) only three years ago.

The next day, Friday, 19th April, some poor Sikhs were brought before my husband, having come to the Dekkan on pilgrimage, and being detained on suspicion of being implicated in the late disturbances, or rather *because* they were Sikhs. So C. gave them a paper stating that he considered them peaceable men, who should be allowed to go their way. This and a present of ten rupees, with the exclamation of "Wah Jí Gurú ka Fátteh!" (Victory to the Gurú!) their own war-cry, greatly consoled the poor men. The Rajputs of the

Dekkan are greatly oppressed by the Mussalmans. A short time ago the Rajput ryots rose, were joined by Afghâns, Arabs, Rohillas, and the hordes of masterless men who infest this country in the hope of fighting, and especially plunder; among them 300 Sikhs. They burned and plundered Malkapur to the amount of upwards of two lakhs of rupees. All this had been foreseen beforehand, and had been reported to the Resident; for strange to say, to such a height is the system of non-interference carried, that the Brigadiers cannot take the smallest step outside of their own cantonments without the permission of the Resident at Hyderabad. This delay costs a fortnight from Elichpúr, consequently the foreseen outbreak was allowed to take place; the city was ruined; and when all was over, a large detachment from the Aurungabad and Elichpúr divisions was sent into the field, where they have remained ever since, shutting the stable door after the steed is stolen. The absurdity of this monstrous system is the more palpable, if you reflect that the Nizam's army is *bonâ fide* the army of the Nizam. The Brigadiers are in his service, and yet they are restrained by the British Resident from being of the smallest use either to him or his dominions; so that if a village were attacked, and 500 women and children impaled or crucified a hundred yards outside cantonments, the Brigadier would have no power to interfere.

We left Ajantá in the evening; stopped the next day at the bungálow at Bodur, where we had tatties during the day, and left early, as we had a march of thirty-six miles before us. We hired a gang of bearers at Ahmednagar to take us the whole way. These, with with four Mussalchis and Banghy Bardárs (carrying our baggage, which is very small), make a party of

ninety-six. Then there are our servants—Huseyn, the cook, Aya, camelman, Bhisti (water-carrier), four Saíses and four Ghascuts and an Afghán; fourteen more, and our escort of eight troopers, making a train of 118 persons. Of course if we had carried our own tents we must have had more. Each bearer gets 8 rup. 2 an. from Nagar to Elichpúr; but in so hurried a journey we were several times obliged to hire additional men to help them, besides giving them sheep, &c.

This night we halted about midnight (to allow the bearers to rest as usual) under the walls of Malkapúr, in an open space, from which a leopard had just been driven. The town was completely deserted, and the troopers said the ravine below was still full of dead bodies. It was the first time I had ever seen a deserted place, and the perfect stillness where so short a time ago there was a busy and swarming population, made a most painful impression on the mind. The town is now left to wild beasts. It is beautifully situated, with fine trees near it. The next morning my Palkí was set down under the narrow shadow of a high wall, on the top of which a row of villagers were perched inspecting us. My husband rode off to the camp of the detachment (sent out to look *at* Malkapur after it was burnt); got two additional troopers and seventeen fresh bearers (Government ones). Captain Wyndham told him that Jhalgán, to which we were going, had been attacked and partly burned two nights ago, and that the Nawáb, Abbas Ali Khán, had shown great supineness in the matter. We did not reach Jhalgán till noon, and then found that the report was a fiction. A fire had broken out in the town, but that was all. The Nawáb had had tents pitched for us in a Mussalmán burying-ground, and consequently in a

pleasant spot, with a good well and fine trees, for these are the usual accompaniments of their burial places. We had not felt the heat much, as the tatties of our Palkís had been wetted, but in the tents it was very hot. The Nawab sent us an excellent dinner—the native cookery is I think very good,—and in the evening paid my husband a long visit. Some of the poor Linewallas, as the Nizam's *private* army are called, formed our guard during the day. They were quite ragged and thin, for they get no pay. One of them told my husband that his father and brothers were small landed proprietors near Benáres, that he had come to the Dakhan to seek his fortune, and that now he would willingly go back if it were not for shame, lest his relations should say to him "Kyun gaya? Kyun aya?"—"Why did you go? Why are you come?" C. gave them a Bakshish, which doubtless consoled the poor things a little. I forgot to say that we were met by all the dignitaries of the town, forming quite a gallant Sawarrí (a procession on horseback). Our thirty-six miles turned out nearer forty-six.

Monday, April 22nd.—Reached Bowen Bir just at sunrise—a lovely spot. The son-in-law of the old Nawab, Alam Ali Khán, a pensioned Resaldar, was waiting to receive us, having pitched tents for our accommodation, and soon after the fine old man himself arrived. They are so fair that their Afghán descent is evident. The old Nawab is upwards of eighty, but quite vigorous, with a clear blue eye and white beard. C. and I took a little walk in a copse of Mango trees; much of the unripe fruit had been blown down by the high wind, so I immediately ordered some Mango fool. I wish you could have seen the lovely spot in which we were encamped. It was again in a Mussalmán bury-

ing ground, with paths in every direction through the grove of trees, which consisted of Ním, pipal and other fine branching trees, with the tall graceful palms towering among them. You cannot think how beautiful the red glow of sunrise looks through a grove of palms. We breakfasted with a tape-bed for our table, all of us sitting round on pillows, and throughout the day we all drank water to excess; poor little Hirá sat on my shoulder panting and feeling the roof of his mouth with his tongue. I never saw a bird drink so much. The thermometer was 101° in the tent, and there was no wind to enable us to have tattis, yet this is a wonderfully *cool* season.

In the afternoon the old Nawab came again and paid a long visit. He was Resaldar, or Native Commandant of Major Davies's regiment, which many years ago mutinied, owing to the folly of the Adjutant, who had not only made all the men cut their hair short, but had disgraced some of them by having their moustaches forcibly shaved. Alam Ali Khán warned Major Davies that a mutiny was highly probable, and advised him to allow those who objected to have their beards cut to take their discharge. Major Davies was a man much beloved by, and of great influence among, the men, but he had clearly left too much power to the Adjutant. (Imagine an officer writing in the papers the other day, and saying, that when he was Adjutant *he* had entire command of his regiment. This is in the true Bengalí fashion. A man of five-and-twenty, and perhaps younger, is seldom fit to command a regiment; at least a man of forty ought to do it better: but so little are some commanding officers acquainted with their men, that I know an instance in which one was obliged to send for his native officers the

day before presenting them to the Governor-General to learn their names, though he had been in command some months.) Major Davies agreed with the Rasaldar's proposal, but the mutiny was beforehand with him. He left Alam Ali Khán to take care of his young wife, and rode to the parade. At first he reasoned with the men, who excused themselves; he then offered a free pardon to all *except* the ringleader. The latter approached in a supplicating attitude, and shot him through the body. He just succeeded in reaching his own Compound, and fell off his horse within sight of his poor wife, who was waiting breakfast for him. His young second in command put himself at the head of that portion of the Rasallah which remained faithful, and pursued the mutineers, who had taken possession of a small Masjid at some distance; nothing daunted by their superiority in numbers, he immediately attacked them, forced the doors with great loss of life on his own side, and left not one of the mutineers alive to tell the tale.

A large cobra capello was killed near the tent and brought for us to see. It was three feet eight inches long. We dined in a Pál, a small baggage tent, with a stable lantern for our only light. This night's march was a very short one, from 14 to 20 miles. We found our own tents waiting for us at Akote, and the old Khalási, whom I was quite glad to see again. I am quite pleased to see how much Baber (my Afghán galloway) is improved in strength. He comes in from a 36 or 40 miles' march as fresh and naughty as possible, walking on the very tips of his toes like an equine Agag. The Duffadar of our escort is filled with admiration of him. I meant to have ridden early the next morning, but before sunrise we had reached Elichpur.

Wednesday, April 24th.—You may imagine with what curiosity I looked out. There was a beautiful range of hills on our left with sharp and broken peaks. Our way lay across a rich plain of black *cotton* soil, (so called because the cotton plant requires the richest earth), studded with fine trees. Aga Muhammad Khán came to meet us, so did a servant of his with a huge matchlock on his back. We crossed a green plain, turned in at a gate, and at the top of a little rising ground beheld our house, to which my dear husband welcomed me. It is very nice and commodious; the garden and outhouses are also very good. The former is well stocked with mango, citron, orange, and other fruit trees, also roses and many flowering shrubs. The stables, &c., are all of Pakká, (*i. e.* baked) bricks. We had to unpack the boxes of china, plate and linen, in order to get our breakfast. Unpacking continued for many days. Rode out in the evening of Wednesday with C.: the cantonments are very pretty. Our house is a good way from every other, and therefore quite private. I took a most beautiful ride one morning with my husband. We saw a hyena and chased it. The ugly, heavy thing went along in such a lumbering manner that it exactly suited the American term of "sloping away." It was a very large one. Then we went through a mango grove to the Muhammadan burial-ground, which is really beautiful. It has some fine gateways, and some of the tombs are admirably carved. The mango trees are covered with ants' nests. These creatures, which are red and nearly an *inch* long, glue the leaves together to make a habitation for themselves.

Captain J., the Brigade Major, called. He is a fine specimen of an Englishman, shy and yet bold as a lion, a first-rate sportsman, and very good-natured and sweet-tempered. He is an excellent wrestler, and

sometimes said he would like to wrestle with a panther. He had an opportunity which must have satisfied him. He and another officer were out shooting together some years ago, when one of the beaters cried "There he is," and Captain J. saw a panther on the bank just above him. The moment the creature caught his eye it sprang, Captain J. received him on a short carbine he had in his hand, but it gave him a frightful cuff on the side of his head, and fixed its fang in his right shoulder. Then came the wrestling match. Captain J. seized the panther with both hands by the upper and lower jaws and forced them open, and man and beast went rolling down into the nullah. Captain J.'s attendant struck the beast, who let go his hold, seized an unfortunate Kulí and bit through his arm. Captain J. told me that he never knew a tiger go up a tree but once; that was at Hingolí. An unfortunate native, who thought himself quite safe, cried out, "Here she comes!" The tigress heard him, went up the tree like a cat, full five-and-twenty feet, pulled the man down, and bit him on the knee so severely that he died in hospital soon after. It was thought so remarkable an occurrence, that the tree was cut down and brought into Hingoli as a curiosity. The heat increased every day at Elichpur, so that we arranged to go up as soon after muster as possible. My husband went up for a day and returned delighted with the place.

Saturday, May 4th.—Started this morning before four in two bullock carriages. Had a beautiful drive to Imlibagh, or the Mango Garden Bungalow at the Fort of the Ghat. There we put the girls into Tonjons, and C. and I rode up. It was a lovely ride, and the increasing coolness of the air quite invigorated us. The famous Fortress of Gawil Ghar crowns the hill on the right. It was taken

by the Duke and General Stevenson, and it was up the precipitous Ghat we ascended that the Duke brought his guns. An excellent preparation it must have been for Spanish warfare. We rode through part of the Fort, passing the gate which was carried by H. M.'s Royals. It is studded with long spikes to prevent its being forced open by elephants. Then we came to the beautiful table-land at the top of the hills. We went to see our own house, it is very small, but the view is lovely. We are on a promontory; a magnificent banian tree *(ficus religiosa)* on the right hand, and many other fine trees round about. The change of climate is delightful, and we found it quite cool at night. Paid visits to the only three *visitable* ladies here.

Tuesday, May 7th.—We rode at gunfire to the Andhera Kora, or Dark Valley. It is very grand. A magnificent amphitheatre stretches out at one's feet, and far below we saw the great forest trees diminished to the size of shrubs. This is the favourite resort of herds of bison. As there was no path we were obliged to walk part of the way. Coming back, we saw a bear below us, at least I saw a brown mass which they told me was a bear. Luckily, Baber saw him not. Another morning we rode to the Amjira (or Mango Fountain). It is quite a different kind of scenery; a most lovely valley filled with magnificent trees. It is hard to say whether the sterile grandeur of the Dark Corrie or the rich luxuriance of this one is the most beautiful. Another morning we went to Park Point, which has been so named from its resemblance to an English park, and a herd of deer crossing it completed the likeness. In fact it would be impossible to describe half the varied beauties of these hills. I greatly prefer them to the Himalayas, for there is

much greater variety here, and the mountains are far more picturesque in form. It was most beautiful in the evening, at Elichpur, to see the fire running up the mountain side. One night the whole of one of the peaks was clothed in flame. These fires are constantly occurring in the dry season, and they greatly contribute to the fertility of the ground. Another morning we rode to the Fort. It is a most picturesque place, containing tank beyond tank for the supply of the garrison. It is now in ruins, inhabited only by some Rajputs and Gonds (Hill people). My Turki carried me up places as steep as a staircase, and so slippery that I wondered how he could keep his feet.

Opposite to the highest part of the hill is a very deep and narrow gorge, the precipitous sides of which, many hundred feet in depth, appear as if scarped, or like the gigantic walls of some enormous fortress. My husband and his Brigade Major put themselves to great trouble in bringing huge stones to roll down the precipice. Did you ever know a man who did not enjoy throwing stones? It seems to be an inherent taste in the male inhabitants of the three kingdoms. I became infected with it; they brought three huge masses and placed one for me to roll over. We got so interested that we called each stone *he*, and mine distinguished himself greatly, he went rolling down scattering clouds of cotton from the trees, then made a tremendous leap, and went crashing and thundering far into the valley beneath, quite out of hearing long before he was out of sight. Do you remember Pollock's description of himself and his friend?

> "Digging with labour sore the ponderous stone,
> Which, having carried to the highest top,
> We downward rolled; and, as it strove at first
> With obstacles that seemed to match its force,

With feeble crooked motion to and fro
Wavering, he looked with interest most intense
And prayed almost; and, as it gathered strength
And straightened the current of its furious flow,
Exulting in the swiftness of its course,
And rising now with rainbow-bound immense,
Leaped down careering o'er the subject plain,
He clapped his hands in sign of boundless bliss
And laughed and talked, well paid for all his toil:
And when at night the story was rehearsed
Uncommon glory kindled in his eye."

Course of Time.—Book V.

I wish you could see the lovely flowering trees. The Fort abounds with them, one bearing a beautiful and very sweet white flower. Then there is the Amaltás with its sweet rich yellow garlands; the Kachanár with a flower like a huge lilac geranium; and the Pangra, a tree with scarlet blossoms like bunches of fingers. C. has been out several times tracking bison. They are enormous creatures, 18 to 19 hands high, not shaggy like the North American bison, but of a rich brown colour, with a ridge rather than a hump along the back. They do much mischief, destroying the fields, and even killing people. They travel very fast in grazing, and require to be approached with as much caution as deer.

When I do not get up early enough to ride, or if I feel too tired, I generally sit under our magnificent fig-tree. This morning C. and I sat there, ate plantains and milk, and talked; and then he read some of Tennyson's poems, that beautiful one of "Godiva," "Locksley Hall," and "Marianna." I always forgot to tell you that we were much amused, at Bombay, to see a Ramushi engaged as watchman over our property. These Ramushis are a race of thieves, and by hiring one as watchman, you secure yourself from robbery. This is done at Dehli, and a robbery is never heard of.

Captain Jackson in coming up from Elichpur, the

other day, saw a tiger standing before him near the top of the Ghat, but his horse luckily did not do so. Captain Jackson expected the tiger to spring, but happily it did not, which enabled him to retreat some paces. He then urged his jaded horse into something like a gallop, and advanced, making the most hideous noises he could, passed the tiger; when he stopped, both man and horse being quite out of breath, he looked behind and saw, to his great joy, that the tiger had retreated. A Ghat, means a precipitous passage, it is therefore used for the banks of a river, and for the road up a mountain, and the Great Western Range is styled the Western Ghats.

June 28th.—The rains began about three weeks since, but not heavily. They have made a delightful change in the weather. We are now glad to wear warm dresses, I have written no journal for there is really nothing to relate, except sporting adventures, and I am afraid of becoming like the gentleman a lady told me of the other day, who talked to her for two hours, without stopping, about the bears he had hunted. He had lived in the jungles for two years, and gave her every particular, how one bear had got away, and another had charged, one had escaped in a nallah, and another had rushed from behind a tree.

You will have seen the loss of the poor "Sulimani," at Madras, on the 24th May. The monsoon set in with a sudden gale; the "Sulimani" dragged her anchors, struck just outside the surf, and went to pieces in half-an-hour afterwards. Our poor friends, Captain and Mrs. Dawson, both the mates, and about half the crew, were drowned. You can imagine the painful impression this has made on us. We knew every corner of the poor ship, everything in her. We had been in most friendly intimacy

with the Dawsons for more than six weeks; had heard them speak constantly of their friends at home. We have good hope that both were true Christians. I think constantly of poor Mrs. Dawson's mother and sister. What a dreadful blow to them! The poor little faithful dog, too, we little thought she was to be drowned with her mistress!

We have lately received and read Therèse Pulszky's "Memoirs of a Hungarian Lady." It gives an admirable account of the late righteous war in Hungary. Righteous on the side of the Hungarians, infamous and treacherous, to the last degree, on that of Austria and Russia, and calculated to stamp them, if that were possible, with still deeper disgrace than their former deeds. The fault of the book is, that she does not say enough of herself and her husband. Stout-hearted, true-hearted Therèse! May God bless her, and restore them and their children to free and victorious Hungary.

July 9th.—I cannot express the enjoyment we both have in this delicious climate and scenery. On Saturday I rode out early (about half-past four) in the afternoon, with C., who took me over and among the hills by footpaths and no paths at all. His beaters and the two little dogs were with us. We only saw three deer; two were far away, and the third, though wounded, poor thing, escaped. Then we had a delightful canter, or rather gallop, over the short smooth turf, and came home quite late. To-day I went out in my tonjon towards the Fort, taking "Macaulay's England" with me. The bearers put me down at the edge of a lovely precipice, at the bottom of which hills, clothed with verdure and trees, met in all directions. There I sat and read till the sun was quite set. The bearers picked

me a handful of the tiny sweet white orchus, Motley and Fan raced over the green carpet, and I enjoyed the lovely sunset scene, then they carried me home; their cry of "hum ha," "hum ha," forming a pleasant and musical accompaniment to Macaulay's delightful pages.

July 10th.—Captain W. dined with us last evening, and told frightful stories of a panther carrying off a favourite dog which was tied *under* his bed. Another was taken from the arms of one of his sleeping servants. Captain M. has just been telling me the history of a most iniquitous native banker, named Kishen Das. Kundun Mall, the chief banker here, once gave out that Kishen Das was bankrupt. A third Saodáger believing this, accepted from Kishen Das bad debts to the amount of 15,000 rupees in payment of a debt for that amount—thus compromising it for about a fifth. It turned out to be a false report, so Kundun Mall gained the bitter enmity of Kishen Das, and the latter paid 15,000 rupees in cash with the same amount of bad debts. Soon after Kundun Mall was going to Hindustan to contract a marriage with the daughter of a great banker there. Some one supposing Kishen Das to be a friend of his, wrote to tell him that Kundun Mall ought by no means to marry the girl, for she was of low caste. Kishen Das kept the matter secret, and Kundun Mall went to Hindustan and brought back his young wife. Kishen Das, who had been collecting proofs of the truth of the information he had received, then accused him of having thus married and got him turned out of his caste. The only way Kundun Mall could be restored was by buying over the accuser to propose his restoration; then he had to give large sums to procure his reinstatement,

and finally to dismiss his wife, thus incurring the enmity of her family, who had taken him in. I thought these traits of native character might interest you.

Monday, August 12th.—As there was to be wrestling and divers games at the Fort, my husband gave Aga Sahib twenty-five rupees to distribute in prizes, and allowed all our people to go. I went the other day to see the mother of our huntsman, who was ill with fever and a very bad cough. Her house is in the Fort, and I never saw anything cleaner. It was of mud, with light only from the door. The old woman was in the centre compartment, which was large, the floor raised, and beaten quite hard. There were two side divisions separated by a wall running halfway up to the ceiling, in each of which was one of her daughters-in-law. They were very young, with gold-leaf on their foreheads. I visited one, because she was sick; and when I returned, the mother asked me if I ever went hunting, and if I would like to see some shikar (game). I said I did not hunt; but I should like to see the game; whereupon an elderly woman ushered me into Mangal Sing's part of the house, and I found the "game" in the shape of a young wife, who stared at me most industriously. The fireplace for cooking and many bundles filled her compartment.

Wednesday.—C. and I were returning from our early walk this morning, when we met a small child of five years old, who marched up, throwing out his chest, and said, "Salam Sahib, if you will give me two annas I will wrestle!" It was the child of one of our bearers, or Buis. C. was exceedingly diverted at this martial mite of a thing, gave him what he asked, and meeting him afterwards, wrestled with him; so in the evening, when Aga Sahib, as usual, was with us, he came up to

him, saying, "I have wrestled, and it is the Sahib's order that you give me a present," which the Aga, of course, hastened to do. Aga Muhammad is most useful. He superintends building the out-houses and making the garden, takes charge of the stable, and, in fact, looks after everything. He writes my husband's Persian letters, and is quite a gentleman, often walks and hunts with him, and generally comes in every evening, when I play. His enjoyment of music is very great. His wife is a very fine handsome creature, with a very noble expression. He is teaching her to read. He joined us the other morning, and after I went in said, "It would be very pleasant to be able to take one's wife about with one thus." "Of course it is," said my husband. "It is having a very low opinion of women to think that they cannot mix with their fellow-creatures without thinking of running away." "It is a very great nuisance," said Aga Muhammad, emphatically. "But what can I do?" The people here, especially the Musalmans, are not to be compared to those on the frontier for either intelligence or activity. Aga Muhammad himself said they were far worse than the Hindus—more immoral, greater liars, and greater cheats—which is quite true.

I must, as there is so little to narrate, tell you of two or three things that have struck me since I I came to India. One is the vulgarity of the newspapers. It was long before I could make up my mind to read them, they are so full of slang and the most petty and offensive personalities. At this present moment, two of these papers are constantly abusing each other, naming the editors, and describing them in the most vulgar manner, under the heading, "The Model Editor." The Mofussilite begins his descrip-

tion of his rival—" A little fat 'fusby' man!!" The vulgar tone of the letters admitted into them, most of which are written by persons in the *position* of gentlemen, shows the low tone of the Indian community.

I have mentioned the wonderful way in which every one's character, habits, and circumstances are known and canvassed from one end of India to the other. It is truly astonishing! A shameful want of principle in money transactions is but too common here, and I am sorry to say more general among military men than among civilians. At the same time there is less excuse for a civilian, for his pay is higher, he is more stationary, and is not liable to be moved every year, often to stations where he has to build a house, which is no sooner completed than he is marched away. Civilians have also less idle time on their hands, which is a great blessing to them. Sir Charles Napier has been doing great good by rejecting all applications for mercy to officers who have been found guilty of dishonourable conduct in money matters. Everybody in India is in debt, and everybody avows it, and seems to look on it as a matter of course.

This is true enough in some cases, where officers, having been obliged to buy or to build houses, are suddenly ordered to a fresh station. The frequent and unnecessary removes of regiments are the most frequent causes of debt to military men; the expense of marching is enormous, to say nothing of the loss incurred in selling and purchasing furniture; and whenever they have to buy or to build a house they are generally obliged to borrow money from some one of the banks, which nominally charging 10 per cent. contrives, in reality, to exact *at the least* 15. That true soldier's friend, Sir Charles Napier, saw the hardship of these

incessant removes, and intended, if possible, to leave every regiment at least three years in one place. Another cause which often cripples an officer is the necessity of taking sick leave for himself, or of sending home his wife or children. There are two boons which the army might justly claim from a paternal Government: one is, that sick leave should be reckoned in the period of service, and furlough to England as furlough to the Cape; and the other, that when a station is abolished, a certain fixed sum, according to his rank, should be paid to each officer as compensation for his house. If to this were added loans from Government of a certain amount, to be repaid by monthly instalments, deducted from the pay (with or without interest at 5 per cent.), to officers obliged to build on the formation of new cantonments, there would been an end of half the unavoidable debts which oppress the army. As the formation and abolition of stations are purely acts of Government, it is but fair that officers should not be ruined by them. The purchase of steps and expensive messes are two other fertile sources of debt to young officers.

The extravagant profusion in which the British in India formerly lived, is now almost unknown. An officer told me, that when he entered the service as cornet, he thought it necessary to have a set of silver dishes, covers, and wall shades! I really think the ladies in India much less extravagant than their husbands; and often the best thing a man can do to get out of debt, is to take unto himself a wife. I have been quite touched by the self-denial and exertions of women (accustomed before their marriage to every comfort), in order to avoid incurring debt, or from an honourable desire to liquidate those already incurred by their husbands. When they are extravagant, it is gene-

rally in cases where their husbands can afford it. Another wonderful fact in Indian life is, that women of undeniably bad character are received by those whose own lives are unblemished. As several of the officers' wives here were quite unvisitable according to home ideas, by C.'s advice I called on all those I intended to become acquainted with, without waiting till they called on me; thus showing that I did not mean to know the others. One of them came to our house; but the "door was shut."

My impression of Indian society is, that in ability and uprightness, both the military and civil services are unsurpassed by any other body. The average amount of talent appears to me decidedly above that of English society at home; and the reason is evident—in India a man has opportunities of developing whatever faculties nature has given him, which would not be afforded in Europe until they began to decay. A military man, by the time he is thirty years of age, has often acted as quartermaster to a division, or been left in sole charge of a detachment, perhaps of a regiment, in an enemy's country; he may have been sole magistrate of a large cantonment; and has probably acted as postmaster, paymaster, brigade-major, and commissariat-officer, or has commanded a regiment in action; perhaps has been transferred from an infantry corps to one of irregular cavalry, acted as political assistant, made treaties with hostile tribes, settled questions of revenue or tribute, besides having to build his own house and his wife's carriage.

A young civilian, with less variety of work, is even more uncontrolled, and has often greater responsibility thrown upon him. He is probably put in charge of a district half as large as England: with the combined duties of magistrate and revenue commissioner, he may

be called on to defend his district as he best can; to suppress an outbreak; to seize conspirators; to trace gang robberies and wholesale murders; and is advanced to high judicial, financial or political functions, while still in the full possession of all the faculties of vigorous manhood. No wonder that a clever young civilian, who returned to England four years after he entered the service, when my husband asked him if he were not sensible of a great difference between himself and the young men of his own age with whom he had renewed acquaintance, replied, "To tell you the truth, I find they are boys, and I feel myself a man."

The isolated life civilians so often lead, and the large amount of authority and responsibility committed to them at so early an age, probably accounts for the fact, that you scarcely meet a young civilian whose manner has not far too much confidence and pretention to be that of good society—where modesty, if not genuine, is at least feigned. As they grow older, this generally wears off; and as, *en masse*, they are more highly educated than military men, you meet very gentlemanly as well as accomplished and agreeable civilians. Young officers, though not often so well-informed as young civilians, have generally much better manners, and would be better received at home; for nothing corrects conceit and presumption so much as constant intercourse with equals and superiors, as in a regiment. One hears of jealousy between the two services, but I have never seen anything of it. The recent improvement in the religious and moral standard at home causes a marked difference between the majority of men under fifty and those above it.

But if the gentlemen in India are above the home average, the ladies are certainly below it. Young men constantly make inferior marriages; and girls, after

having been deprived of a mother's care half their lives, are brought out and married far too young—before their education (if they have had any) is finished, or their minds formed, and before they have enjoyed what, in the present deficient system, is often the best part of a girl's training—the advantage of intercourse with really good society. They have thus no standard of manners or taste, by which to test the manners of those among whom they are thrown; they probably marry under eighteen, often under sixteen, and adopt the strangest phraseology from their husbands and their husbands' friends. It is common to hear ladies speaking not only of their husbands by their surnames (a thing unpardonable, except of a peer), but of other gentlemen in the same manner; talking of "our kit," and using such terms as "jolly," "pluck," "a cool thing," "lots," "rows," and "no end of things!" I think the wives of military men are worse in this respect than those of civilians.

The families of civilians intermarry very much among themselves. The great precedency given to the Civil Service, is a curious feature in Indian society. A civilian of four years standing ranks with a Captain, one of eight years with a Major, one of twenty years with a Colonel.

Loss of rank and importance, as well as of their ample allowances, is doubtless a great reason why civilians, and especially their wives, so often dislike England on their first return to it. Precedence is so much attended to in India, that it is the custom for no one to leave a party before the great lady of the evening takes her departure, and a lady whose right to be led to table by her host had been overlooked, has been known to refuse going to the dining room until the delinquent returned to conduct her thither.

After being the recognized Bari Bibi, or great lady of a station, or perhaps of a presidency, for a number of years, to return home and find that a civilian is considered by most people as something between a merchant and a police magistrate (they do not exactly know which), and that his wife is placed after any Captain's wife she may happen to meet, is a sad downfall!

There is certainly a great amount of domestic happiness in India. Married people are in many cases so entirely thrown upon each other, not only for sympathy, but for conversation and amusement, that they become knit much more closely than when each has a thousand distractions, and separate ways of spending the day.

The lady cannot spend her mornings in shopping or visiting, nor the gentleman at his club. They generally drive or ride together every evening, and many married people when separated, write to each other every day.

Circumstances which tend to promote such a high degree of conjugal union and sympathy, surely cannot be considered merely as hardships.

The news of an impending attack on the Nawáb, induced my husband to resolve on returning to Elichpúr, as he did not like to be absent at such a time, though he is strictly forbidden to interfere. There have been several fights in the neighbourhood, and all sorts of atrocities committed on the defenceless villages.

Saturday, August 24th, 1850.—We all rode down the Ghát, starting long before dawn. The road is far worse than I ever saw it, the rains having washed away all the earth, and left a pathway of bare slippery rock. Found our Palkis and escort at Imlibagh, at the foot of the Ghat, and got into Elichpur for breakfast. I have since been very busy getting doors and pardahs

made, sofas covered, carpets laid down, curtains hung up, &c. &c. There is much more pleasure in furnishing a house, "wo man kriegt," as a German would say, each particular piece of furniture, than where it is all done to one's hand. Even the cloth for the curtains had to be dyed. I have had flowers planted all round the house, and passion flowers, jessamine, and other creepers, twined round all the pillars.

Nine of our servants have been ill at once with Birar fever, which is always prevalent when the rains cease, which they have done for a month past. It is a kind of typhus, with dreadful headache and brown tongue. Several of the people have been in great danger. We gave Warburg's invaluable tincture to two of them, and treated all the rest homœopathically, and I am thankful to say, they are all recovering. Aga Sahib has been very ill indeed.

Thursday, September 12th.—Having determined to invite our friends to join us every Thursday, for reading the Scriptures and prayer, we began this evening at seven. My husband read a chapter of Bonar on Leviticus, and we had tea after the prayer meeting. I enjoyed it much, and pray that it may be useful both to ourselves and others.

I am quite pleased and happy at having been the means of releasing some prisoners. It fell out thus. A poor Afghání came to beg for some assistance. Her husband was sick, and had been in prison for about eighteen months on *suspicion* of being concerned in some of the disturbances which are always going on in this country. C. allowed her two annas a day, for she and her daughter were nearly starved; he told me of this, and I was so horrified at the idea of this man and eighteen or twenty others being imprisoned so long without trial, that I entreated him

to bestir himself for their release. He accordingly called for a return of the prisoners, and then desired them to petition the Nizam's Government, and forwarded their petitions to Hyderabad. The consequence is, that they have been tried and all released. Imagine the apathy of the officers in command here during the last two years leaving these men in prison without inquiry. One was a respectable old Pandit, against whom there was not even a charge; another, a gallant old soldier, whom they seized at prayers, slyly drawing away his sword from him. It has since been stolen, and C. is trying to recover it for him, for he loves it much. He said, "I and my sword were in prison." He said he was ashamed to go back to his house after being in prison, but C. told him his imprisonment was nothing to that which he himself had undergone, and cheered and helped the old man as he had the Pandit, and I am happy to say the sword was recovered.

The evenings and mornings are delightful, there is always a cool breeze and cool night. The sunsets are most beautiful, and the sight of the hills is a perpetual source of pleasure to us. Aga Sahib has not yet shaken off the fever. One day when he had been very ill his wife told me in his presence, that he had wept much, thinking he should not recover. Why is it that we are ashamed of tears? No English lady would have said this of and before her husband, and yet the Afgháns are as hardy and brave a people as any in the world; and "Hezekiah wept sore." We have since sent the Aga and several of our sick servants out to Bergám for change of air. It is a place about five miles off, where we have a shooting-box, consisting of one room about ten feet square, sufficient to shelter one during the heat of the day when tents are not cool enough. It is on a hill, and the air is thought very fine. A frightful murder

of a Sepahi of the 7th Regiment was discovered on Saturday. His body was found in the "Dō," or deep water, almost close to our Compound, by a bearer who went down to fish. My husband immediately went to the place. The body was horribly mutilated; the lips, eyelids, and ears being cut off, a deep gash across the face, and another on the arm, but none on the trunk. The surgeon and officers were well nigh sick. The unfortunate man has been missing since Thursday, and was doubtless murdered that evening. Some people have been arrested on suspicion, but the inquest on Saturday revealed little. I went up to Chikaldah to nurse poor Mrs. O., who is dangerously ill. Went in a Palkí to Imlibāgh; and then, followed by a Sawar, rode up the hill. The fort is very beautiful, covered in many places with a beautiful white creeper, in others with balsams and other wild flowers.

C. has just given me a most beautiful lark, which imitates I know not how many creatures, chickens clucking and screaming, the cry of the hawk, a puppy whining, yelping and barking, as if some one had trodden on its tail, a tattu neighing (so that a *cock* really neighs), the note of the partridge, pee-wit, mina, bulbul, &c. It is kept covered up, and wakes me in the morning with its sweet song. One of the orderlies takes care of it, and gives it a walk with its cage uncovered morning and evening, and catches grasshoppers for it. The Musalmans here are extremely fond of these birds, and early in the morning you see numbers of Sepahis, each with a little cage in his hand, airing his lark. They look like Horace Vernet's young recruit, bringing back a canary from his foraging expedition. These birds cost as much as 40 rupees, mine was 20, and it is indeed most cheerful to hear its varied notes all day long.

I heard some curious anecdotes of the acuteness of Police chaprasis just before I left Elichpur. One occurred the other day, some bangles and other ornaments were stolen. Some Chaprasis went to the house of the suspected person, but for a long while could find nothing, they tapped the walls, examined the floor—there were no traces. At last one of them took up a bottle. "What is in it? said he. "Oil." "But what is in the the oil?" said the crafty searcher. He poured it out, and there were the broken ornaments. Another instance occurred some years ago at Hingoli. A man was found dead in the Ramna (place for cutting grass), murdered by a blow with a sickle. One who had a quarrel with him was suspected, and a Chaprasi* named Lachman set off in search of him. "You nearly killed that man," said he, "by knocking him down in the Ramna, he has lodged a complaint against you before the Brigadier, and I am sent to fetch you." "Oh, but he struck me first," replied the guilty man, "and left me for dead after I had hit him." "Well, come along and tell your own story." As they entered the Bazár the murderer saw by the manner and jests of Lachman and his comrade, that he had been imposed upon, and took to his heels, but they were too quick for him, and speedily captured him. He afterwards confessed the murder and was hung.

* Chaprasis are attached to every office in India; they are official messengers, known by their badge or Chaprás.

CHAPTER VI.

My Husband's Illness. — Warburg's Tincture. — Jaffirabad. — Votive Offerings. — Stocks and Stones. — Dawn. — Want of Cultivation. — Nagar Converts. — Mammoth. — Winnowing Corn. — Country. — Traveller for Pleasure. — Umrah's Illness. — Apathy. — Sawars.— Walled Villages.—"It is six."—Ahmednagar. — American Mission. —Boarding and Orphan Schools.—Promising District.—Native Church. —Female Missionaries, their Activity and Zeal.—Temperance.—Access to Native Women.—Serur.—Priesthood.—Idols.—Musalmani Women. —Afghan Princes.—Akbar Khan.—Kazzilbashis.—Kashmiris.—Battle of Korigam.—Puna.—Class for Young Men.—Converts.—Soldiers' Meetings.—Temperance.—Female Schools.—English School.—Parbati's Temple.—Idol Worship.—Khandoba.—Parsi Garden.—Discourtesy. —Ordinations.—Boarding School.—Karla Caves.

FRIDAY, 18TH OCTOBER.—My dear husband came to take me back to Elichpur (Mrs. O. being quite convalescent), but was taken exceedingly ill with Birar fever, and was for some days in great danger. Warburg's tincture, which is almost a specific for this fever, was the means, under God, of saving his life. It stopped the fever at once. I could not have borne the dreadful anxiety, had not comfort been granted me from on high. No words can tell the support I derived from remembering the human nature of our Blessed Lord, "GOD manifest IN THE FLESH," therefore able to save to the uttermost, and yet to bear with our infirmities. When I thought of his "strong crying and tears"—and remem-

bered that he was heard in that he feared, Heb. v. 7, I felt that he could and did understand, and sympathize with and pity my weakness, and doubts, and agonies, and that he would pardon my impatience and importunity. That passage also, in Exodus, iii. 7, 8, where the Most High declares, "I have seen the affliction of my people, and have heard their cry, I know their sorrows, and am come down to deliver them," was of inexpressible comfort to me.

We returned to cantonments on the 13th November. My husband had a return of fever on the 24th, and then came most vigorous preparations for our journey to Bombay, with the prospect of going to the Cape for eighteen months' sick leave.

Wednesday, December 18.—C. is regaining strength daily. Got to Jaffirabad about six. This is the prettiest camping ground we have been at. It was in the midst of an old and very extensive Muhammadan burying ground, showing that the place had formerly been a large town. A little Masjid was close to our tents, and we were surrounded by magnificent Banian and Tamarind trees. C. proved to the Sawars that they were wrong in throwing away the paper of their cartridges. They carry carbines, a very inefficient weapon on horseback, compared to the spear; this change has recently been introduced by Colonel Beatson. In the evening we went to see the tomb of an ancestor of the present Nawab of Jaffirabad, who fell at the battle of Berhampur, between the Afgháns and Mahrattas, (the latter enacting the part of allies to the King of Dehli), in the time of Timur Shah, father of Shah Shuja, in which the former were victorious and carried off immense booty. The mother of this gallant Nawab lies in a sort of octagonal shrine, surrounded by a lattice, with a daughter on one side and a daughter-in-law on

the other. Her tomb was covered with flowers, and offerings of rags and threads, with many little earthern pots for lights, brought by the women of the place in the hope of obtaining children or other blessings by her intercession; there is a little garden on one hand and a very fine well on the other, with many flights of steps leading to it; all this, together with the small mosque attached, were formerly kept in order by the present Nawab Haider Ali, who lives at Haiderabad, though his two brothers reside here. He allowed a Faqir five rupees a month, to keep the shrine clean, the garden in order, and a lamp burning by the tomb, but he is such a skinflint that he refuses to do this any longer. The Persian expression for skinflint, is "one who would make tallow from a fly." The Nawab gets a lakh, about £10,000, yearly from this Jaghir, and ought in return to keep up 500 horsemen, but he only keeps fifty.

Thursday, December 19th.—The bearers made an enormous fire of thorns to warm themselves, and as the flames illuminated everything around, we agreed that it was a most apt illustration of the short-lived prosperity of the wicked. Rubbi carried me most beautifully over very broken ground; the only difficulty is to prevent his going sixteen miles an hour, but his action is so perfect, that he fatigues me less than any other horse. Passed two villages, not quite so many streams as yesterday, this is a very well watered country, and might be like a garden. Saw a magnificent Banian tree at one of these villages, and close by, some stones bedaubed with red for worship. It seems almost incredible that human beings should literally worship "stocks and stones;" sometimes a tree, sometimes a block, by the wayside. The villages are all walled, and one had a ruined mud fort. This is the pleasantest and coolest

day we have had since we left Elichpur, as there is a nice breeze. Two of our friends at Aurangabad sent us Dalis (baskets of bread, vegetables, fruit, &c.) yesterday—very acceptable as our bread was very stale. Chandai was the name of this station.

Friday, December 20th.—Rose at two. The mornings are lovely. There is no such thing as the grey dawn here, it is all rose-coloured and golden. It is very beautiful to see the full moon riding high in the heavens and the clouds around it all tinged with red by the rising sun.

Saturday, December 21st.—Came to Khazi Barúr, twelve short miles; this was a beautiful ride; the country full of streams, but like yesterday, miles of it without any cultivation; in some places the hedges remained, showing that the ground had been tilled not long ago. We came suddenly to a steep descent: beneath us was a basin, surrounded by hills of a curious shape, rising abruptly from the plain, and truncated at the top. Reached Khazi Barúr about half-past seven. Halted here for the Sabbath. A pleasant breeze all day; and a quiet Sabbath. We took a very pleasant walk. The neighbourhood abounds in fine trees—mangoes, tamarinds, and others. Seeing a stone, as is so common here, painted red for worship, my husband spoke to one of our bearers about it, and asked him which was the superior, he himself or the stone, and if it were not dishonouring the great God of Heaven and Earth to worship such a thing instead of Him; to all of which the poor man assented.

Monday, December 23rd.—Rode into Aurangabad. Near each town we have passed lately, there have been numerous ruins of houses and walls, showing how far more populous this country formerly was. For miles before we reached Aurangabad, we rode among the

ruins of streets and Mussalman tombs, One large tomb is in a village, surrounded by a fine wall, partly in ruins. There are also remains of grand old tanks and aqueducts, formed by the Muhammadan emperors.

Opened my camera, which has just arrived from Elichpur: it answers perfectly; and the first use I made of it, was to sketch three converts from Nagar: Ramhander Mohak, a Brahmin, who was converted by reading the books which he was required to teach in the Missionary school at Nagar; Ramji Bhore, of the Goldsmith caste, and Sidu, a Kunbi, or cultivator—both converted by being pupils in the same schools. The first has been a Christian six years, and is now a licensed preacher; the others professed their faith, one four, and the other two years ago. They assist him in selling books. Mohak told us that the Mission has given up distributing books and tracts, finding that but little care is taken of them. They now only sell them; but the people are not very willing to pay.

Brigadier Twemlow showed us parts of the jaw and tusk of a mammoth, which must have been about eighteen feet high, and which has lately been found close to the Godáveri, at a depth of about forty feet below the surface. The tusk was found in one place, and some other remains at another, about forty miles distant.

On Saturday, 28th, we left about four A.M., and rode to Dhaigám; a good bungalow, but with no attendants save a Chowkedar. It was very cool and pleasant the whole day. Remained there Sunday. A poor man made salám to us, standing on one foot—a sign of helplessness. We saw them winnowing corn in a curious manner: a man stood on a high stool, watching for a little breeze; each time that he felt it, he let the

wheat fall, and the wind carried away the chaff, while some women gathered the corn into a heap.

Monday, December 30th.—Left Dhaigám at four A.M.: it was very cold; the moon had just risen, and the morning-star soon followed it. Passed great fields of wheat; jawári, a kind of grain, but with leaves like the maize and a great head of corn, in shape like the top of a thyrsis; and channa or gram, a sort of vetch; yet still there is much uncultivated land. Crossed five streams; the last was the Godaveri, on which Tokah is situated. A good bungalow. The distance, like Saturday, fourteen miles—but short ones. One set of rooms was occupied by a young Englishman, travelling for his pleasure, with an English and a Portuguese servant, and a great train of horses, camels, &c. We joined forces, and found him pleasant and sociable. Aga Muhammad was quite charmed with a man travelling to see the world, and said, "how different is this from my countrymen, who, if they are rich, say, 'why should we go to foreign lands? our fathers never did so. Do you take us for beggars? We have enough to live at home.'" We reached Rastapúr about eight. Saw a herd of deer, and another very large one of antelopes. The whole country is admirable for riding, as it consists of vast level plains: no wonder the Mahratta cavalry was famous. Saw many luxuriant crops of wheat, channa, and a beautiful red grain.

As Umrah, our lame Afghán Sais, did not come up, we sent two Sawárs in the afternoon to look for him. They found him in a field three miles off, where he had been lying the whole day, all but insensible from fever and headache. He had brought up a great quantity of blood, which I think saved his life. We sent a pony for him, and when he came in put his feet in hot water.

The Aga began to bathe his feet at once, and went to and fro for hot and cold water, while not one of the Hindustani Saises and other servants, who were close by, even turned their heads to see if they could be of any use.

The humanizing effect of Christianity on the whole nation by whom it is professed, struck me forcibly; for in England, if a man had been brought in, in so dangerous a state, every member of the household would have crowded round him, at least, to see what was the matter. The Afgháns have far more energy, and therefore more heart, than the apathetic natives. When poor Umrah got better, he told us he had been so ill that he made up his mind to die. When he found himself unable to proceed, he desired the Ghascut who was with him to let the Sahib know how ill he was. The Ghascut cared so little about leaving a fellow-creature to die under this burning sun, that he never said one word about the matter; for which C. gave him a richly-deserved beating. I used to think one should never have a servant beaten; but I now see that in many cases there is no other way of punishing or reprimanding that they would in the least degree feel. The ignorance of the country displayed by our escort is quite wonderful. Though they came from Aurangabad, yet the day we arrived there, neither of the orderlies could find their way into cantonments, through the city; and the morning we left, not one of the party, the Naib Duffadar included, could tell which way to turn to go to Ahmednagar, so that we were obliged to send back for one of our own bearers. Of little use would these men be as light cavalry in time of war: they could not carry a despatch without getting a Rahdari or guide at every village. During the whole

march from Elichpur, we have not found a single Sawár who had the faintest idea of the direction we were to go. They used to bear a very high character: whether they have deteriorated I do not know; but we have just discovered that they have been giving false "Niriks" (list of prices) to the Aga, so as to get the gram for their own horses cheaper, by making us pay too much for ours. I believe neither *real* honesty nor truth is to be found among either Hindus or Mussalmans; and if I said, among any but true Christians, I think it would be the fact.

Wednesday, January 1, 1851.—Got into Imámpur, fifteen miles, in two hours. Much of the country uncultivated, though the crops we saw were fine, and the soil apparently good. Almost all the villages are walled, and many have towers at each corner. Ascended a steep Ghat, at the top of which is the Bungalow, a very good one, made out of a small Masjid. We have had a most warm-hearted and sympathising letter from Mr. Munger, of the Nagar Mission. He and Miss Farrer have both placed their houses at our disposal. Walked in the evening, and was greatly tormented by spear grass running into our feet and ancles.

January 2nd.—Last night a Bania came, of whom Karim inquired the distance to Ahmednagar. He replied, "five Kos."—"No," said Karim, "it is six."—"Pardon me," said the man, "it is only five."—"It *is* six," answered Karim doggedly.—"We who are natives of the country must know, it is only five."—"It *is* six," reiterated the obstinate Karim; whereupon the man joined his hands, saying, "If your lordship pleases it is twelve," which made all the bystanders laugh. Mary and I were both glad to have only five Kos to

ride, as we are rather tired with from 15 to 20 miles daily. There are a good many Muhammadan tombs near Nagar, as this was formerly the capital of one of the five kingdoms of the Dekkan. Our troops had much trouble in taking the city. We went first to the Dak Bungalow, where, having breakfasted and dressed, we made arrangements for resting a day, sending on our people and servants as usual. We then drove to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Burgess, the Missionaries, and were very kindly welcomed by them; it is in the city, but the upper story is very pleasant and cool. Dined at two. In the evening, after family worship, about 10 or 12 converts came to practise hymns, which Mrs. Burgess teaches them on Hullah's system.

The next morning (Friday 3rd) I was present at family worship, conducted by Mrs. Burgess, in Mahratti, for the younger children of the school; and my husband at that conducted by Mr. Burgess, for the adults and elder girls. The class I saw, read a portion of Scripture fluently. Mrs. B. questioned them, and one of them repeated the History of Jonah, which she had related to them the previous morning; then they sung, and Mrs. Burgess concluded with prayer. These little Mahrattas are far more lively than Hindustanis, and some of them were as difficult to keep quiet as English children often are. I was pleased to see the attention paid to good manners. Mrs. Burgess rises and salutes them when they are all assembled, they respond; and each came and made salam to us on leaving. Mrs. Burgess has about thirty-five girls in her school, of whom about three-fourths are the children of Christian parents. They all sleep on the premises in a row of low outhouses, with an elderly Christian woman to take care of them. They sleep on the

earthen floor wrapped up in Kammals (coarse black blankets). Those who are heathens have an eating room, where they take the food their mothers bring them. Their clothes are kept in a third room, and a fourth has been given by Mr. Burgess to eight or ten of the girls, who meet there to pray together. The Mission gives them occasionally a suit of plain clothes. They are brought up entirely in the simple native fashion; and, as a general rule, the girls are not taught English.

Mr. Burgess is not much in favour of Orphan Schools, on account of the great demands they make on the time and funds of the Mission, and the unpromising character of the children, who are generally below the average point in intelligence and character. I quite agree with him in the fact, which is to be expected in those who are generally children of the lowest and most degraded of the community; and also in thinking, that the certainty of being provided for acts as a narcotic, and prevents their making the best use of the powers they may be endowed with; besides which, a married woman can hardly do justice to such a school; but I still think them *most* valuable when under the efficient superintendence of a female Missionary, who can devote her whole time to them, and where the education is of such a nature as to fit them for instructing others, and for being active helpmates to future native Ministers and Catechists. A common Charity School for Orphans is of very little use to the Church, though it may be, and in some cases is, a blessing to the individual admitted. The Mission here has been established about twenty years, and numbers upwards of 100 communicants, including from eighteen to twenty who are scattered in different villages in the

Warlia districts, near Tokah. Mohak and his wife live there; and Miss Farrer is now staying there for the purpose of conversing with some female inquirers. It is considered one of the most promising districts in Western India. This side of India is the region where the Bráhmins retain most of their ancient authority and influence. It is only of late that the Bráhmins of Bombay have condescended to engage in secular occupations, and this is even now unfrequent in the interior, but their hold on the people is daily diminishing. Mohak being a Brahmin, his conversion called forth great indignation; and when he first settled at his present residence, the inhabitants refused him even water. They were obliged at last to let him have it; but the strong arm of the law alone prevented them from proceeding to violence. Only two female visitors have ever called on his wife. She spoke to them a little on religion, and read to them, but they never came again. Nevertheless there are several inquirers in the neighbourhood. Mr. Wilder has charge of this district: it seems a wise plan to place each circuit under a special Minister. Mr. Burgess is Pastor of the Church. There is a Seminary in which the lads are taught English, as well as Mahratti, and several vernacular schools in the city; these latter are visited by Mr. Wilder once a month, for special religious instruction; he devotes an hour daily to the religious instruction of the Seminary, and has, besides, a class of teachers, whom he trains in a thorough knowledge of Christianity.

The Native Church appears to be in a sound and healthy condition. Of course there are occasional offences and inconsistencies, but not numerous ones. This is, I think, to be attributed to the caution exercised in admitting members, and the efficient

superintendence and care bestowed upon the women by the female members of the Mission. No children are ever baptized, save the infants of a Christian parent; whereas, in other Missions, orphans, of seven or eight years old, are constantly baptized, on the ground that those who have the charge of the school stand in the relation of parents to them. Children thus baptized in Orphan Schools often turn out ill, and thus bring much greater discredit on the Christian Church than would be possible if they had never been nominal members of it.

In many Missions, from the female members of it being mere wives of Missionaries, instead of Missionary wives, there are hardly any pains taken with the native Christian women, and they consequently dishonour their profession by idleness, extravagance, love of dress, bad management of their children, and the absence of all exertion for the souls of others. I have known the wife of a Catechist brought up in an Orphan School in the most simple manner, and yet always dressed in clear muslin, running her husband into debt by buying bears' grease and perfumes; another who would not carry a plate in her own hands from one house to another; and several who always employ tailors to make their own and their children's clothes, they themselves sitting idle the while. Now here each Missionary lady assembles the women who live in her own Compound as often as she can. Mrs. Burgess said that Miss Farrer had particular talent for making them learn; whether Christian or heathen, she makes them come (even the wives of the bearers), makes them read, and drills them admirably. Mrs. Burgess herself has about thirty-five women in her Compound. About ten who read well she meets three

times a week, and is reading through the whole Bible with them, remarking upon and discussing the subject as they proceed, each commits one verse to memory daily, which they repeat on the Sabbath. Ten or twelve others are learning to read, one of the girls of the school teaches them daily, and Mrs. Burgess meets them once a week, reads to them, questions them, sometimes encourages them to pray, and sometimes closes the meeting by praying herself. A third class of about twelve, are either too old or their sight too weak to give any hope of their ever learning to read. These she meets twice or thrice a week, teaches them the Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and the first principles of the Gospel.

Besides this there is a meeting for the mothers of baptised infants (whether they themselves are baptised or not), which takes place once a month. Mrs. Burgess and Miss Farrer conduct it by turns, as Mrs. Wilder has been prevented from doing so by ill health. They take any subject which bears on the duties of mothers, and endeavour to consider it fully. For instance, on one occasion the Seventh Commandment was treated of, and they were instructed in its requirements, and how to train their children in the ways of purity. Every three months the children of the members are examined, and have refreshments and fruit given to them, so that the little things look forward to the day as to a feast. There are thirty-three female members, and about thirty-five children. Every Wednesday evening there is a meeting for the study of Scripture in English, held alternately at the different mission-houses, which is attended by several pious and well-disposed people from cantonments. They have just been examining Revelations. In regard to strangers

the Missionaries here act as our dear friends at Loodiana do, *i. e.* never calling on any (except for special reasons) who do not show a wish to be acquainted with them, but gladly receiving all who come. They also provide tea as at Loodiana before meeting. They have no public service in English. I am happy to say the chaplain often takes part in these Wednesday evening meetings.

Bishop Carr, of Bombay, is a warm friend of Miss Farrer, though rather High Church in his views. The Bishop of Madras, too, has lately visited the Free Church Institution in Bombay, which is more than Bishop Wilson has ever done in Calcutta. In the morning after prayers a whole crowd of Christian women came to make salam to me. One, a venerable old woman with white hair, had a peculiarly bright and pleasant expression; she is supported by the poorhouse, all the inmates of which are required to learn the Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and if able, to attend family worship and the chapel. It was thus she heard the truth and received it. Another is blind, but from hearing the Word of God read during the last twelve years she has a thorough knowledge of it, "because she loves it." A third is the wife of a Gosein, a religious devotee in high esteem among his people. Both she and her husband are consistent Christians, and the aged mothers of both have died *rejoicing*, that "they have seen salvation." Among the pupils Mrs. Burgess pointed out one of the elder girls who thinks she is a Christian, and of whom she has hope that she is so. Another Sahguná, the daughter of Harripant, a Brahmin convert (whose two brothers are also Christian men), is a sweet child about eight, in whom there is as much evidence of a renewed heart as a child

of her age can give. Her sense of right is very strong; every one knows that nothing can induce her to tell a falsehood: she is an excellent scholar, remembers everything she is taught, because, like the Christian blind woman, " she loves it;" often retires to pray alone, and when she hears of any one joining the church, her whole countenance lights up with joy.* I took her likeness, she has a very Braminical countenance, fair, intelligent, and the haughty air is softened into an expression of quiet majesty I never saw equalled in a child. It is quite what a regal air ought to be.

I sketched two others of the Mahár, or lowest caste, one Yeshí (whose father is a Catechist and very useful man), a little girl of seven, very merry and intelligent; and the other, a great girl, named Changuná, who is very exemplary in her conduct, and whom Mrs. Burgess believes to be a converted person. They were all dressed in their national costume: a very short jacket, of some gay colour, merely covering the bosom, sleeves to the elbow, with a variegated border; then a very ample Sári, *i. e.* a cloth of red, blue, or purple, fastened round the body, so as to form a full petticoat, and the other end brought over the head as a veil. They all wore a good many ornaments; Sahguná a gold coin round her neck, gold earrings at the top of her ear, and coloured bracelets. Changuná wore a nose-ring, a silver ring on her wedding finger, with a broad plate of silver the size of half-a-crown, used apparently as a mirror, and one on the corresponding toe of a conical shape. A whole party of Mussalmaní women, the family of the owner of the house and some guests of theirs, came in; most of them were very fat, but some pretty; they spoke loudly,

* She says she does not know if her heart is changed, but she thinks she begins to love Christ.

and their children were very dirty. One little boy of two years old had a ring in his nose. Mr. Burgess told us that the progress of temperance in America has been so great, that in several States all licences for the sale of spirits and intoxicating drinks have been unanimously refused by the people themselves. This is greatly to their honour. We have been reading Sir Charles Napier's farewell order, a most admirable one and most true. He is the very pearl of Commander-in-Chiefs, never even by tradition has there been such a one in India; he is eccentric in some things, but he is in essentials a chivalrous soldier, of a frank, noble and generous nature, with the true good and honour of the army at heart.

Mrs. Burgess told me that it is not difficult to obtain access to the women in the villages. The Missionaries' wives accompany their husbands on preaching tours, in order to visit the native women. On one occasion last year Mrs. Burgess visited every house in a village and was well received in all except one, where they did not pay her much attention. Most of the inhabitants are Kunbís, or cultivators, but there are generally two or three Brahmans in each village, and the Mahárs, or lowest caste, live in the outskirts. The Missionaries visit all without distinction. I asked her how she broached the subject of religion. She said, she generally begins by remarking that we are all sisters, that we have all souls, and must all die, and then goes on to speak of the way of salvation. She said the women are of course more difficult to deal with than the men, from their being in so degraded a position that their ignorance is extreme; but she sometimes has very pleasing conversations with them, and they frequently ask her to return and tell

them more about these things. A short time since she had a very interesting conversation with an old Bramini. Mrs. Burgess said that the Missionaries always attack idolatry, and the people always confess it is unreasonable and sinful (just as we have invariably found them do), except in the case of crafty Brahmans, who defend their creed by subtle arguments which are sometimes very difficult to meet; for instance, if you allege the folly of worshipping a stone, they reply on Pantheistic grounds, that God is everywhere, and, therefore, in that stone. To this Mr. Munger replies, that although in a certain sense the Divine presence may be said to be in that stone, yet that there is a difference between God and the stone—the two are not identical. How remarkable it is that in all false creeds those who really believe least are the most stubborn and astute in maintaining error. Some of the Brahmins do not quite like to allow their families to be visited by Missionaries. The Choukedár, who as usual is a Ramushi, told C. that he was a Christian.

Saturday, January 5th.—We started about one A. M. in a Nagar cart, that is, a covered vehicle on springs, which holds four, and is drawn by two bullocks. We changed the oxen at Supah, and got into Serur about eight o'clock. This is a village with a regiment of Irregular Cavalry, in very neat comfortable lines.

Sunday.—Examined part of Hebrews. How clearly this epistle teaches that there is but one Priest and one Sacrifice, even Jesus the Son of God, under the Christian dispensation, and, consequently, those who have any priests or any sacrifices on earth, have changed the Law, and have made to themselves another Gospel which is not another, Gal. i. 6. 7; "For the priesthood being changed there is made of neces-

sity a change also of the Law, Heb. vii. 12. I do not think this text has been sufficiently commented upon, or allowed to have its due influence on Christians. The very essence of every religion lies in its way of atonement. Atonement implies an offering for sin, and an offerer or Priest—for the definition of Priest is one who offers sacrifices—under the Gospel are both Divine. How careful should we be, then, to avoid applying the term priest so as in any degree to countenance the heresy that there are any human priests, any altars, any sacrifices in the Christian Church, save the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all. Heb. x. 10. One of the names of blasphemy assumed by the Popes is undoubtedly "Pontifex Maximus" (Great High Priest). Rev. xvii. 3. and Heb. iv. 14. By giving the title of priest to any Christian (except in the figurative sense in which we are all Priests and Kings) we deny the sufficiency of our Great High Priest who ever liveth to make intercession for us.*

Monday, January 6th.—Rode to Kondapur, part of the country very barren, or rather uncultivated, and the road a series of ups and downs (like life). The engineer was evidently ignorant that a straight line is not always the shortest way from one point to another. Kondapur is very prettily situated, with three or four idol temples close to the bungalow, and in one place a number of stones daubed with red were set up for worship. Mangal Sing, our clever young Rajput huntsman, laughed when he saw my little dog Motley playing

* We saw them building the stables of the Irregular Cavalry on the Sabbath, in spite of the Governor-General's recent order against it, which has a much better chance of being obeyed than any of God's commandments. I do not know whose fault it is, whether the Magistrate's or Commanding Officer's, but both are to blame. At this season there is not even a shadow for the plea of "expediency."

with one and taking it in his mouth. He told my husband spontaneously, that "when he heard the name of God he listened," but that he never joined in any idolatrous rites—for they were folly. This morning on the road there was a girl sitting perfectly motionless on a heap of stones; C. said to Mangal, and his Mahratta horsekeeper, "See, does she not look like an idol." They both laughed at the resemblance, when he told them it would be more reasonable to worship her who was God's workmanship than a senseless idol fashioned by man.

Motley is a very droll little dog. The other day he saw C. shoot a pariah dog that had carried off one of our pigeons. A few mornings after he was annoyed by another pariah, and seeing his master gun in hand, he ran and fawned on him, whining in a coaxing way, and then turning his head and barking at the pariah, asking him as plainly as possible to shoot that dog for him. Little Hirá, too, surprises us with some fresh little manœuvre every now and then; he has got a new trick of thrusting his beak through the button-hole of C.'s coat, and then kissing him through it, and when C. feeds Rabbí, Hirá rushes down to his hand and disputes the bread with the horse. I never saw a prettier sight than when he was brought back to the house on my husband's recovery; during all the time he was away he never played or danced, but shrieked incessantly for his dear master, and when he saw him again, he threw back his head, drooped his wings, spread his tail, and gave the sweetest little crow of joy you can imagine, then kissed him, and threw himself back alternately at least a dozen times, then ran up on his head and all round his shoulders, coming back every minute or so to peep in his face, kiss him, and crow for joy; he was so excited that he hardly ate anything the whole day.

Tuesday, January 7th.—We were questioning the Aga last evening as to who were permitted to see Mussalmání women unveiled; they are fathers, uncles, brothers, cousins, and husbands' fathers and brothers; but before the latter they generally draw their veils. A confidential or aged servant, who, as he expressed it, is like a father, is often allowed to see them, or a servant brought up in the house; but, of course, this degree of liberty depends on the character of both husband and wife. He often speaks of his aunt as being such a fine character, that every one respects her. Her husband used to be absent for twelve months at a time on journeys to Calcutta, and gave her full liberty to go where she liked, and do what she liked, saying, "My heart is pure to you, and yours to me; it is nonsense for you to veil yourself, for I have full trust in you." She managed everything for her husband, even his stable. This morning I went in the Nagar cart or chaise-garrí with the Bibi Sahib, and being unable to sleep from the jolting, we talked a great deal. She told me that wives always address their husbands as "Aga," or "Aga Ján" (My Lord—Lord of my Life), and husbands their wives as "Bibí" until they have children, when they call them the mother of such a one.

The Afghán girls do not marry before sixteen or twenty, not like the Hindùstanìs, when mere children. She said it was very bad to have more than one wife; that when there were several, one always got everything she wanted, and the others nothing; there was incessant quarrelling among the wives and their children. She said, some she knew had nine wives. She said most of the sons of Shah Shujah were *women*, that they never did anything, but sit with a glass before them painting their eyebrows, putting surmá on their

eyes (which is reckoned a piece of effeminacy), rubbing their cheeks and hands with soap, to make them soft and white, and arranging their hair and turbans; but that Dost Muhammad Khán's sons were all *men* (mardon). Dost Muhammad has about twenty children. She said Akbar Khán was "very good," and so are his four brothers. Their mother is still so young-looking that she is like the sister of her sons, with hair down to her knees, and very thick, long arched eyebrows—eyes *so* big—and beautiful nose and mouth. Akbar was her image. She is very clever, can do everything, and is always busy.

Akbar left six children, and a great many wives, all of whom, according to the detestable Afghán custom, have been married by his brothers. This is also done by the Kashmirìs, but her people, the Kazzilbashìs, only do it when the widow has been merely betrothed to the deceased brother. She spoke with a sort of horror of the Afghán custom. She says that the Pathans, as she called the Afgháns proper, are a wicked race, though good fighters; and that it would be very good if the British would take Kabúl, for that now there is nothing but fighting, and that but few "Kazzilbashìs" remain, many have been killed, and numbers have left the country. We spoke of the beauty of the Kashmirì women, the ugliness of the Kashmirì men, and their extraordinary propensity for scolding; she said, what is perfectly true, that they are very industrious, very quarrelsome, and have their mouths full of bad words; that they fight with the tongue, but not with the hand; that their hearts were very little; and then she grew quite animated in describing her own people, how they drew the sword, put the beard into the mouth, bound their pagris over it (showing the action with her veil),

and rushed into battle, repeating that they were "Bara Shàmshirì" (great swordsmen). Khán Shirìn Khán still lives at Kábul. He is the head of the Kazzilbashìs. At Korigám, about a mile from Luní, I got out to see the obelisk erected by Government, to commemorate the noble defence of this village, on the 1st January, 1818, by Captain Staunton, in command of a battalion of the First Bombay Grenadiers and a small party of Madras Artillery, against the Peshwa and the whole of his army, about 40,000 strong, who completely surrounded them. The conflict continued throughout the day, and when, after the last charge, the Peshwa found this little band as far as ever from being subdued, his heart failed him, and he drew off his troops. The obelisk records, in English, Mahratta, and Hindui, the name of every officer and man, European and Native, who was killed or wounded on this glorious day.

Puna.—It was exceedingly hot yesterday. I am sorry we did not bring a thermometer, that we might see the temperature of a Dakhan winter. The nights are very mild, but it is quite cold at sunset and sunrise; and these constant variations of temperature are very trying to the health, especially of those who are at all exposed to the sun.

Mr. Mitchell told us that some time ago, the Christian Mahárs (who are the lowest among those who are reckoned people of caste) objected to communicate at the Lord's Table with the Sweeper converts, while the Brahman converts made not the slightest objection. Major and Mrs. Candy—excellent people—and Wazir Beg, a Muhammadan convert and teacher of the English school, who is preparing for the Ministry, came to tea.

Mr. Cassidy, who was Mr. Mitchell's assistant, has

just left the Mission, having joined the Baptists. He denies that the Old Testament is any rule for Christians, and therefore the strongest argument for infant baptism—that from its analogy with circumcision, has no weight with him. Wazir Beg was educated in the Mission School. He is very active and zealous, with a very pleasing manner; but has left off the turban, which is a pity—is short-sighted, and wears spectacles. At first the Musalmans were greatly enraged at his conversion; but now he lives in a Musalman family, who even listen to him. His only sister is married to the Kasì, or Judge, and they now begin to be friendly towards him.

Thursday, January 9th.—C. accompanied Mr. Mitchell to a class of about twenty young men, consisting of the Monitors of the English school, and others who are employed under Government, who meet to study Milton; they begin with prayer and reading the Scriptures; and two evenings in the week M.. Mitchell lectures to them, and they write essays on given subjects. They are now going through the "Evidences of Christianity." These young men have lately petitioned Government to give up teaching Hindu science in the college—a request they were willing enough to comply with, though they did not like to take the initiative in abolishing it. This will greatly increase the usefulness of the Government schools. Why they should not long ago have utterly refused to teach the puerile falsities of Hindu astronomy and geography is not very clear. They can hardly be afraid of an insurrection in support of the platitude of the earth! Some of the converts from the Poorhouse, where Mr. Mitchell constantly preaches, came to Mahratta worship, which, when Mr. M. is occupied, is con-

ducted by Narayan, a Brahman convert. One of these poor people was a Madras Romanist, another a blind woman, a third a Mahar, whose daughter is married to a Brahman convert, who teaches a school of Mahars. We also saw a Tamal Christian convert who teaches a school. Narayan is much occupied in giving religious instruction to the schools in the city, which are taught by heathens. The people from the poorhouse are not required to attend worship, but do so when they choose. A great part of the Mission-house is occupied by the chapel, to which the Presbyterian soldiers are regularly marched on the Sabbath. There were about 200 Presbyterians in Her Majesty's 83rd, which has just left, and about 100 in the 86th, which has just arrived. A great many of the 83rd joined the Evangelical Alliance. About ten of the 86th meet for prayer in a room in Mr. Mitchell's Compound every evening, that there is no other meeting for them. Mr. Fenton, the good chaplain, and Mr. Mitchell, have each one a week.

Some time ago, Colonel W. forbade the soldiers to meet for prayer, whereupon Mr. Mitchell gave them a room, which they have had ever since. Poor man! he told Mr. Mitchell that he had no objection to the soldiers meeting with him; but for soldiers to meet by themselves was quite contrary to all military rule. Did any Muhammadan or Hindù commander ever forbid his men to pray? Did a Popish officer ever object to mass? or would even Colonel W. have objected to their attending evening service? And, therefore, does it not show that Satan reserves his opposition for spiritual worship, which is likely to weaken his kingdom. An ungodly officer would probably see no harm in his men simply attending evening service of the Church of England; but if the

chaplain were a man of God, like Henry Martyn, opposition would soon be shown, so far as a sense of decency permitted. By-the-by, good Mr. Fenton has been reprimanded by the Bishop of Calcutta for taking part in Mr. Mitchell's prayer-meetings! He and Mr. Mitchell are great advocates for Teetotalism. They began by being merely Temperance men, but they found the other plan more useful. In many instances, intemperance has been the overcoming sin of apparently Christian soldiers; in others, converts have been guilty of it, who, but for intercourse with Christians, would never have known the taste of wine. Mr. Mitchell considers that it is also a great check upon their servants, especially the Portuguese, who commonly drink. Mr. Mitchell has wine and beer at table for his guests; they are teetotalers after my own heart. Their reasons for being so are those of the xiv. Romans (which Mr. Fenton at a temperance meeting called "our chapter;" and they are wholly free from the extravagancies by which many of its advocates, and many temperance papers, injure this good cause, to the infringement of Christian liberty. For instance, the Independents in America make teetotalism a *sine quâ non* with their communicants. We have no right to add limits of our own to those which God has required; and those who make tasting wine a sin, would have looked coldly on Timothy; but I think its use should be limited to cases of necessity, like that of Timothy, and other instances. We should abstain—first, on account of our neighbour; secondly, on account of our health; and thirdly, on account of our purse, which should be devoted to better objects.

Seeing the good that our Free Church Missionaries, and those at Loodiana and Agra, do among the Euro-

peans; how they are the means of awakening the unthinking, and the rallying-point of the converted and the well-inclined; I greatly regret that the Missionaries at Nagar have no English services. Mr. Mitchell has two every Sabbath, besides two in Maráthа. He preaches almost every afternoon in the Bazár—"by the way, in the places of the paths—at the gate—at the coming in of the doors" (Prov. viii., 2, 3. By-the-by, is this passage ever insisted on as the warrant for street and field preaching? There is only one lady member of the Temperance Society, besides Mrs. Mitchell. On the contrary, I am ashamed to say, the ladies are its most bitter opponents. I think some of them need to join it for themselves, and not only for the sake of others.

This was the evening of the soldiers' meeting. About forty or fifty were present. Mr. Mitchell lectured on a chapter of the Confession of Faith (on Saving Faith)—a very plain earnest exposition of the difference between head and heart belief, the origin, necessity and effects of the latter. A Nestorian priest and his brother, driven from their country by persecution, are staying in the Compound. They speak but little Hindùstanì. They knew Mr. Perkins, the American Missionary.

Friday, January 10th.—Went about sunrise, with Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, to see one of the girls' schools in the city. The streets are broad, airy, and clean, and many of the women carrying water-pots are as fine looking as the Sikhs. This part of the town to which we went, is inhabited by shop-keepers, and the girls are consequently of that class; there are eighteen, all of them Mahratis, except two Brahmanis and one Mussalmaní; the Pantoji, or teacher, is paid four annas a

month for each scholar; he fetches them from their own houses, and teaches them reading and writing; another teacher goes round to the different shcools, and instructs them in geography, &c. They all read fluently, Mahrati is a very easy language to read, as every sound is indicated; they write both the printed and running hand, on wooden tablets covered with brick-dust; learn Christian Catechisms and read the Scriptures; Mr. Mitchell gives them religious instruction. They seemed very lively children, and pointed out the chief countries and cities in the world on a map; they were then questioned on Christian doctrine, and answered quite as well as children of their age at home;—as to our sinful nature;—what Christ has done for us; and similar points. Mr. Mitchell had brought some little books which they were very eager to receive. They are much less shy and timid than Hindustaní children; some of their mothers came in.

The old Pantoji amused me by his zeal and fierceness, tapping them with a little wand, calling to the people at the door to get out of the way, and making a great fuss, which nobody seemed to mind. There are two other female schools, both taught by women, but occasionally visited by Mrs. Mitchell. One of these consists almost entirely of Brahmani girls who come just as willingly as the other castes. In fact there is no limit to the number of female schools which might be established in Píma, but the want of Missionaries to superintend them. No one with less than Mr. Mitchell's unwearied zeal and bodily strength could go through the labour he performs. There is most urgent need of more Missionaries, and especially of a zealous and judicious female Missionary, for in no part of India is there such facility for obtaining female scholars of the higher

castes. We then looked into a Marathí boys' school containing about sixty boys, who are instructed in Christianity through the medium of their own language. After breakfast I accompanied C. and Mr. Mitchell to the English school, containing about 120 boys, and taught by Wazir Beg; I am grieved to say his health is very delicate, so that he has been obliged to diminish his labours. He teaches the first class entirely, and superintends and examines the rest. His method of teaching is particularly animated, comprehensive and thorough, he cross-examines them upon everything bearing on the subject in question. I should consider him a first-rate instructor. His method is also very pointed and searching, bringing every subject to bear on the truth of Christianity and the falsity of Muhamadanism, Hinduism and Parsiism.

Speaking of truth, he made them repeat in how many instances the Shasters, Kurán and the Zendavesta permitted deceit, he made a Hindu boy show that Muhammad could not be a Saviour, and a Mussalmán overthrow the claims of the Hindu idols. There was evidently not a particle of belief in their respective creeds in any one of them. In the third class the first boy was a young Mussalmán who has only been at school a year, and already reads and answers in English. Next him stood a Parsí, a Brahman, and a Portuguese. These boys all learn the shorter Catechism. The first class write English themes. I read one on the "Goodness of God," by a lad of eighteen. It would have been a very fair one for an English boy. I think a further use of the pen would be very advantageous in this school, letting those who cannot write in English do so in their vernacular tongues, for by making them write, you find out what

has really entered into their minds, whether of thought or fact. The Hindus are better accountants than the Parsís; the Muhammadans have less facility in this matter.

Saturday, January 11th.—Mr. Mitchell and I drove, and C. and young Mr. Mitchell rode, to see the temple of Parbatí, which may be considered as the Court Chapel of the Peshwa, whose palace adjoined it, but was burnt soon after we took Puna in 1817. It is situated on a steep hill, which we ascended by a flight of very broad steps, and from below it reminded me much of some of the Italian monasteries. The view of the surrounding country and hills was very beautiful. From the parapet we saw the field of Kirkí, where the Peshwa lost his last battle. He witnessed the defeat of his troops from the place where we stood. A leader who *looks on* generally does see such sights. I took a sketch of two of the temples, for besides the chief shrine of Parbati, the wife of Shiva, there is another to Shiva, or as he is here called, Shía himself, and a third to the god of War.

They are all pyramidical, and much carved. These heathen Shrines are actually supported by *Government Funds!* If it be alleged that lands were set apart for this purpose, let them either be applied to a better, or let English Church lands be restored to the Papal See. A Government has no right to confiscate such legacies, but they are surely justified in applying them for the public benefit, and withholding them from idolatry. The hereditary dresser of Parbatí, a blind Brahmán, has some impressions of the truth of Christianity. He once told Mrs. Mitchell, "I am the servant of the Government, not of Parbatí." C. spoke to him earnestly of the necessity of making Christ our friend now, and of the happiness of belonging to Him. The whole

place is surrounded by extensive groves of Mango trees, planted by the Peshwa as an attonement for his sins!

In front of Parbatí's Shrine we found several men touching and making salam to the image of a Bull in black stone, called Shíu's wahán or seat, and then giving a stroke with the bell which hung from the canopy over it. They would not let us enter the temple, but brought lights that we might see into it. Before the doors were opened, those who had worshipped the Bull fell on their faces, or salamed at the entrance, and then putting their faces close to the gate shouted to Parbatí within. When they opened the door we saw a brazen image with emerald eyes, dressed in white clothes with a turban on its head. It made one rejoice at the promise "The idols he shall utterly abolish." A good many Brahmans came about us, and when Mr. Mitchell and C. spoke to them, they said they did not worship the images, they only used them "to put them in mind," exactly the Popish and old heathen evasion. They appeared to me to answer with levity, as if they had no belief in their own system.

Hinduism is undoubtedly a decaying superstition, so is Muhammadanism. Of all the Hindu sects, that of the Jainas (a sort of amalgamation of Budhism and Brahminism) is said to have the most vitality, and to be the only one which now attempts to make proselytes. The first Jaina convert of Western India has just been baptized at Rajkote. From a gallery opposite the temple proceeded sounds of wailing discordant music. Two performers on penny trumpets alternately took up the strain, accompanied by a drum. These were Parbatí's matins. On our way down we met numbers going up to worship the idol. There is another very favourite idol in this part of the country,

called Kandoba. He is a sort of nightmare. Children are constantly consecrated to him. If girls, they are called Kandoba's wives, and are not allowed to marry honestly,—if boys, they are called Kandoba's dogs. On our way home, Mr. Mitchell took me into the garden of a rich Parsí, the mail contractor. It was perfectly *filled* with flowers, and had many trellised walks with vines trained over them. We went through the public Bungalow, where he receives his visitors. It was fitted up with a profusion of mirrors and glass chandeliers. In front of it is a very large stone basin with three fountains, and vines trained above it. Lamps are fixed to posts all over the garden. In the evening, Mrs. Mitchell took me to see the Bund, which is an immense dam constructed across the river, at the joint expense of the Government and Sir Jamsetjí Jijibhai, in order to secure abundance of water to the people of the city. They say the Parsí knight's motive was to obtain a sufficiency of water for his fire-temple. A young Bhíl chief, and his hereditary manager, have been sent to the Government College by the authorities. They live with Wazir Beg, who has full charge of them, and may give them as much religious instruction as he likes. The Bhíls, being of very low caste, have no scruples about eating with any one.

Sunday, January 30th, 1851.—Public worship was at eleven o'clock. About 100 soldiers were present,—Mr. M.'s manner is very earnest. Wazir Beg spent the day here. We went in at the close of the Marathi afternoon service, to see the congregation. A school of sweepers' children, with their converted Brahman teacher, were present; the nine boarders (girls) who live in the Compound; some people from the poor-house; and a good many boys from the Marathi

schools, besides the members of the church, about twenty in number. I read a very good sermon of Mr. Mitchell's, on the qualifications for a Missionary, in which he speaks strongly of the distant manner of some Christians towards converts, as well as other natives. Wazir Beg had mentioned something of the coldness he had met with, even from Christians; so I spoke to him on the subject of the usual incivility of English manners. He said, at first he thought it was a mistake, but others soon informed him it was intentional. No such distance and coldness prevails between different ranks in India (indeed, I believe it prevails nowhere to the extent it does in England); and the Anglican want of courtesy (treating the natives of all ranks as inferiors and slightingly) is a great obstacle to intercourse with them, and hinders the exercise of Christian influence over them,—especially over the haughty Mussalmans. Wazir Beg inquired with great interest about the Missionaries, and their wives and converts, at Loodiana and Calcutta. In addition to four services, and family worship twice, Mr. Mitchell twice went to see a sick person. The only help he received, was by C. praying at evening family worship.

We were speaking of some ordinations of converts which the Bishop of Madras has lately performed. Our friends do not consider those who have been ordained, as sufficiently instructed for the ministry. You know how rigid an examination, and how prolonged a trial, the candidates in our church undergo. Prasuna and his brother converts were catechists upwards of four years before they were licensed as preachers. The English ordain far too hastily, and even the American Presbyterians require much less than we do; consequently, both are apt to treat native ministers as still

in a state of pupilage, instead of first requiring them to be fit for their office, as pastors and teachers, and then considering them as on the same footing as the Missionaries themselves.

Monday, January 14th.—Mrs. Mitchell took me over to the boarding-school: it contains nine or ten girls, who are taught just like the schools in the city, *i.e.*, instructed in reading, writing, geography, &c., by a Pantojí, and in Christianity by Narayan. They are under the constant superintendence of a pious widow, Mrs. Parker, who teaches them plain work, which they do beautifully. One little girl, a Portuguese, is a good reader and excellent sempstress, though she has been only five months in the school. She is an orphan, and was under the charge of her godmother, a Portuguese Ayah, who treated her so harshly, that she got a Brahman to write a petition for her to the Bazár master, requesting his protection. He said, if she would name some house she would like to go to, he would place her there; whereupon she went to the Mission, and asked if they would take her in. From this extraordinary firmness and decision, in a child of only nine or ten years old, Mrs. Mitchell feared she might prove difficult to manage; but she is not in the least so, but is a docile willing pupil.

We left about six, having received the greatest kindness from our hosts. Drove in a phæton to Karla, about seventeen kos (thirty-four miles). The next morning Mary and I set off in chairs, carried by four men, for the caves. They are about a mile from the bungalow. The shape of the hills is most picturesque and abrupt; the ascent very steep, well wooded, with beautiful peeps of the valley below. The Chaitya, or temple, is the finest in India: it is hollowed in the rock,

and entirely Buddhistical; and at the lowest calculation is supposed to be two thousand years old. It is 126 feet long by 46 feet wide, and is much on the plan of a rude Gothic cathedral, with lofty vaulted roof, with ribs of teak. The nave is separated from the side aisles by rows of pillars, placed so closely together that no light can penetrate beyond. On the top of each pillar are two elephants, couchant, their heads turned right and left, and a male and female riding on each. The upper end of the temple is of a horse-shoe form, such as we find in some of the old German churches on the Rhine, with a row of columns behind the Dahgob. In all these Chaityas, the light is admitted solely from an arch above the door; it is therefore concentrated on the Dáhgob (or beehive-shaped erection at the altar end, which is supposed to contain some relic of a Buddha), and the effect is very fine. Above the Dáhgob is a wooden canopy, not unlike a sounding-board. The entrance door is small and low: on either side of it are curious figures in relief, supposed to represent the inhabitants of the country. The vestibule or porch has at either end four elephants, in stone, supporting several stories of carved galleries, intended, I suppose, for musicians. Some very discordant music was sounding loudly, but we did not see the performers.

On the left hand, outside the entrance, is a curious monolith, called the lion-pillar, with sixteen sides, and four lions at the top, much broken. I sketched the entrance, which is very fine. Numbers of European soldiers were visiting the caves, and among them a young fresh-coloured woman, just out from England, to whom I lent a thick parasol: she had only a handkerchief over her head. It is no wonder they die of

fever, especially as the doctors *never* warn them, considering it of "no use." I certainly think commanding officers and doctors together might contrive some measures to prevent their men from wantonly throwing away their lives.

With some difficulty we climbed up the three tiers of Viharás or cells, which are of small extent, but the view from which is very beautiful. Salsette surpasses Karla in the immense extent and number of its cells and Shálás, or schools; but its Chaitya is far inferior to this. The charges at this bungalow were exorbitant, as they seem to be whenever a Portuguese is Messman.

CHAPTER VII.

Khandala—Landing at Bombay—Karim's View of Bombay—Free Kirk Institution—Native Opinions on Europeans—Government Schools—Christianity—Different Papers—Results of Missionary Teaching—State of Educated Youths—Respect for Converts—Parsis—Hormazdj's Conversion—Nestorian Mission—Scotch and American System—Liberality of Missionaries—Effect of Preaching—Abyssinia—American Board of Missions — Accomplished Missionaries — Female Boarding School—Mullah Ibraham — Tents—Varied Population—Battiahs — Venus — Beluchis—Arabs—Drawing Ben-i-Israel—Inquirers—Want of Scholarships—Course of Education.

In the evening, drove to Khandala, where we found Mr. Grey's comfortable bungalow ready for us. It is in a lovely situation, surrounded by the most romantic and rugged hills: the air is delightful. The next day we rested, and took a beautiful walk in the evening. Left about three A.M., on Thursday, and reached Panwell by eight o'clock. The descent of the Ghát we performed in palkís. The hills looked most beautiful in the bright moonlight; and our subsequent drive was not much less so. Met droves of bullocks, laden with cotton for the Bombay market. Breakfasted at Panwell; went down to the Bunder about ten, and embarked in a Bunder boat, with the Aga and his wife,

and some of the servants. The horses were sent round by Tanna, to avoid the voyage. There was no steamer, so we went the whole way in the boat. Read "Lectures on Foreign Churches"—a most interesting book, slept, and admired the lovely harbour alternately. The Bíbí was greatly struck with her first view of the sea, and asked innumerable questions about the ships, fire-ships, *i.e.* steamers, buoys, flags, &c. We reached the Bunder —the Bombay name for landing-place—about half-past four; but the tide was out, and there was a great space of shallow water and "slush." We went as far as we could in canoes, and then stuck till they brought a chair to carry me on shore. C. and the Aga were carried by two men each. It was a diverting sight, for a whole row of canoes was jammed together; some stout Parsis waded through the mud, and seemed jesting at the expense of a dainty and delicately clean youth of the party, who was carried across with his office books in hand. On the steps, we met first, a fine group of Beluchis with their long black hair and sturdy forms; one of them with a hawk on his wrist: just after, a negro with bright turban; then Bhattas (merchants) with their high red turbans, and some gaily dressed women in crimson satin and gold ornaments.

Bombay presents a far more varied and picturesque scene than Calcutta, both male and female costumes are more varied and gay. Many of the houses are beautifully carved, others are painted and ornamented, so as to resemble gaudy bird-cages. Reached Breach Candy about six; were most hospitably received by Mr. and Mrs. Grey. Dr. and Mrs. Wilson are gone to Surat, to our great regret. Dr. Wilson's health has never recovered the Guzerat fever, which he had ten years ago and he is consequently obliged to make constant tours,

which although useful to the parts he visits, are a loss to the Mission here. They are in *great* need of more help. I rode this morning with dear C. to Malabar Hill. The view is the loveliest in Bombay. Malabar Hill is a promontory, with the sea on both sides, seen through the rocks and palms which adorn the side of the hill.

Tuesday, January 21st.—Went into the Fort. Took Mary, Aga Sahib, and Karim, to see the Chinese shop, with which they were all much pleased. Colonel Watson in the most obliging manner showed the Aga over the Arsenal. On his return, Aga Sahib related what he had seen of the riches of Bombay to Karim, whose emphatic remark was: "What a glorious place for a chappao!" (raid or foray). At the Chinese shop I saw a Chowri, made entirely of sandal wood. This most brittle material is first cut into ribbons, about half an inch wide, and then split into hairs, but how it can be done is a mystery.

Wednesday, January 22nd.—Went to the Free Kirk Institution. We were delighted with the Institution, though it labours under great disadvantages. Mr. Mitchell has been ill, and there has been no other Missionary to attend to it. The situation is bad, and the house extremely hot and confined. It contains about 300 boys, chiefly Hindus; among them are about thirty Portuguese, some English boys, one Parsí, a few Musalmans, and several Jews. We first went round the Bible classes; they all answered well; the junior class read a portion in English, and several of the boys repeated a part of the "Sermon on the Mount," from memory; were questioned on it: "What is salt?" "When are we like salt?" "If we speak bad words, are we like salt?" "What is the use of salt?" A boy answered, "To keep things from being bad." Then they translated the

passage, and their own explanations, into Marathi. Another class of Portuguese boys named all the chief parables; and related one or two. The senior class cross-examined each other on the "History of Joseph;" when asked, what was to be learnt from the Life of Joseph? one said, "To trust in God, and He would take care of us, as He did of Joseph in his troubles." Another said, "We learn the grace of God, and Joseph's love to his brethren." We saw the questions, which they are required to write on each chapter; some were very much to the point. C. explained everything to Aga Muhammad, who was much interested; Karim and divers of our servants came also. We then visited the junior class, just beginning English; they were learning words which contain sounds foreign to their language; such as "sash," "depth." Then they touched the wall, floor, and different parts of the body, as they were named,—then named the objects as they were pointed to. It was a very lively scene. Two classes were examined in geography, and answered very well. One lively little boy made a sort of compromise between European and Hindu ideas, and said that Ceylon was only *half* gold. My husband told them he was sorry to say there was very little gold there. They then asked, if the people were not giants. We told them of their long hair and womanish appearance.

Narayan Sheshádri, who is the principal teacher (next to Mr. Mitchell, who spends all his mornings at the school), has a peculiar gift for communicating instruction. He examined his class on Roman and Greek History, from Barth; they answered perfectly: then on the French Revolution; they gave the date, the causes,—bad laws, unfair taxes, irreligion, infidel

writers, and their names, in a manner which showed how well they had been taught. He questioned them in a lively energetic manner, giving them information as he went on, and leading them to think of the causes of events. We then heard the senior class of all examined on different points of doctrine, such as, "Does obedience precede salvation, or salvation precede obedience?" Mr. Mitchell instructs this class, which consists of the teachers, including Vincent Avelino da Cunha, the young Portuguese convert, daily. They write essays, explanations of Scripture, and analyses of the different books of the Bible. Those I saw were very good. Then we questioned them on the influence of the school, the opinions entertained by natives of the European character, of Christianity, and other points which you will gather from their answers, which were as follow:—They said, the native opinion of Europeans was, that "they did not tell lies, but that they were drunkards." That their influence was sometimes good, sometimes bad, perhaps generally bad; that there were many bad, and a few very good; most educated natives distinguish between real and nominal Christians. Hinduism is losing ground; they themselves are disgusted with it, especially with the worship of idols, with the Hulí festival, with the false science of Hinduism (we said, "Name anything which strikes you as bad,"—some named one, some another); they may not speak of religion in their own families, but they often meet to speak of it with other educated young men. They would all wish to have educated wives, and would like to teach their own, but they cannot, on account of the system of every member of a family living in the same house; if they were to begin to instruct their wives, their mothers and sisters would

take her away. Very few teach their wives; most natives now know something of the nature of Christianity, they all admire its morality, but they do not like the doctrine of the Atonement. The Mussalmáns especially cannot bear the Divinity of Christ, or the idea that so holy a being was really crucified. They said the young men from the Government Schools were generally infidels and atheists. One mentioned, that a friend of his told him he did not believe any religion was divine, but that Christianity was a beautiful system. Mr. Mitchell told us, that a man high in office lately said to him,—"We want lads from your school, those from the Government Schools cannot be trusted." He also said, he thought all of this class spoke the truth. We asked which of the evidences of Christianity appeared to them the strongest; some said the external, but most of them the internal. One said, that the thought struck him, Hinduism has *no* external evidence, but Christianity has. Among their objections to Hinduism one stated, "I am not a Brahmín, but why should I not read the Shasters as well as a Brahmín?" They did not think Christianity would prevail, but they thought Hinduism would soon fall. C. said, he thought it highly probable that the conversion of India would be like that of the South Sea Isles, when after a long and patient toil the fruit came suddenly, "and a nation was born in a day." Everywhere there is some promise of fruit.

One of the young men read a very good explanation of the Lord's Prayer, by himself. A few, among them Vincent and a clever young Mussalmán, then formed a logic class; Mr. Mitchell examined them, from Whatley, made them transpose syllogisms, invent some in each figure, and then turn them,—point out the

error in some of the specimens given by Whatley; in regard to one syllogism, one of the young men remarked, "If you grant the premise, the conclusion is just," thus showing that he *thought* as well as reasoned correctly.

We were exceedingly pleased with this school. I do not think they are in anywise behind the Institution in Calcutta, except that they have fewer first-rate teachers, the only one here being Narayan Shíshadri. As there are no scholarships, and the Institution is not able to offer high salaries, the most advanced pupils always seek situations under Government, or elsewhere. We saw one young man who is employed by a Rajah, not far from Bombay, in teaching a school. There is great need of a better building, both on account of the health of the Missionaries, and to afford room for an increase of the number of pupils. We asked, as many of the young men as felt inclined to give us in writing, the views of the educated natives towards Christianity.

Some time after, I received papers, and that they had, according to our request, written frankly and boldly just what they thought, is proved by the first paper I happened to read, which was one by a youth who had only been in the Institution two months. I copy the extracts verbatim et literatim. He begins thus: "There are many religions, as Hinduism, Muhammadanism, Parsíism, and Christianity. Among which, Hinduism is the best. Though I have not properly studied Christianity, still, from what I know, and what I have read, I am obliged to say that Hinduism is the best." He then asks why, if this is the case, do any Hindus become converts? "The answer is, that they do not study their own religion well. . . . Some are converted through the love of money. . . . Now look at the state of the man that

is converted. He who gets himself converted is guilty in the sight of God. He breaks the advice of his parents. Every one hates him. Even the Missionaries do not like them. They are laughed at by the Missionaries, though not outwardly. Do you think, that after the death of these converts, they are carried to their burial by the Missionaries? No, the Mahars (lowest caste) are to carry them. These poor Brahmins are entirely deceived by this way. . . . See, for instance, Mr. Narayan Shishadree. I am sure that he was entirely deceived. . . . . By his conver*tion*, what an immensity of sorrow he has heaped on his parents, as well as his friends. Is this the object of the Creator, that man should leave his own state? Is this the object of the Creator, that he should hurt the feelings of his parents and his friends? . . . Do you think that by doing so they would enjoy the eternal happiness? No, but they would suffer the eternal hell." The ideas of heaven and hell are wholly opposed to Hinduism, and is one of those which the Mahrattas seem to have imbibed from the Portuguese. The young writer continues. "See this man (Narayan Shishadri) has acquired great deal of knowledge, and many languages, but this does not beautify him. I am sure, that if he would have acquired the same knowledge, and would have remained in Hinduism, he would have occupied the second chair of Bolshastri. Therefore, O my countrymen, I advise you that (you) never become Christians. Christianity is a brass, while Hinduism is a gold. (Signed) "VENKATESH GOVIND."

The second paper describes the change of feeling produced by attending Christian instruction. "When a Hindu boy enters an English Christian school, with

the intention of receiving instruction in the English language, he shows a strong attachment to his own religion, and even stronger to the superstitions of his ancestors. This time he cherishes such abhorrent feelings towards Christianity, that if he find the name of Christ when he is reading a small tract, he will tear the book, and throw it off. Soon after the instructions which he receives from his masters in the school have such an effect on his mind that he forgets all his former conduct, and seems divested of all the superstitions which he was so exceedingly fond of. If we inquire into the cause of this change, we can ascribe it to nothing else but the truth of the Gospel. The Missionaries in this country are labouring very hard for propagating the truth of the Gospel among the Hindus, and it is on them that the welfare of this country depends. They have been executing their duty with such zeal, by giving liberal instructions, public lectures, and preaching the true word of God to the natives. I have some good ground to believe, that the Missionaries of the Free Church of Bombay have sown numerous sweet seeds in many native minds, *which are now gradually springing up*, and which they will have the advantage of seeing full grown." The writer, who has been only six months in the Institution, then states what appear to him the most important arguments in support of Christianity, naming the fulfilment of the prophecies respecting the Messiah, and the spread of Christianity throughout the world. He ends thus: "It is very difficult for natives to follow this system, though they have been long inclined to it, *being a divine one*. Besides, they have been bred up from their infancy under the Oriental pomp and temporal pleasures, and, therefore, how would they like to be stripped, at once,

of their pleasures, and lead a pure Christian life? Happy is the day that Christianity would revive in native minds!

(Signed) "SUDASHEW NARAYAN."

It will be seen that the young writer of the above is fully convinced of the truth of the Gospel, and anxious for its prevailing in India.

Another writer complains of the difficulties cast in the way of the young Hindus by their parents and relatives, who oblige them to leave school as soon as they are able "to read, spell, and write a little, for fear of their minds being changed from the religion in which they are born, to a foreign *but better one,* of which the old parents are ignorant." The consequence is that "when they get hold of an office, they give up all study and spend time in vain conversation and plays, —and what is much worse, they forget what they previously learnt. Let us turn our attention to those young men who have received liberal education, notwithstanding the strong barriers laid across their path of improvement. Most of them belonging to institutions where the Word of God is not preached have become deists, some have imbibed the principles of Epicurus—namely, eat, drink, and be merry—and others have become infidels. Others attending institutions where the Word of God is preached, acknowledge their sinful nature, feel the necessity of atonement of an infinite value, can with boldness proclaim that the Bible is the real Word of God, and all other religious books are false. The difficulty that comes in their way is, how to leave their kindreds with whom they lived for several years, and embrace Christianity. Most of the young men before they entered Missionary Schools were

bigoted Hindus, but after a year or two, that is, when they began to understand the Word of God, were changed in their sentiments.

(Signed) "RAMACHANDRA JAGANNATH."

In accordance with the above is the statement of Anunta Ragoba. He names Hinduism, Parsíism, Muhammadanism, and Christianity; states that the followers of the three first are completely involved in idolatry, while those of the latter "are the worshippers of the true and living God. But it has so happened that the first three, particularly the Hinduism, has been losing ground from the minds of those youths who are educated both in Missionary as well as Government Schools. . . *Hinduism has scarcely any firm abode in their minds.*" He mentions that although Christian instruction has shown some of the Muhammadan boys "a little of the false doctrine of their Prophet, yet it cannot be said that their religion is also led to the same point of decay." He argues against idols, and adds, "But the reason that hinders them from imitating it (Christianity) is, that they complain of having a father, mother, wife, and relations, whom they are quite unable to part with. This evidently shows that Christianity has not as yet made a very strong impression on their minds; but I hope that by the grace of God this will no longer continue. As for me I also am of the same opinion with these my companions."

An unfinished paper by Dinamorabeí bears the same testimony as to the universal disbelief of Hinduism among the educated young men. "I must acknowledge (says he) that the unspeakable superstition which exists in the Hindu community cannot bear the attacks of conscience and of the light of science. The faults in

the Purans with regard to science, viz., the elements being five, the non-sphericity of the earth its,—not revolving round the sun, and so forth, have agitated their minds so much that they cannot see what to do This being the case, almost all of them secretly, if not openly, profess of the Shastras not being from God, whom they see from the light of nature steady in His rules as a rock." This is sufficient to prove that the education given in the Government Schools overthrows Hinduism as completely as Christian instruction does. The difference is that the Government Schools give nothing in place of the error they destroy, so it is not astonishing that the young writer adds: "Some of them, I am exceedingly sorry to say, have become atheists. . . . . The learned, who are convinced of the fallacy of their Shastras, *wish for a reformation.* They say, that we might assemble together under a meeting, and make a complete reformation. But how could they make a reformation when they have no revealed religion? I would better invite them to the Bible, which contains the whole history of man—his internal constitution—what is he—the disease which he is suffering under—and the remedy which God has provided him with."

Another paper draws a lengthened contrast between the Government and Missionary Institutions. "In the former, attention is paid only to the intellectuals of the children, while the morals of the youth are totally neglected . . . . Hence it is not to be wondered at that the pupils of the institutions where religious considerations are banished at all, should imbibe largely of the deistical principles, if not altogether atheistical cast of mind. Though at first they do not deny the existence of God, they absolutely come to that conclusion

in course of time. . . . They study Nature without so much as looking up to Nature's God. Self-dependence is one of the first principles they instil in their minds, and nothing is there that they want but it may be obtained by self-exertions. They implore not aid from above to bless their studies." How truly this describes the self-sufficing school of Channing! The paper continues "By the by I should have mentioned here that there are some among them who admit the importance of attending to the subject of religion, and so reserve it for some future period . . . . but alas! it so happens that that future period scarcely ever comes.

"On the other hand, the youths attending the Missionary Schools present in their conduct a striking contrast to theirs. . . . . Great attention is paid to the morals of the youths. They are at first brought to a habitual sense of their entire dependence on their Maker and Preserver, as human, and therefore fallen, beings. . . . . Humility, that ornament to humanity, is the first lesson that is taught them, and thus a sense of all-sufficiency and self-dependence is comparatively put down, if not absolutely destroyed. Hence the reverential fear with which we ought to be filled up at viewing the Jehovah's infinitely holy character begins to take possession of their mind, and the principle of the wise man 'the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom' becomes realized in them . . . . As nature is remiss, or, in other words, as she is incapable of showing the Lord's attribute of holiness in all its perfection, because she gives us the impression of His imperfect government in her bosom in suffering vice very often to triumph over virtue, so equally remiss or incapable is she, in, or of exhibiting the attribute of His mercy in all its fulness. Where then is the wonderful

provision of His infinite mercy made? It is made in the gracious gift of His only-begotten Son. And here the student is strikingly led to observe the propriety and reasonableness of the great Truth, God so loved the world that He spared not His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life, John i. . . . . . How well has He preserved His justice without abusing the profusion of His love! What an overpowering instance at once of His infinite mercy and unsullied holiness! Oh, that Jehovah's name might be known among men in these two distinct views of His character: 'Jehovah is a flaming sword, Jehovah is all love.'

"By this time the student has been impressed with a deep sense of his fallen nature, and the heinous guilt attached to it. He no longer trusts to his self-exertions and self-righteousness. He feels strongly the absolute necessity, and, therefore, of the infinite value of the Great Sacrifice made for him to be his substitute and surety. . . . . Henceforward he looks to the merits and righteousness of the Son of Man. . . . . Two things he now thinks are wanting to make him meet for the kingdom of God—these are the doctrines of justification and sanctification." He then speaks of the "cold apathy" shown by the scholars of the Elphinstone Institution to the cause of true religion; but adds, "I should be very sorry to omit that some of the present and past scholars of the said Institution have of late formed a sort of religious brotherhood, supported as it is on the principles of natural religion. . . . . They have taken largely from the Bible as far as morality is concerned. . . . . May the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, who is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working in wonders, 'make of my mother country,

even India, a royal priesthood and a holy nation;' and may He grant an early fulfilment of my desires, is the sincerest prayer of Hari Narayan."

I shall give but one more extract. The writer, Mahadew Bulajii speaks of the benefits conferred on India by the British as having their source in the Bible, and thus describes the feelings of many of his educated countrymen:—"Many of the youths write and discuss for hours, and it may be for days, with the Missionaries; they join with them in prayers, they attend the Sabbath classes, and anxiously and patiently hear the evening sermons. Many of them observe the Sabbath, and all, if not many, attend any lectures connected with religion. To some the doctrines of the Trinity, of the resurrection, of the justification, and sanctification, appear easy and exactly fitted to their wants. To others they seem difficult; but in no degree unsatisfactory. The thoroughly educated and noble-minded youth rejoice at the conversion of their friends to Christianity. They wonder at their boldness, and speak highly of them among their friends and relatives. In short, they declare that had they not been surrounded with difficulties, they would have embraced Christianity within a moment. . . . . Many of the young men, especially those connected with the Missionary institutions, *pray to God every day*, and that *prayer they offer in the name of Christ.* They have come to the conclusion that they cannot save themselves by their own righteousness. They require the righteousness of one who was infinitely holy and infinitely great. . . . . They would wish Christianity to be the universal religion. I have often heard many of them repeat, 'We should embrace Christianity if a hundred of us had joined together.'" He then ex-

amines why the natives do not embrace Christianity, when they are convinced of its truth. "1st. The natives do not possess the spirit of Martin Luther. They are more afraid of the persecutions of men than of the wrath of God. . . . . 2nd. Early marriages is one of the obstacles to the embracing of the truth. . . . . 3rd. Worldly riches, worldly fame engage our attention. . . . . God says "Confess me openly before all men;' we say, 'We shall confess thee in a corner.' . . . . God says, 'Thou shalt not make any graven image,' and we make millions and millions of images. God says, 'I have given my Son to atone for thy sins,' and yet we go to Vithoba and Khandobá, Rama and Túkaráma. All this clearly shows that the 'heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.'" He says also, "That the Board of Education are *afraid* to put the Scriptures into the hands of students," adding, "The Board should not cultivate merely the intellect, but also the heart."

All the party went to a meeting of the Tract Society, held in the Town-hall, except Mrs. M., who stayed with me. Several Church of England Missionaries were present, but *no chaplains*. I have never seen family worship conducted in a manner that pleased me so much as by Mr. Murray Mitchell. We read the third chapter of Colossians, verse about, which plan I dislike, for I think it interrupts the sense; but Mr. Mitchell contrives to make every one think about the chapter, by putting questions, first to one, and then to a another, and thus drawing in the whole party to speak, giving his own opinion on their replies. His questions and observations are full of thought. He asked, "How are we risen with Christ?" "Virtually, as members of Him, we are where He is, and spiritually or actually

from the death of sin to a new life." He said that, "'*Set* your affections' denoted fixing our thoughts—where the affections are, the thoughts go." "Your life is *hid*," he said, "meant treasured up—secured." But this gives a very inadequate idea of his method.

Friday, January 24th.—It was very hot. Hormazdji came, and brought Bachú. He told me that there was less prejudice among the Pársís than formerly, but that they form such a compact and determined body, that he has little hope of individual conversions, but thinks they will come in *en masse*. Only one Parsí has attended the Free Kirk School since he and Dhanjí were converted, ten years ago. Mr. Mitchell said, that the very success of the school has hindered it, for it is looked upon by the natives as a *converting* institution. Caste is far stronger here than in Bengal or the Upper Provinces. There, it is rare to see any one with idolatrous marks on their foreheads; here, almost every person wears them conspicuously, sometimes in the form of a spot, at others in horizontal lines, sacred to Shiva, or perpendicular ones to Vishnu. Captain Davidson, who went with us to the Institution, was in a great measure the means of Hormazdji's conversion. The latter attended a Sunday-class taught by a Mr. Payne, who being ill, Captain Davidson took his place, and spoke so solemnly on the necessity of religion, that Hormazdji and another young Parsí agreed that they must lay the matter to heart. Hormazdji came forward for baptism not long after; but his friend went back. Captain Davidson never knew the effect of his words until long afterwards.

Captain Davidson called with the Rev. David Wood and a young travelling companion, Mr. Kavanagh. They have traversed Norway, Sweden, Russia, Persia,

Syria, Egypt, and are now for a short time in India. Mr. Wood seems a pious large-hearted man. He said he had seen no Mission which gave him such unmingled pleasure as that of the Americans, Dr. Perkins and his colleagues, among the Nestorians. All the Nestorians are under a Patriarch, who lives on the Turkish side of the frontier, and who, being of very high church principles, and seeing the good done by the American Missionaries, wrote to the late Archbishop of Canterbury, and asked for a teacher. The Archbishop unfortunately sent a Mr. Badger, now chaplain at Aden—a very high churchman. The American Mission consists of about six married members, with two unmarried ladies, Miss Fisk and Miss Reed. There are four Bishops on the Persian side, one of them, Mar Yohanan, is a man of great piety—he has been in America; two others appear to be Christian men; and even the fourth, who is quite a worldly man, and a great sportsman, speaks of the Missionaries with the greatest respect and esteem, and forwards their views.

Mr. Badger is about to publish a work on the doctrines of the Nestorians, which have been greatly disputed, some considering them as the Protestants of the East, while others maintain that they are no better than Greeks or Armenians; but Mr. Wood considers that even an account of their faith, from their authorized standards and liturgics, will not give a correct idea of their present belief, because many works that were standards are so no longer. The Missionaries work by preaching, making tours, distributing books, and by their male and female schools. The senior classes learn and understand English. The Missionaries do not generally officiate in the Nestorian churches; and their object is not to form a separate

Church, but to kindle the flame of true piety in the Church as it exists. The four Bishops most heartily co-operate with them: many candidates for the ministry are trained in their schools. At their family worship, they generally called upon one of the Nestorian priests or deacons present to lead in prayer.

Mr. Wood said this Mission interested him beyond all others, because the fruit was so manifest and so abundant. He said, all the American Missionaries he had met were devoted hard-working men; and we cordially agreed with him. Captain Davidson spoke of the different fields occupied by the Free Kirk Mission and the American one, at Nagar; the object of the latter being to pervade the people with a knowledge of the Gospel, by means of preaching regularly throughout stated districts (a practice that might be advantageously imitated by other Missions), and by vernacular schools; that of the Free Church being to form native agents, for the future evangelization of the country, by giving them as complete and high an education as possible. The tours of the Scottish Missionaries are necessarily more desultory, and generally in previously unvisited districts; each scheme being the needful complement of the other.

In some points the American Christians interpret the Divine aphorism, "the labourer is worthy of his hire," much more liberally than we do. For instance, they provide their Missionaries with houses, and all needful repairs or additions are made by the Board, which is much more convenient than giving them a larger income, and requiring them to find houses for themselves. Then their travelling expenses are paid by the Mission; so that the Missionary tours are more adapted to the necessities of the country, and less

limited by the finances of the Missionary. When a man's whole soul, and talents, and time are given to his Missionary work, surely the least we can do is to free him from all worldly anxieties and care; and I think our Missionary committees might advantageously copy their American brethren in this matter. The generous and open-hearted hospitality of all the Missionaries, of every denomination, and "the riches of their liberality" in all cases of distress, are truly wonderful. I have known an American Missionary, with two children, and a salary under 200*l*. a year, send a large donation to the starving Irish, and another give 100 rupees to a tract society, and then start on a journey of some hundred miles with sixteen rupees in his pocket. But it is still greater self-denial in others to renounce the pleasure and honour of literary success, which they might so easily attain, for the sake of their work, whose praise is "not of men, but of God."

The simple preaching of the Word of God doubtless is a means of far greater spiritual good to the hearers than is ever manifested to others in this life. The following incident, related by Mr. Clarkson, proves this:—"I had pitched my tent on the banks of the Mye, amongst the Kolis, an aboriginal tribe, reputed by Montgomery Martin 'savage and unreclaimable.' I preached day after day the doctrine of repentance towards God, and faith in Jesus Christ. These doctrines I illustrated in every way I thought adapted to reach the consciences of the people. One day, after addressing them on these subjects, and exhorting them to weep on account of their past sins, I asked, 'Do any of you weep on account of your sins?' To my utter delight, a young Koli, about twenty-two years of age—a farmer—said, with considerable feeling, 'I weep on

account of my sins. Ah! my eyes do not weep, but my soul weeps, on account of my sin.' I replied, 'If so, what do you wish to do?' He said, 'To believe on Jesus Christ.' 'What do you know of Christ?' asked I, with intense interest. 'I know that He died for my sins.' This Koli had never heard the Gospel but from me, and had only listened to me two or three times; probably he had not heard me speak more than four hours altogether. That man was baptized, and is a consistent believer at the present time."

Dined at Commodore Lushingtons', in his transitory Bungalow, which has been pulled down and built up again since we were last here. Captain Campbell, Indian Navy, sat next me at dinner. He has been up the Euphrates, the navigation is intricate, but perfectly practicable. The heat was 120° in his cabin, 136° in the engine-room, yet the men cut wood on shore, and he had hunted without suffering from it. The climate is very fine. He told me a good deal about Abyssinia, the most degraded and savage of the nations which bear the Christian name. All that Bruce said of them has proved true. Abyssinia is divided into several independent kingdoms, of which Shoa is the most civilized. My next neighbour but one was another Naval officer who accompanied Sir William Harris's expedition to Shoa, and who being sent down to the coast for a supply of money, was waylaid on his return by the savage inhabitants, and had to ride for his life about 300 miles. Captain Campbell was the officer who brought Gabru and Maricha Warka to Bombay. Their father, one of the bravest and most clever men in the country, took the unsuccessful side in a civil contest, and was obliged to leave his native country. Captain Campbell met him and his sons in very destitute circumstances,

at some small port in Arabia, was recognized by them with tears of joy, and brought them to Bombay, where the two young men were educated under Dr. Wilson's care. Intelligence has lately been received of the marriage of these young men, and their friends are anxious to ascertain what sort of wives they have got. Captain C. said that the kindness of their reception on returning home, proves nothing, for it is the custom of the Abyssinians to appear very cordial at first. The Romanists had formerly extensive Missions in Abyssinia, but not many years since they were all murdered, and any priest attempting to enter the country is at once put to death.

Have you seen Mr. Gordon Cumming's book on Africa? It appears to be the production of an amateur butcher. Mrs. Mitchell took me to the American Mission House to see Mrs. Hume, but she was ill with fever. Mrs. Graves, an aged widow, who has been thirty years a Missionary, and who since her husband's death has continued her labours as vigorously as ever, was just recovering, and Mrs. Hume just able to walk about. We saw the two latter; Mrs. Graves is about returning to her home on the Mahabaleshwar hills. I was very sorry not to see Mrs. Hume, for she is a very efficient and zealous worker in the Mission field, and she is almost the only one of the American Missionary ladies here who has a tolerable share of health. The American ladies in this country seem generally very fragile. This Mission consists of Presbyterians, Independents and Baptists, the Society which sends them out being constituted much on the plan of the London Missionary Society. Mr. Hume is a Presbyterian, and an elder of the Free Kirk. Mr. Bowen, who is a Baptist, often officiates in it, and he and Mr. Mitchell lecture to the Portuguese alternately.

January, Sunday 26th.—C. left me at the Murray Mitchells', on his way to the church. Mr. Mitchell has bible classes, and classes for inquirers, from six till ten A. M., when they breakfast. After family prayer, he goes to his study, and Mrs. M. reads to Vincent and Balú, the two young converts who live in their house, and to Báchú. As she had a bad cold I read for her. The book was Life in Samoa, a most interesting account of the work of grace in the Fijee Islands, and in the heart of a young Missionary, the brother of Mary Lundie Duncan. Afterwards David and Gregory came to say their catechism and texts. Báchú teaches them, but Mrs. Mitchell examined them to day. They have learnt Hindustani and Marathi during the last year, and a good deal of English. She asked them, what sort of things did God make? David (the youngest) answered "everything, dog, house, table." When she corrected him he said, "No, God made tree, man made table." C. came in the evening and walked with me in the pretty Compound, crowded with lofty palm-trees, and afterwards with Aga Sahib, who is willing to stay in Bombay to attend the institution, and to learn more of Christianity.

Monday, January 27th.—Dined at Mr. and Mrs. Calder Stewart's, to meet the Murray Mitchells and Mr. Frazer, the minister of the Free Kirk. The latter played on the seraphine, and sang in a masterly way. I suppose he and Mr. Mitchell are the most accomplished men at present in Bombay. Mr. Mitchell, besides being a man of great powers of mind combining much depth and liveliness with great delicacy of taste, has a wonderful talent for languages. He speaks German, French, Italian, and Portuguese, besides knowing something of Spanish. He is an excellent Hindustani, Marathi, and Sanskrit scholar, besides being acquainted

with Guzeratti the three tongues of antiquity, and having some knowledge of Arabic. Mr. Fraser is a man of highly cultivated and metaphysical mind, and very refined taste. His sermons partake too much of the form of essays, and are not sufficiently simple and practical, but as essays they are sound and very beautiful, at least this is what I gathered from divers of his auditors, whom I cross-examined on the point, and whose opinion I should consider decisive.

Tuesday, January 28th.—Drove to Mrs. Seitz's boarding school, where Captain Davidson, the Murray Mitchells, and Mrs. Frazer joined us. The girls read both English and Marathi, and were cross-examined on Scripture History and Doctrine, and Geography. They showed a manifest improvement since last year. They quoted texts to prove particular doctrines, related parables from memory, and showed a very good knowledge of Scripture. They work beautifully, both fancy and plain work. I sketched one of them, Saguni, a convert. We saw the little Arab girl, whom her mother brought to school, Gaurbi by name; she has a very engaging manner. When Captain Davidson asked her whom she loved best, she said in a soft under tone, "gentle Jesus." She may have meant the hymn, but we may hope that He who blessed little children is indeed dear to her. Captain D. afterwards gave me a curious instance of the timidity even of those who are considered Christian men in regard to religion. Having effected the settlement of the revenues of a large district on terms very favourable to the inhabitants, he proposed to Government that instead of absolutely remitting the whole amount of the difference between the former and present tax, a part of it should be reserved for educational purposes within the district. Coming at the same time as

the reduction, both would be received as boons; whereas, if it were proposed at any subsequent period to raise a sum for the support of schools, it would be looked upon as a tax and a hardship. Sir G. Arthur cordially approved of the scheme; but begged Captain Davidson to omit a passage in his letter, to the effect that he wished this education might be of a Christian character. Captain Davidson declined doing so, thinking there would be a certain degree of meanness in not avowing his principles.

Wednesday, January 29th.—Went to lunch at Mulla Ibrahim's, and was very cordially received by his wife, mother, and sister-in-law. The former has a little son about a fortnight old. The feast at his circumcision cost 400 rupees, as Mulla Ibraham related, with grief. I sketched little Firha—a work of much difficulty, as she is a most vivacious child. Dined with Captain and Mrs. Mylne on the Esplanade. He has an acting appointment for some months, and has, therefore, hired a very commodious suite of tents (that for sitting and dining in being a large double-poled one) for forty rupees a month. This is a common plan here, as house-rent is enormously high, and houses difficult to be procured. Mr. G. pays 300 rupees a month for his office in the Fort, and 150 more for his bungalow at the Breach; while in Calcutta you can get a very handsome house in Chowringhee for 200 to 250 rs. a month. The tents on the Esplanade are generally thatched, which keeps out the sun and rain, and they are as nicely furnished as any drawing-room. Captain Davidson told us of some lectures he had heard in Edinburgh, on the idea that all created things might be resolved into one element, and quoted a very beautiful and eloquent passage, likening Nature to a harp, from which

its mighty Maker draws forth a thousand harmonies. Music certainly confirms this theory, for every note might be produced, and, for aught we know, is actually produced (though we cannot distinguish it), from one string.

Thursday, January 30th.—Took Aga Sahib and the Bibi to see the Mint. Several of our servants went also. The Bibi was greatly pleased with her drive through the Bazár, which presents a most varied and lively scene. Here you see the tall austere Bedouin stalking along with his loose burnouse, or cloak, floating behind him, and a shawl handkerchief drawn over his head, leaving his sad and grave features in deep shadow; the handsome Arab Jew, with a fairer complexion than Europeans generally retain in this country, or a group of wild-looking Bíluchus, with their long black hair and piercing eyes, surmounted by the cylindrical Sind cap; the intelligent Pársi, with his clean white garments, hawk eye and nose, thick moustache, whiskers, and eyebrows, shaved chin, and side-locks, appearing from under a cap not much unlike the Sindhian, but cylindrical only in front, and sloping backwards from the forehead. Then there are the Bombay people themselves, with more curious head-dresses than were ever devised by any other set of men, enormous turbans, generally red, some towering upwards, others of vast circumference. Then there are the Portuguese, with complexions as dark as the darkest native, but wearing the European dress.

Many more women are seen in the streets of Bombay than in those of Calcutta, one meets them in flocks carrying water for the use of their families, or walking about on their own errands. There are the

Parsí women, with their hair closely concealed under a white skull-cap. I saw two in canary satin saris, but they are oftener in grave purple and black. The Hindu women of the lower class wear their clothes very far above the knee, very small bodices, and a chaddah over the head. A few Mussalmanís are sometimes seen with linen boots tied at the knee, and the rest of the person enveloped in a sheet, with a thick veil over the face, a piece of gauze opposite the eyes to enable them to see a little. I sketched a handsome little boy. the son of a Jain broker, and a Battiah or merchant, very intelligent, very dirty, and very rich. His red turban is somewhat in the form of a mitre, folded in the most elaborate manner. I asked some of the Battiahs if they undid their turbans daily. "Oh, no," they said, "only when they are dirty—every six weeks or two months!" Mr. Coles soon after overheard my sitter talking to his friends in Guzerattí. He said, "The Madam Sahib is very clever, and has made a very good picture. Do you think she would give me a copy? I would give her two or three rupees for it—*not more.*" The Bibi was much dismayed at seeing in Mr. Cole's room a small figure of Venus rising from the sea. She fixed her eyes upon it, and inquired in a severe tone, "What *is* that? Her clothes, where are they?" So not being able to give a better explanation, I told her it was a Pari (fairy). She could not get over her horror at it for a long time, and inquired of Mary, "Why English people made such figures?"

Dined at Parell to meet Sir Charles Napier. I think society in Bombay seems much less stiff and formal than in Calcutta. The ladies dress much more in the English style, and much more simply. There was also an excellent band. Lady Falkland is an excellent

hostess, taking great pains to make her house agreeable. Sir Charles was most cordial to us.

One day, being at Mr. Grey's office, I sent our Afgháh servant Karim to catch some Biluchis, and bring them in a buggy. He soon returned and with great glee informed me he had got three Biluchis. They were rather stout square men, with straight, well-made noses and brilliant eyes; their hair a very dark brown. I gave one of them a gun to hold, and he stood like a rock, in the attitude of raising it to take aim. They were very dirty, but their independent, frank manner pleased us much. They walked about, looked at everything, told us about their tribe, and all in the most cheeful, social way possible. Another day, Mulla Ibrahim brought me two Arabs, Ezra, a Jew of Basrah, and Syad Othman, the son of the Kazi of that place; the former an extremely handsome man, with a very independent manner. Ibrahim dresses just like an Afghán, in white, with a buff-coloured chogah, faced inside with blue silk, but Ezra wore the fez (the red cap, with an immense blue tassel) and a small shawl twisted round it. The Kazi's son wore a jammawar (striped shawl) turban. He had a cough, and was incessantly asking for water, which Ezra brought him in Mr. Grey's tumblers. Mr. Murray Mitchell took me for a drive to Mamaa Hadjini's tomb: there had been a feast given there, and a large party of men and women were returning. Parsis and Hindus visit this tomb as well as Mussalmans, and Mr. Mitchell told me he had seen Hindus making offerings at the Romanist shrines, near Bombay. As all false religions or religious falsehoods are the work of Satan, there is a strong bond of affinity between them. We spoke of astronomy, and Mr. Mitchell told me how the distance of the fixed stars has been ascertained. Then

returned to meet the Church of England, American, German, and Free Church Missionaries, at their house. Mr. Candy gave us an instance of a child being fully aware both of the necessity and use of chastisement. A little girl would not say a word that she had been often told; at last, she looked up in her father's face, and said, "Papa, the devil is so strong in me, you must beat him out." Accordingly he did so, and she said the word perfectly.

Saturday, February 1st.—At Lady Falkland's request, I took my drawings to Parell. She then showed me hers, which are really beautiful, though she has not had three dozen lessons in her life. She is an indefatigable sketcher, colouring her drawings chiefly on the spot. Some of her pen and ink landscapes are like old Italian studies; she is perpetually seeking out beautiful scenes, in unknown places where no one else thinks of going. There was a very pretty sketch of the ruins of a Jesuit College, about seven miles from Bombay, and many taken at Bassien, a most beautiful place north of Bombay, where all the ruins are Italian, and the trees Oriental; there are remains of the magnificent palace of the Portuguese Governor, and of many churches. Lady F. also paints flowers from nature very beautifully, and with an exactness of detail that only great love for the work could give her patience for. She has drawn some of the most beautiful of the Indian flowers.

Sunday, February 2nd.—Went again to the Murray Mitchells'. Mrs. M. read "Life in Samoa." Mr. Mitchell then brought in, three young Ben-i-Israel (who, with some other of their tribe, come to him on the Sabbath), and we had a very interesting conversation with them. Their people, who are numerous in Western India, especially near Bombay, are supposed to be descendants

of the ten tribes. Nothing is known of the date of their arrival in India; but until the Church of Scotland Mission first took an interest in them, about fifteen years ago, they were sunk in idolatry, used images, and worshipped the serpent. One of these young men told me, that his father had helped to remove and destroy the images in their houses. They knew nothing of the Talmud; hardly a copy of the Old Testament was to be found among them; and it was only by the observance of some of the principal Jewish rites that their descent could be authenticated. They are as dark as other natives, and of the same stature and appearance, though in some the Jewish cast of feature is very strongly marked. They wear a ringlet in front of each ear. They were in a very low condition, socially as well as intellectually, being chiefly oil-sellers; but since schools have been opened for them, and the Bible put into their hands, there is a great change. As these young men said, "they have become industrious, and anxious to rise in the world:" some are carpenters, and numbers are Sepahis in the Bombay army. These young men are convinced of the truth of Christianity, and are in the habit of daily prayer—one of them once a day, the others twice—for about a quarter of an hour at a time. They read the Scriptures daily, and pray to be led into the truth—to know it and to receive it; but they seem rather afraid of going a step further, by praying to be taught if the religion of Jesus be true, and for strength to embrace it. I told them, nothing could put them back into the position of those who know not the Gospel; that their responsibility was equal to that of nominal Christians; that every word they read or heard increased it; and that, by refusing to confess Christ before men, they were despising His

love and His most precious blood. They confessed that this was all true, and that many who were in some degree impressed with the importance of religion while at school, soon lost all interest in it when they returned to their homes, and the love of the world took possession of them. When asked to name the chief difficulty in the way of their professing Christianity, one said, "Love of the world;" the other two, "Love of their relations;" one added, "Our caste would scorn my relations, if I became a Christian." They were very interesting young men, and spoke in English. Mr. Mitchell exhorted them to pray that if the religion of Christ were true, that God would enable them to embrace it. I promised them a copy of "The Pilgrim's Progress." Mr. Mitchell said that there had been fruit from every other class—Parsís, Hindus, Mussalmans, Jains—but none as yet on this side of India from the Jews.

After they left, Mr. Mitchell brought in a young Brahman, who has been teaching a school belonging to the Rajah of ——. His companion, Mahadù, who was tutor to the Rajah, was a most promising young man, fully convinced of the truth of Christianity, and many think that he had really embraced it; but he was cut off by a fall from his horse, before he openly confessed Christ. On his death-bed he had the Scriptures read to him. This young man has now returned to the Institution for further instruction; but though he comes to Mr. Mitchell every Sabbath, expressly to receive Christian instruction, and, as he said, *intends* to be a Christian sometime or other, yet he has no thought of becoming so at once. He prays and reads the Bible—but not every day. I asked him what was the chief obstacle to confessing Christ: he said, "The

scorning of the people"—a very characteristic answer from a Brahman.

The young Ben-i-Israel appeared to me in a much more softened state of mind. It is wonderful that so many young men should not only be intellectually convinced of the truth of the Gospel, but should willingly and constantly seek religious instruction, and put themselves in the way of constant Christian exhortation, and yet not have any fixed intention of leaving their own faith. Surely frequent prayer should be made for them. Man has done all that he can do: the sacrifice is prepared and laid upon the altar; only the fire from heaven is wanting. May He swiftly send it down, so that India as a nation may stretch forth her hands unto God.

Some among the Parsís as well as Hindús have advanced beyond this state, and are earnestly praying for grace to enable them to confess Christ openly, whom they already believe on in their hearts; and these weak brethren, who as yet come to Jesus only by night, have a still stronger claim on our prayers and sympathy.

There is another way in which any one who is willing could do incalculable good, at very trifling expense. The best scholars of the Institution leave before their education is fully completed (as in the instance of the young man just mentioned), because they can obtain salaries, either in Government offices or from private individuals, and there are no scholarships to enable them to remain at the Institution.

The funds of the Mission are too low to allow of their giving good salaries to the monitors, so that they also leave so soon as they are well qualified. Scholarships of from five to fifteen rupees a month (*i.e.*, ten to thirty shillings) would be most acceptable, and

would enable the institution to retain her best pupils at the very period when they are most capable of profiting by instruction, and most likely (humanly speaking) to embrace the Gospel. Many are obliged to leave by poverty. Twenty such scholarships would also greatly increase the efficiency of the institution by supplying a far superior class of monitors to those which can now be obtained. Five guineas a year is a moderate subscription to a circulating library. Ten guineas is the common price of a fine print or a volume of costumes; either of these sums would retain an educated young man a year longer under Christian instruction, would secure an efficient monitor and teacher for a most valuable Missionary Institution, and would be a strong inducement to worldly-minded Hindu parents to send their sons to a Christian school, instead of the richly-endowed and godless Elphinstone or Government institutions. Numbers will say they cannot afford either 6l., 12l., or 24l. a year—there are many that cannot afford it, but they are not those who spend 300l. a year on a carriage, half that sum on wines, 50l. a month on housekeeping, and no one can tell what on dress. When will Christians learn that their property is not their own, but the Lord's? Captain Davidson has just given 100l. to found a small scholarship, others might undertake one for a term of years. Two or three friends giving half-a-crown or five shillings a month, might found a third. If no expense is either spared or grudged on the arrival of a new-born child, might not one item be added thereto in the shape of a thank-offering for the divine gift? Would not this be more becoming Christian parents than lavish expenditure on embroidery, lace, and ribbons. Another class of scholarships, from two to five rupees a month, are also most

useful though less important. These small sums are sufficient to supply maintenance to boys anxious to learn, but too poor to support themselves without daily labour. I cannot omit that the Queen of Saxony, a Roman Catholic, has often denied herself a new shawl or a new dress, that she might have to give to them that need. Cannot Protestant ladies, whose private station makes fewer demands on their purse, do likewise?

I subjoin part of the account given in the "Bombay Guardian" of the examination of the Free Church Institution in December 1851:—

"FREE GENERAL ASSEMBLY'S INSTITUTION.—The Annual Examination of this Institution was held at the Mission House, Ambrolie, on Thursday and Friday of last week. The attendance on the Free Assembly's Educational Seminaries during the past year, as appears from the programme, was as follows:—

"FREE ASSEMBLY'S INSTITUTION—

"Hindus	158	
Muhammadans	7	
Israelites and Jews	26	
Christians:—Romanists, Chaldeans, Armenians, and Protestants	111	
	——	302
Marathi and Gujarati Boys' Schools, December 1851		443
Marathi Girls' Schools, and Boarding School ,,		559
Total number of pupils		1304

"That nearly half of this large number of native youth receiving a thorough Bible education,—that is, under the highest order of training,—are native females of all castes, is a most noticeable fact, and one which must be highly gratifying and encouraging to all the real friends of female education in India.

"The College division of the Institution, consisting of twenty-six students, was examined on Thursday evening.

"The following is a catalogue of the studies of the year in the College division, in most of which the students were examined:—

"GENERAL HISTORY AND CHURCH HISTORY.—(*Rev. Naráyan Sheshádry.*) Tytler's Elements of History, with references to Tytler's

General History to the overthrow of the Roman Empire. D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, three first books. (*Rev. Danjibhái Nauroji* during the rains.) Muir's History of the Early Church. Complete.

"CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.—(*Rev. J. M. Mitchell, A.M.*, and during his illness, *Mr. W. Peyton.*) Guizot's History of Modern Civilization, three Lectures. Marcet's Elements of Political Economy, nine chapters. Readings from Mill. Article on Political Economy in Encyclopædia Britannica, part first.

"MATHEMATICS.—(*Rev. J. M. Mitchell, A.M.*, and *Mr. W. Peyton.*) *Lower Division*—Euclid, six books. Algebra to Quadratic Equations.

"CHEMISTRY.—(*Rev. J. M. Mitchell, A.M.*, and *Mr. W. Peyton.*) Reid's Rudiments, ten chapters.

"HISTORY OF INDIA.—(*Rev. J. M. Mitchell* and *Mr. W. Peyton.*) Murray's History of India, ten chapters.

"BIBLE CLASS.—(*Rev. J. M. Mitchell.*) Epistle to the Romans, one chapter, with Hodge's Commentary. Written Exercises three times a week.

"EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY.—(*Rev. R. Nesbit.*) Deuteronomy, six chapters. Gospel of John, three chapters.

"ENGLISH CLASSICS AND COMPOSITION.—(*Rev. R. Nesbit.*) Cowper's Poems, part of Tyrocinium, and last Book of the Task. Readings in verse and prose, from M'Culloch's Course. Essays in English and translation from Maràthi into English.

"MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.—(*Rev. R. Nesbit.*) Butler's Analogy, six chapters. Written Exercises. Abstract of third chapter.

"LOGIC.—(*Rev. R. Nesbit.*)—Whatley's Logic, first book and four chapters of second book.

"VERNACULAR TRANSLATION.—(*Rev. R. Nesbit.*) Translations from English into Marathi by members of the class for English Classics. (*Rev. Dr. Wilson.*) Examination, with select class, of translation of Natural Phenomena, by Govinjee Narayan, for the press. Marathi compositions.

NATURAL HISTORY.—(*Rev. John Wilson, D.D., Junior Division.*) ZOOLOGY.—Article on Man in Encyclopædia Britannica, with references to Prichard's Natural History of Man. The Mammalia, complete, according to treatise of Tract Society, the Zoologist's Text Book, Manuscript Notes, &c.—*Senior Division.* ZOOLOGY.—General Arrangements and Characteristics of Animals. Revision of the Aves. General view of Entomology. Infusoria, Zoophytes, &c., principally from Curiosities of Animal Life, of Tract Society.—MINERALOGY and ZOOLOGY. First half of a Course of Lectures and Conversations, with examination of specimens, and readings from Jamieson, Richardson, Mantell, Miller, Richardson, Lyell, &c.

"THEOLOGY.—*Junior Division.* (*Rev. John Wilson, D.D.*) OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY:—Jonathan Edward's History of Redemption, complete, with collateral readings from various authors. Relations of the Samaritans to the Jews, &c., from Lands of the Bible. Prophecies respecting the Messiah, with their fulfilment. *Senior Division.*—NEW TESTAMENT HISTORY:—Incarnation and Ministry of our Lord, from Harmony of the Gospels, of Tract Society, six parts, with references to Calvin, Olshausen, Macknight, Manuscript Notes, &c. EVIDENCES OF DIVINE REVELATION:—Eighteen Lectures, with examinations, on the Vedas of the Hindus, and on the Historical Credibility and Inspiration of the Book of Moses. Commencement of Paley's Evidences of Christianity.

"The Rev. M. Mitchell took the lead with his class in Constitutional History, in which the Text Book was Guizot's History of Modern Civilization. The examination of a class of intelligent and advanced students on such a subject by a teacher of such a highly philosophical mind, did not fail to afford a rich intellectual treat.

"The Rev. Mr. Nesbit, the highest style of teacher, next examined three of his classes. He had the whole audience as learners while he examined his Bible Class in Deuteronomy. . . . . . And while this able teacher showed us by the questions he put to his students what explanations he had given them of the providential dealings of God with His ancient people, and how he had brought the arguments of Butler's Analogy to bear in removing the objections usually urged against such dealings, we felt—

"'That to the height of this great argument
He did assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men:'

and while the students, by their answers, showed how well they had understood these great lessons, we felt that they had received 'knowledge above choice gold.' His examination of the class in Butler's Analogy was no less excellent; and one of the students at least, Mr. Vincente A. de Cunha, gave good proof, in his essay on a portion of the Analogy, that he possessed a mind capable of understanding and appreciating that profound work."

This gives some idea of the kind of teachers and pupils belonging to the Assembly's Institution.

CHAPTER VIII.

Church of England Mission.—Girls' School.—Money School.—Baptism.—Mr. Bowen.—Boxwalas.—Funeral Piles.—Hormazdji.—Bedouin Arab.—Oriental Countenances.—Arab Synagogue.—Jewish Ladies.—The Communion.—Inquirers.—Bombay Jars.—Costume.—Parsi Lady.—Majnun and Leila.—Voyage to Panwell.—Christian Sepahis.—Serur.—Ahmednagar.—Nestorian Mission.—Cure for Toothache.—Cavalry Review.—Killing the Wounded.—Tiger Hunt.—Doulatabad.—Grapes.—Tombs.—Caves at Elora.—Buddhism and Monasticism.—Three Weddings.—Latour d'Auvergne.—Caste is losing ground.—Secret Societies.—Hook-worship.—Camp.—Poor Travellers.—Wild Boar.—Tiger.—Wind.—Papering Room.—Gond Burial.—A Poor Mother.—The Gonds.—Language.—Marriages.—Depopulation of Hills.—Deposition of their Rajahs.—Oppression.—A Nurse brought to order.

Tuesday, February 4th.—Went with Mr. Candy to see the schools in connexion with the Church of England Mission. First saw a female school, containing also some boys, fifty-seven in all, under the care of Miss White, a most zealous and energetic Indo-Briton, who has seven other schools under her charge. The children are taught by Pantojis, and all of the class we heard (a large one containing some very little girls) read Marathi well. Aga Sahib was much interested. The children sang nicely, and were questioned on a catechism. Some of them were girls of fourteen, or thereabouts. They come regularly, and imbibe much Christian truth; many of their mothers also come to hear.

They are of all castes. It was at first a great difficulty to get girls of different castes to sit in the same school; but now there is none. Miss White told us that a little girl, after being some time in the school at Mazagam, lately went into all her neighbours' houses, and stole twenty-one images, which she exchanged for mìtai (sweetmeats). Although this does not say much for her morality, yet it shows how completely she had lost all reverence for the idols of her people. We next went to Mr. Candy's own school, chiefly for children of European descent, on one or both sides, and to his church, which is close by, where he has two English services, and Mr. Jerrom a Marathì service, every Sunday. We then went to the Money Institution—a Christian school, under charge of Mr. Jerrom—founded about ten years ago, to commemorate the excellencies of Mr. Money, an admirable Christian civilian. It contains about 200 boys: the lower school learn Marathì, the upper English.

In so hurried a visit I could only observe that the monitors taught and the boys answered in a very animated manner, so that the eagerness of the answerers often prevented those who were tyros in English from getting out the words in time. As we passed two classes were being examined in grammar, in which they answered well—another equally so in geography. Some difficult sums were written on the boards, being the morning exercise in arithmetic. We heard the senior class answer well in mechanics. The pupils are made to write essays in English. Mr. Jerrom complained that it was rather difficult to keep up their knowledge of Marathi, as they are not made to write themes in that language after entering the English division. They only translate into

their mother tongue. The number of boys attending this excellent Institution at present, are as follows:— English department:—Brahmins and other Hindù castes, 175; Mussalmans, 7; Parsìs, 7; Roman Catholics, 30; Ben-i-Israel, 6; Protestants, 10: total, 236. Marathi department:—Brahmins, 8; other Hindù castes, 179; Mussalmans, 4: total, 427. Mr. Candy has one of the transitory Bungalows on the Esplanade, where I dined, and met Captain and Mrs. Field and another gentleman. He read to us a letter from a converted Brahmin, just ordained by the Bishop of Madras, who is at the station of Asinghur. It was admirably written, and gave a very pleasing account of the native converts in that village, and of several inquirers. The Church Missionary Society act on the principle that if any one professes belief, and there is nothing to disprove his profession, he should be baptized; whereas the Free Church require some proof that his belief is real. The former is more in accordance with the letter of Scripture, for we find converts baptized on the spot; but I think the latter is more in accordance with the principle; for it must be remembered the Apostles, as inspired men, could judge of the sincerity of a convert in a manner no minister of modern times can do; and that what they ascertained by the more direct evidence of the Spirit, we must endeavour to discover by seeking His blessing on the use of ordinary means, such as observation and experience.

Met Mr. Bowen, of the American Mission; a most devoted, but singular young man. He has renounced his salary from the Board of Missions; lives in a native house, on about seven rupees a month, and, as nearly as possible in the native manner, eating no meat,

taking only one meal a day, teaching all the morning to support himself, and preaching all the rest of the day. He is worn to skin and bone. He thinks this the right method of influencing the natives; it may have some advantages, but I do not see any to compensate for throwing away his life by such incessant mental toil. Paul wrought as a tent-maker, manual, not mental labour, and in his native country; but Paul could never have been called, as Mr. Bowen is, the Christian faqír. Mr. Cassidy has left the Pana Mission, in consequence of having adopted his views, and having also become a Baptist.

Wednesday, February 5th.—The Bungalows on the Island of Bombay are the prettiest I have seen. They have generally beautiful verandahs, wide and high, with lofty porches for carriages to drive under, and the whole surrounded with fine shrubs and flowers. Went to the Fort to look at some goods brought by Borahs (the same that I have been accustomed to call Boxwalas). Ibráhim was there, and said, "Whenever these people enter my house, my head turns, and I tremble all over, for women always need a thousand things." I drove home by the sea-shore. It was just sunset, and we saw numbers of Parsís, standing with their books in their hands, praying towards the setting sun. One of them ended by turning round several times against the course of the sun. We were troubled by a smell which surpassed everything that had ever reached my nostrils. I found that the shore was lined with smoking heaps, the remains of Hindu funeral-piles. We shortly after came to one still burning fiercely, it was a small square, the wood was nearly burnt to a level with the ground, and the only remnant of mortality was a small

black *piece* in the centre. A crowd of men were sitting to windward, watching it very composedly. The deceased had died that morning!

Thursday, February 6th.—Hormazdjí came to see us early, and breakfasted with us. I like him more and more. He is full of delicacy and tender feelings, and devotedly attached to his child. Dined at Parrell,—a small party, about twenty. It is a fine house, in a beautiful park, and was formerly a monastery; the grand hall, in which we dined last time, was the church. This time, the dinner was laid above the entrance porch, which was enclosed by curtains and flags, and quite perfumed with the abundance of flowers on the table

Friday, February 7th.—Went into the Fort to draw. Both my husband and Ibrahím have been exerting themselves to get me some Bedouin Arabs as sitters, but in vain; they make appointments and do not keep them.

To-day, being again disappointed, Ibráhím went out to lay hold of a Bedouin, if it were possible. He found one, but when it was proposed to him to come, he said, "Why should I go to the house of the English? God alone knows what may befall me there!" and nothing could induce him to run the risk, until Ezra, the Jew of Basrah (whom he knew), and another man, stood security for his safe return. The Arab was a tall, austere, sad-looking man, who never could have been otherwise than in earnest during the whole of his life, and who was, I suppose, too thoroughly convinced of the dangers of sorcery and magic to feel ashamed either of his fears or his precautions, when he found me alone as his only enemy, he being accompanied by a stout Bedouin attendant, beside Múllá Ibráhím. He was not

handsome, having plain irregular features and deeply sunk eyes, yet there was something almost awful in the imperturbable gravity and austerity of his gaze. During the whole time I was sketching him, he kept his eyes fixed on me, without the slightest change of expression. He looked like a man accustomed to hardships from his birth. I have often reflected on the cause of the difficulty I find in taking the likeness of a European, as compared with that of an Oriental. The expression of the one can be caught in an instant, that of the other is not only more varying, but more complicated, and I suppose it to be from the simplicity of their lives, as compared with ours. Consider the infinite variety of objects which engage our attention and interest; the infinite variety of thoughts and emotions which these give rise to, and you will see that it is impossible for a cultivated European to retain the repose of feature and the unity of expression which is observable in the Oriental. Add to this, our habit of suppressing the outward manifestation of feeling (for, when an Oriental really feels deeply, he shows it much more freely than we do, except where he is obliged to feign), and the generally inferior intensity of the passions in Europe, and you will see why the countenances vary. This Arab was the most perfect specimen I ever saw of a man of few and simple emotions. He could understand hatred for an enemy, and love for a friend; bodily privations he is accustomed to disregard,—bodily suffering to endure; probably this comprises the circle of his feelings; how can such a one, accustomed to hardships, to solitude and exertion, be made to understand the thousand-and-one aims and strivings of civilized life? He is a being of another sphere, and moves among the crowded streets with neither interest nor compre-

hension for the world and its ways; there was no harshness in his expression, but it was the calm indifference of an ascetic. Are not these men, in some respects, wiser than we? gifted with a truer insight than we are into the nothingness of the world, though not of the great realities of life? This man could both write and read; his name was Ali Suklawi, of Kuwed, and when C. came and spoke with frank cordiality to him, both he and his companion seemed more satisfied that we were not Djinns. He wore the long Chogah, or cloak, nearly touching the ground, a many-coloured handkerchief on his head, bound round by a coil of camel's hair by way of a turban, the ends of the handkerchief hanging down on each side of his face threw his countenance into deep shadow; he had but scanty beard; on his feet were sandals; both hands, feet, and ankles finely shaped, bony and strong, but not more delicate than a European's of spare make.

Saturday, February 8th.—My husband being very busy, Mr. Murray Mitchell kindly accompanied me to the Synagogue of the Arab Jews. It was a lovely cool morning. The service had begun, but Ibráhim had left a servant and little Firha to show us the way. I wanted the child to come into the carriage as usual, but the servant objected as it was the Sabbath. We were in some doubt whether I should be admitted into the body of the synagogue, but Ibráhim came forward to meet us, and led us to the "chief seats," placing us between himself and David Sassanan, the richest Jew in Bombay, a very fine-looking old man, with an eye like a hawk for brilliancy and depth. The synagogue was a long room with a high divan all round it, on which the worshippers sat cross-legged. A chair was provided for me to put my feet on. Down the middle were two

benches, back to back, for the boys of the congregation, and nearer the door a desk, like a high sideboard, at which the reader stood, opposite to which was a curtained recess, containing the law. All present wore veils, generally white with blue striped borders and a a single fringe at each corner, but some of the younger boys had them of spotted net, adorned with little tufts of wool of various colours. I never saw a handsomer set of men, and this with their varied dresses of rich colours and the beauty of the little children who, gaily dressed and covered with ornaments, were curled up by the side of their fathers or sitting on their knees and ever and anon roving about or eating sweatmeats as bribes to be quiet, rendered it a most picturesque scene. But though this was my first impression, it soon changed to astonishment at beholding the heartlessness of their worship, which excels anything I have ever seen as a mockery of devotion. Every man had a prayer-book, but the service was gabbled over in a way that rendered it impossible even for Mr. Mitchell, who is a good Hebrew scholar, to follow it. The boys seemed to strive who should read loudest, and shouted "amin, amin, amin," as if it were very amusing, looking about and laughing the while. The men were talking, and I soon found there would not be the slightest objection to my sketching the scene. Water was brought me, and I took the group on my left hand. No sooner did David Sassanán perceive that I was sketching him, than he put down his book and spread his hand upon it that I might observe his valuable diamond and ruby rings. Several were called up to the desk in succession to read different parts of the service, which they did in a sort of loud chaunt, rocking themselves to and fro. Several young boys, after reading, came to kiss the hand and

fringes of David Sassanán and a venerable old man who sat next him, who laid their hands on the head of the boys. It was a pretty action on both sides. One or two little girls were there with their books.

During one part of the service each man collected the fringes at the four corners of his veil and kissed them repeatedly, touching both eyes with them. Most of them did it in the same "perfunctory" style in which Romanists generally cross themselves. Then they drew the veil over the right side of the face and uttered a lamentable cry. Then the whole congregation turned towards the west, and bending, uttered a confession of sin. This was the only part of the service in which there was the slightest appearance of earnestness. Towards the end of the service several Jews that I had seen before came to speak to me, and also a rabbi from Jerusalem. One of them ushered me into the small chamber allotted to the women, with a pardáh between them and the synagogue, through which they can see without being seen. There were not above a dozen there, including Hannah, Miriam, and their mother. All of them were covered with ornaments, many with their eyes painted with surmá, and some I strongly suspected of rouge. They all wear false hair. They seem to be generally of low stature, less than the Afghán women, but with very fair complexions. They welcomed me very cordially.

On our way home Mr. Mitchell told me that this extraordinary irreverence in the form of worship prevails throughout all the Eastern Churches, Christian as well as Jewish. In the Coptic Cathedral at Cairo, he heard one correct the reader by calling out, "You pig! that's wrong." David Sassanán corrected the reader several times, but in a more seemly fashion than this.

The old man is a party in a cause now before the courts, involving a large amount of property. He refused to give a translation of the will in dispute, so the court requested Mr. Mitchell to make one, which, from its immense length and almost super-legal prolixity proved the most tiresome task he ever had to perform.

Sunday, February 9th.—The Communion.—I went nearly at the end of the service with Mrs. Mitchell, who was not well. Mr. Taylor of Belgam gave an excellent address before distributing the bread and wine. This is as it should be, I like to see the Minister of one Church officiating in another, and thus testifying to their oneness in Christ. This is the first opportunity we have had of communicating since the 23rd December, 1849, at Loodiana. Is not this a proof that the more frequent celebration of the Lord's Supper is expedient? After dinner spoke to Harrichand, a young Brahman from the Assembly's Institution, who comes with three others from the Elphinstone College to receive Scriptural instruction from Mrs. Mitchell. For the past month or six weeks he and three of his friends (I think the same who accompany him on the Sabbath) have met daily to read together. Their present study is History, and they have begun with Genesis, as being the oldest historical book. They have also read Wesley's Sermons.

Harrichand said, he did not think there was much difference between the pupils of Christian and Government Institutions—he said many of the latter wished to read the Bible, and did read it. I asked him, what made them wish to read it. He said, they find allusions to it in other books, and this makes them curious to read it; but added, "that those who do not

believe in Christianity believe in nothing." He said, that educated young men naturally wished for educated wives; but that the chief obstacle is, that so soon as a girl is married she is wholly taken up with her household duties, so as to prevent her having any time for learning. He said, a relation of his, who died only last Sunday from cholera, and who was the daughter and wife of rich men, so as to have everything done for her, was very learned, and even read Sanscrit. When I urged on him and his companion the necessity of confessing Christ, he said, we could not understand the difficulties and trials that a Hindu had to endure—that it was very easy for us to speak thus, and expressed himself with much warmth and even eloquence on the subject. I granted that we had not the same outward trials to undergo; but endeavoured to explain, that all mankind must belong to one of two classes, that every man must be a child of God or a child of the devil, must be unconverted, that is, alienated from God and without love for Him, or converted, that is, filled with such a love to Christ that he counts all things but nought in comparison to Him; that it was indeed easy for us to be nominal Christians, but that it was not a bit easier for us to be real Christians than for them; that being nominal Christians only enhanced our condemnation; that those who were such were very much in the condition of Harrichand himself, that is, intellectually assenting to the Gospel without receiving it with the heart; that conversion was the work of the Spirit alone, and was the same work in the heart of a European as in that of a Hindu; and that unless a European was filled with such love to Christ as would enable him cheerfully to renounce *all* things for His sake, he is no more a Christian than the Hindu who

shrinks from actually renouncing them; that God alone could read the heart and see whether this love existed; but that it was clear that without it no one could be saved. I assured them, that we felt most deeply for them, and prayed for them. I promised them "The Test of Truth." C. came in and spoke earnestly to them. Narayan and his partner Mr. Peyton (who is also a candidate for the Ministry, and with whom he maintains a boarding-house for young men who attend the Institution), Vincent Babu, and our dear friend Hormazdjí, came to tea.

I., the Jew, told me that his brother to the last acknowledged Jesus as the true Messiah, but that he himself was very much ashamed of confessing Him. He said, my husband had spoken very earnestly to him, and that they were "sach báten," true words. Many of the Jews in Bombay secretly read the New Testament; but although they know the difference between Protestants and others calling themselves Christians, yet the idolatry of the Romanists and Armenians is a great stumbling-block in their way.

Tuesday, February 11th.—Paid a farewell visit to Ibráhim's family, taking Mrs. Mitchell, Bachu, and the Bibi with me. A good many Jewesses were there. They knew all about Bachubai and her father. Ibráhim retreated when they came in, as it is not the custom of the Jewish ladies to see strangers. I sketched a Jewess with a very sweet countenance, smoking the huqá, and also her half-sister, a little girl of twelve (very like Hugh D.), who is betrothed to a son of Dáud Sassanán. The young man is now in China, with which country his father carries on a great trade, principally in opium. I also drew the daughter of the elder lady, a girl of thirteen, who has been lately married. Their dress

consists of a tight-fitting coat reaching to the feet, and open on each side nearly as high as the knee, to allow of walking. This is generally of gay colours, striped or figured, in one instance it was of silver brocade. It is cut down in front below the bosom, which is covered (besides under-garments) by a sort of stomacher of muslin, embroidered in gold and colours, while numerous necklaces, pendants, and chains surround the throat. The sleeves are tight, and over this long dress (under which they wear trousers, and are always curious to know if we do the same) they usually have a jacket with short sleeves of scarlet merino, green velvet, or some such bright material, the seams guarded with gold lace. Their own hair (except in the case of the little unmarried one) is hidden in front by false hair of a bright auburn, cut straight halfway down the forehead, and looped up in plaits at the side. The real tresses are plaited, and hang down the back with silver tassels and coins at the end. They often wear the Fez or red Turkish cap with blue tassel, round which is a small muslin turban of colours on a white ground, a handkerchief of the same is folded over the head and crossed under the chin, (only the unmarried girl was without this); and over all are bands of gold, pearls, and jewels, crossing the head in every direction, strings of pearls passing under the chin from one ear to the other. They wear gold coins, some of them very large, fastened to their chains; bracelets, rings, and immense gold bangles on their ankles. One lady had hers covered with a muslin case. They mostly wear stockings or socks.

The Bibí was very much pleased with their cordial manner. Ibráhim gave us some delicious tea, called

Páho. We then embraced his family and parted. Several of the ladies wore rouge, but neither Miriam nor her mother do so, for their skins were like satin to the touch. I then took the Bibí to see the wife of Nassirwánjí, a rich Parsí broker. We had to ascend innumerable stairs till we reached the highest story of the house, which was handsomely furnished with many mirrors and ornaments, much in the French style. Our host made a self-acting piano play for us, he used to play himself, but now has no time. He then took the Bibí and me into some inner apartments richly furnished, where his wife sat on a velvet sofa. She was a very pretty person, but disfigured by having her hair wholly covered with a white skull-cap. She was richly dressed in a satin Sarí, and with a short jacket underneath. She wore very handsome diamond earrings, pearl necklace, and handsome bangles and rings, but she was very inanimate, did not rise at our entrance, and scarcely made a salám. She had two beautiful children, both dressed in little black velvet tabards with spangles, and caps of the same. A very pretty little girl, about nine, sat on a chair near her, as immoveable as herself, so we concluded it was the Parsì mode. The Bibí was highly indignant at it, and declared our fair hostess was "just like an idol, for she neither rose nor made salám;" and the only thing she said, was to ask if "I was a Madam Sahib or a Baba?" This extreme apathy of the Parsì ladies is the more remarkable, as the men are very animated in their demeanour. It by no means follows, however, that they are as quiet as they appear, for a friend of mine saw one, when irritated by the unpolite behaviour of an English lady, and admonished by her husband not to

show her displeasure, dash her hand into his face in the presence of the whole company in the most contemptuous manner.

Nasirwanji spoke of hiding the women's hair, as "an abominable custom," and one that would certainly be abolished in a few years. Their religion does not allow them to speak, walk, or eat with their heads uncovered. He then brought my husband and Agha Muhammad in to see his wife, as the Parsi ladies may receive visitors, though they do not go out in public.

It is astonishing, that the most enlightened and enterprising race in India should profess so utterly childish a religion, one which gives minute directions for cutting and burying the hair and nails! and teaches, that the star Sirius is a bull with golden horns. It is a religion wholly devoid of external evidence. No one knows who Zoroaster was, or whether there was one or six; a few Parsis acknowledge the inspiration of the Zendavesta only, of which the text is corrupted, and the meaning almost unknown; others acknowledge as sacred, the Pehlevi and Persian writings, which are all modern!

Our kind hostess, Mrs. G., has a very nice Ayah, who is a learned woman, and reads the Kuran daily, without understanding a word of it. The Aga said, she reminded him of a devout kinswoman of his, who got a Munshi to read to her the "Martyrdom of Hasan and Hoseyn." As the lecture proceeded, she became more and more affected, wept, tore her hair, beat her breast, sobbed and groaned, until the irreverent Munshi burst out laughing, and told her he had been reading the Loves of Majnun and Leila!

My husband being detained by unexpected business, Mr. Murray Mitchell very kindly offered to accompany

Mary and me to Panwell, and we accepted this the more readily as it was a little relaxation for him. How great is the want of Missionaries at this place! The Institution alone requires at least two to itself, besides the native brethren Bazár preaching is a field for as many as can be found, the Portuguese community require a Missionary to themselves, so do the Parsis, so do the Ben-i-Israel, the Mussalmans have been sadly neglected. Mr. Mitchell was anxious to visit a Ben-i-Israel school at Panwell, but could not afford to stay till the next morning. Dear C. deposited us on board a very good bander boat at six P.M. We sat on the roof of the cabin and greatly enjoyed the sail. It was a most lovely evening, and the entrance to the Panwell River by bright moonlight was most serene and beautiful. A Parsi boat with lights on board followed us closely, and a whole crowd of boats was lying at Panwell. Our crew sang—one of their songs was simple and pretty, "Allah mere," &c., *i.e.* "O my God, give to me a good wind." Mr. Mitchell spoke of the want of books written expressly for the natives, and praised Mrs. Sherwood's "Indian Pilgrim." Took a cup of tea at Panwell, he packed us in the carriage, and we bade him farewell with much regret. The Ghát we ascended in Palkís, reaching Khandala about five A.M. We did not stop but went on to Puna, where we arrived about half-past one, very tired. Immediately packed and sent off the baggage towards Nagar. Passed many cotton trees to-day with their rich crimson blossoms, and numbers of Brinjarás and their bullocks returning from Bombay, whither they carry the bales of cotton from the interior. The women are covered with strange Tartar-looking ornaments of glass, wood and bone.

Saturday, 15th February.—C. arrived, having travelled

all night in the mail cart. Overheard several of the soldiers praying at their meeting. The prayers were most excellent, dwelling much on confession of sin, and imploring strength against temptation, and grace to sanctify and profit by the coming Sabath.

Sunday, 16th February.—There was the communion in Marathi. We both partook of it. About eleven female converts and twelve or fourteen men communicated. After service all offered their gifts. We saw two Sepáhis who had made the last campaign, both of whom were baptised by Mr. Allen. One of them is now pensioned, having been wounded, the other is in the third Bombay Native Infantry. He is a Madras man. These were the first Christian Sepáhis I have ever seen. There are a good many Romanists and some Protestants both in the Bombay and Madras armies. I never heard of one in Bengal. Some years ago a very gallant Sepáhi Havildar, a Mussalman I think, was converted, and the Government were so much alarmed at it that they forced him to retire on a pension, but times are greatly changed now.

Monday, February 17th.—We took leave of our friends last night, and started about three A.M. this morning, and reached Major Tapp's pretty Bungalow, at Serúr, about three A.M. on Wednesday. Opposite the porch is a sort of semicircular gallery for plants, the whole loooking so green and fresh that it was quite delightful, especially in such an out-of-the-way place. Major Tapp commands the Puna Horse, whose head quarters are here. He showed us a beautiful Album: we found him a most kind host and spent a very pleasant day.

Thursday.—Ahmednagar.—Dined with Mr. and Mrs. Woodcock. They live in a very pretty house made out of two Mussalman tombs, (said to be those of twin-grand-

daughters of Aurangzeb) for the dining and drawing-rooms, and a Hindu temple for the sleeping apartments, all connected by passages. They have two of the sweetest, most English-like children I have seen in India.

In the afternoon of Friday I went to see Mr. and Mrs. Burgess, of the American Mission. Mrs. Burgess read us part of a letter from Mr. Perkins of the Nestorian Mission, in which he relates the effect of a letter from Mr. Munger, describing one of his preaching tours. A Nestorian Deacon (who was formerly a robber but now a devoted servant of Christ) heard it read, and immediately resolved to carry the Gospel to all the villages in a certain district. This he has since done, making known the glad tidings in places where they had hardly been heard of before. Another Deacon or Priest has followed his example, and the Churches (I think) in Syria, have raised money to enable these evangelists to continue their labours. Mrs. Woodcock told me of a remedy (Henbane seed) which has effectually cured her and several other persons of toothache, you put about half a thimbleful on a little hot charcoal, and let the smoke go into the aching tooth, but not swallowing it, the mouth is kept open, and after a little the nerve drops out, it is like a white thread with a black head. She did this four or five years ago, and has had no pain since, though formerly she was a constant sufferer. The Afghans always say that a worm has eaten their tooth when it is decayed, and I think this may be from having seen the nerve, which is very like a worm.

Friday.—Went on to Inampúr, where the escort awaited us.

Saturday, February 22nd.—C. and I rode to Rastapúr,

and went on in the evening to Tokah, where we spent the Sabbath; it was very hot, but nothing in comparison to the Sunday we spent here last year.

Monday, February 24th.—Went to Dhygam in the morning, and drove in the buggy to Aurangabad in the evening. Even with C.'s careful driving and with so easy a buggy, the jolting was dreadful.

Wednesday, February 26th.—Mr. Wood called. His pupil, the youngest Mr. K., was born without arms or legs. He is about nineteen, and having from the first been thrown into society, does not feel any shyness in consequence of his misfortune. He has very good abilities, and such extraordinary energy, that there is nothing he will not attempt, and few things in which he does not succeed. He is a very bold rider, an excellent shot, keeps up all the correspondence with his mother, and shaves himself.

The next morning, Wednesday, we met the party at the Cavalry review. Mr. Arthur Kavanagh, the crippled one, rides on a little chair facing the horse, the bridle being twisted round the stump of the left arm. The Regiment did not show themselves to advantage; they did not level their lances in charging, neither did they keep together or charge with a rush, and those who used carbines showed the inefficiency of the weapon where neither men nor horses have been accustomed to it. The men fired in the air, keeping their eyes fixed on their horses, who bounded forward directly they heard the discharge. The Regiment is commanded by Captain ——— a man to whom I regret having ever spoken. Two years ago in the action in which Appa Sáhib was taken, Captain Orr, of the Artillery, led the Cavalry, and cut down Appa Sáhib with his own hand. Captain ——— was in command

of the Cavalry, and was in such a fright that he shut his eyes and thus got a cut on the head. He was getting it dressed by Dr.——, in the bed of the river, when he saw near them a Rohilla, severely wounded, begging for help, "Oh!" cried he, "kill that man; he has got a gun—he may shoot us." And Dr. ——, to his lasting disgrace, though a medical man, bound to help the wounded, instead of simply removing the man's gun, went up and hacked off his head. He is now very sorry for it, and says he never can forget the Rohilla's dying look.

Thursday, February 27th.—The officers, Brigadier Twemlow, and Mr. Wood and his party, went out to kill a tiger. The creature had devoured a great part of a bullock *without* killing it. Captain Sutherland Orr was on foot: the tiger charged him—he fired, and hit it in the shoulder; it charged again, and he wounded it a second time; and it was found afterwards that the ball had completely traversed its body, going in at the right shoulder and out on the left side. He then lay down in a bush, and it took five shots from the party on the elephants to dislodge him. The hunters did not return till five. After seeing the dead tiger by torch-light, we started after dinner (I in the palkí), and arrived about twelve at Doulatabad, where most of the hunters already were; found tea ready for us, and went to bed.

Friday, February 28th.—Started about sunrise, rode as high as we could, and then climbed up to the top of Doulatàbad, built by Muhammad Toghlak. This famous fortress, "The City of Riches," was impregnable from its situation, but is now in ruins. It rises abruptly from the plain, exactly in the form of a tent; the walls of the tent representing the scarp, and the sloping fly the upper part of the fortress. It is a fatiguing ascent.

The winding arched gateway, the Killadar's house at the summit, and many passages and staircases, still remain, with one solitary minar. The view from the top is fine. We saw a curious eighteen-pounder, of immense length. We then went to the vineyards. The vines grow like small trees; the stem five or six inches round. There are two kinds of grapes—an oblong, sweet, fleshy, white grape, very like a cherry in taste, and a black grape, of higher flavour, and eight times the price. We saw the Pangra tree, without leaves, but covered with a beautiful crimson blossom; and also a delicious little straw-coloured rose. On returning to our tents, we passed a poor donkey, which had just been killed by a panther; but though the gentlemen went after it, it got away.

In the afternoon went on to Rozah to see the tombs. Aurangzeb lies here, with no monument whatever — only a white cloth over his tombstone. Close by is the shrine of a Pír, which they would not allow us to enter: the doors seemed to be of silver, and a row of ostrich eggs hung above the tomb. This place is under the care of the stingy Nawab of Jafferabad; so it is not astonishing that it is not in good order. On the opposite side is another shrine, and some picturesque courts and arches. The muezzin was calling to evening prayer. We remarked some very curious pillars, very short, with lofty pointed arches springing from them. As we rode up to our tents the hill-side was on fire: it was a beautiful sight. We were all so tired and thirsty that we could scarcely speak.

Saturday, March 1st.—Started before sunrise for the famous Caves of Elora, that are close to Rozah. After descending a very wild Ghát, we were summoned

to the edge of the hill, and looking down, we beheld the magnificent Temple of Kaîlas—a monolithic pyramidical temple, 100 feet high, most elaborately carved, with detached hall and gateway, connected with it by bridges, with obelisks on each side of it; the whole in a court about 400 feet square, and entirely hewn out of the balsatic rock which surrounds it. This is the most astonishing work I ever saw; and this the most striking *point de vue*. We were not, however, suffered to linger long over it, as we had twelve caves to see; so we rode on to the most distant.

The caves at Elora are supposed to have been made from A.D. 800 to 950. While Alfred was inventing clock-candles, and Charlemagne was conquering the Saxons, and converting them, after his manner, the Hindù system of mythology was becoming general, and these caves, and those of Elephanta, are the monuments of Tankrita principles; by which is meant, a sort of amalgamation of the worship of Siva and Durgá with Buddhism. It appears that even the Buddhists do not question the superior antiquity of Brahmanism. Their own faith was a protest against Vidantism. The Buddhists protested against the division of men into castes, and especially against the Brahminical hierarchy, and against animal sacrifices. I have never seen a clear account of their tenets, but like those of most Eastern philosophical schools, it would probably be next to impossible to give a *clear* account of them, and they seem to have varied a good deal among themselves. Both the Buddhist and Brahminical systems always remind me of what Voltaire said, "Quand celui qui écoute n'entend rien, et celui qui parle n'entend pas plus, c'est la métaphysique." The Buddhists, besides five or six immaterial Buddhas,

who seem to be personifications of the elements, have seven mortal Buddhas, *i. e.*, men, who by contemplation and mortification have become Buddha; Gautama, the last of these, died in Behár, about B. C. 588. He is said to have had 550 incarnations! Buddhism reached its apex of prosperity under the Emperor Azoka, B.C. 242, who became a convert to it, and who inscribed his decrees on the pillars which he dedicated to the Sun, at Karlí, Allahabad, Dehli, and other places. Mahendra, the son of Azoka, carried Buddhism to Ceylon.

We partly rode, and partly walked, to the furthest cave, which forms part of the northern series, which is of Buddhist or Jainá origin, the middle caves being Brahminical, and the southern pure Buddhist. Indra Sabhá is entered by a fine gateway; on the left is a monolith pillar, surmounted by four Buddhas, and on the right an elephant of blackstone. The temple, which stands in the centre of the court, is cut out of the living rock, like every other part of these wonderful monuments of labour and art. It is pyramidical, supported by pillars. A flight of steep steps leads to an upper story, which is square, with a sort of vestibule running the whole length of it. At one end is a colossal figure of Indra, seated on a tiger, both coloured with red lead, and at the other is his wife, Indraní. The ceiling is very beautiful; it is supported by low square pillars, the arabesques on which are quite Grecian, and superior to anything of the sort I have seen in India, a sort of acanthus pattern. In a smaller apartment beyond, is a figure of Buddh. The pillars on each side of the doorway, when quickly rubbed, emit a sound like a drum. There are many smaller chambers attached to this temple, with Buddhs in each. I

cannot pretend to give an accurate account of the caves, for they are so numerous and extensive, that such a rapid view of them as we had, is not sufficient to enable one to remember each particular. In one of them, there were three circles marked on the floor, forming the three points of a triangle, meant, we were told, as places for human sacrifice.

The Durmá Lena, another grand cave, has couchant lions at each door. It is a Brahminical temple, somewhat resembling Elephanta. The outer part is composed of an Egyptian sort of colonnade, beyond which is a square temple, with eight colossal janitors, one on each side of its four doors. Descending some steps on the right, there is a striking view; during the rains the water pours from a hole in a neighbouring rock in a cascade from 80 to 100 feet. There are many horrid images of Shiva, or his wife, Kalí, or Parwatí, with many arms, impaling one infant, holding another by the hair, and the hands filled with every sort of weapon. Then we came to Kailas, or Paradise, the most wonderful of the temples. There is first, a fine square gateway with a pillar, or obelisk, and an elephant on either side. Then a pyramidical temple, 100 feet high, and beyond, a spacious hall. The upper stories of the temple and hall are connected by bridges, and the whole is most elaborately carved. The hall is supported by huge stone lions and elephants fighting with each other, and the exterior of the temple is covered with bas-relief, representing Rani's conquests in Ceylon, where, assisted by an army of monkeys, he delivered the gods, and his wife, Sita, from captivity. If for gods, you read Brahmans, who are so called and so considered, and for monkeys, wild hill-tribes, there is little difficulty in discerning the true basis of this

fabulous history, allowing for such poetic embellishments as those we saw represented; for instance, the monkeys carrying mountains on their heads, and Hanúmán, the monkey-god, providing a seat for his tired leader, Ram, by coiling up his tail till it was nearly as high as Ram himself, who comfortably reposes on the top. The upper story of the gateway contains an image of Siva's bull.

On entering the great hall, we observed a Suniasi, or devotee, ghastly from being besmeared with ashes. There were two others in one of the dark aisles, who prudently kept out of sight, as they were entirely devoid of clothing. Captain Orr told us that one of these fanatics, at Kábúl, when a mine was about to be sprung, went and sat close to the match; when, however, the explosion took place, his insensibility to fear quickly gave way, he fled to an archway, wherein he was found uninjured, but trembling in every limb from excess of terror. This great hall is about sixty-six feet by fifty-five; the roof is carved to imitate rafters; the ceiling is only sixteen or seventeen feet high. Close by is an unfinished Temple of Siva, which shows the method in which the temples were excavated. They were begun at the bottom. In one place, a huge mass of rock had fallen, and C. remarked, "How inexpressible must that terror be which would cause men to call on the rocks to fall on them, to hide them from the wrath of the Lamb." By this temple is an immense colonnade, filled with bas-reliefs of the incarnations or miracles of Siva. In one, a Thug is represented strangling a Brahman, who is worshipping an emblem of Shiva, who comes to the rescue and kicks over the Thug; in another, he is disembowelling a man; in a third, he has horse's legs, as one of the

Brahmans explained, "for galloping on the sea." Many of these figures have ten or twelve arms; they give one a vivid idea of the mingled puerility and cruelty of the Brahminical creed.

At some distance is a very fine Buddhistical cave, almost as fine as that of Karlí. The Dahgób is very fine, and in front of it is a colossal figure of Buddh seated, with an attendant on either side, their ears drooping to the shoulders, from the insertion of immense ornaments in the lobe. It is curious to remark the mitres and the nimbus, or glory, on the heads of so many Buddhistical figures. It may be considered proved, that Buddhisim is the source of Monasticism. It extended to Bámian (as we see by the colossal figures there), to Persia, where it had a great affinity with some of the Zoroastrian tenets, and to Alexandria. The latter city was the birthplace of the Eclectic School, and Egypt was the birthplace of the Monastic System. Gnostic doctrines of the sinfulness of matter, and consequently of the body *per se*, mingled with Buddhistical ideas of abnegation and a life of celestial meditation, hence the fanatic austerities and seclusion of Simon Stylites and others. Several of the Alexandrian fathers give a detailed account of Buddhist doctrines.

We returned to Rozah, and Mary and I lay down in a large and beautiful mausoleum, where she had slept, and which was far cooler than the tents. The heat was extreme. Left about three o'clock. Mr. W. came to see us on Tuesday and Wednesday. Captain Sutherland Orr has been telling me of the late outbreak at Darúr. He visited the Fort about a month previous, and found the unfortunate Rohillas (chiefly Afgháns) confined at the bottom of an old well, in a state of filth and misery that *could not* be described. He said it

made his blood boil to see them. A month after, they overpowered their guard—did *not* hang the Killadar, but behaved with great moderation, victualled the Fort, and held it until Brigadier Beatson forced them to surrender. Being now in our hands, they have certainly gained by their move. Brigadier Beatson is an enthusiastic soldier, and served in the Carlist campaign, in Spain, He mentioned that fine trait in the French army, where the memory of the gallant Latour d'Auvergne, the "Premier Grenadier de France," is preserved to this day by his name being the first on the roll-call. When the answer is given, "*Pas ici;*" "*Où est-il?*" and then comes the thrilling reply, "*Mort sur le champ de bataille.*" Who can tell how many soldiers those six words have made!

Colonel Twemlow has a volume of the "Dnyanodaya" —a Marathi paper, published by the American Mission. I will give you two or three facts I gleaned from it. It shows that caste is falling. A scholar of the Elphinstone Institution (not a Christian school) writes of many of his countrymen,—"They have no more faith in Jesus Christ than in their own religion. They believe the Jesus of the English and the Krishna of the Hindus to be alike impostors."

In the same letter he argues against the idea of caste. A native paper, the "Prubhakar," openly advocates toleration; laughs to scorn the Brahmans for threatening loss of caste to those who send their children to the Missionary schools; and exhorts converts and inquirers "to weigh the respective merits of Christianity and Hinduism, and if they adopt the former to be good and thorough Christians." "The educated Hindus ask in what caste consists? A man is not a Brahman till he has assumed the sacred cord;

eating with another caste, disqualifies him, and yet re-admission can be purchased by money. A Sepahi having been converted, his caste offered to pay his expenses of his re-admission to caste, if he would apostatize." Another curious fact is, that secret societies exist, to which men and women of all castes belong—Brahmans, Marwadís, Mahars, Gosavis, &c.; the condition of their admission is eating meat and drinking spirits in common. These societies, though altogether evil, must be instrumental in weakening the prejudices of caste. Spirit drinking and intoxication seem to be far more prevalent in the Western Presidency and the Dekkan that in the upper provinces. At Elichpúr all the lower orders drink, women included. Madras and Goa cooks almost invariably do so. At the same time the Goa people (*i.e.* Portuguese, Roman Catholics) will seldom suffer their wives to enter into European service, thinking it disreputable. Another curious fact is, that (as I have mentioned before) Romanists, Hindùs, and Mussalmáns amalgamate after a time, so that the Hindùs celebrate the Muharram; Mussalmáns have adopted the Hindù idea of caste; and Brahmans will perform Vedantic ceremonies in the house of a Goa woman. Mr. Murray Mitchell has himself seen Hindùs making offerings in the Romanist chapels near Bombay. The "Dnyanodaya" gives some frightful details of the Charak Pújá, or Hook-worship, when infatuated devotees swing themselves round in the air by hooks inserted in the back. It says that this practice is diminished in Calcutta, but nowhere else, though it receives no sanction from the Shasters; and it justly remarks that this self-torture is as fit a subject for prohibition by Government as Satí was. This paper also relates a case which occurred at Nagar, where a mother

was bound over in a penalty of one hundred rupees not to injure her own children, she having given poison to two of her daughters who had become Christians. The poor girls were very ill in consequence, and even delirious.

We left Aurangabad on the evening of Wednesday, March 5th, going the first stage on an elephant, and lost our road. Relays of bearers and oxen having been posted, we got to Chandhai, thirty-eight miles, by Thursday morning, our tents having preceded us.

Monday, 10th.—Rode to Umlapùr; arrived before they had pitched. C. found a beautiful site in the shade of some fine mango trees. The Mahars, or outcasts of the village, sweep and clear the ground, then the tents are put up, the horses tied to trees till the Sáises come up, and the table servants form fireplaces of stones. Karím took a whole row, which had been painted red for worship, to boil the water for breakfast, but left the poor little glass bracelets, which had been offered to them. The next morning rode down the beautiful Ghát to Lakinwarra, the boundary of our division. It was much hotter.

Went on in the evening, to Waragam. We pack the chaise garri, with servants, mount some of the others, and are thus enabled to make double marches; I rode seven miles in the evening, on Rubbi, who tires me much less than any other horse, from walking so fast and so easily. Past a tenantless fort, and just after, a place where a tiger had killed a poor cloth-merchant and another man, only on Saturday; so we closed up our ranks, and went slowly, on account of those on foot. C. put a young lad (the brother of one of our Saises) on his own horse, for he was quite knocked up, and so was I by the time we arrived.

Wednesday, March 12th.—We halted. The heat was

great, even with tatties. Found a poor Telinga man and his daughter (Romanists) going to Jalan, to a son of his, in great distress, having sold even the girl's sari, to buy food. She had a fever, and though they had a Lotah or brass vessel, they had no string and "nothing to draw with, and the wells are deep;" so that they have often been obliged to wait half the day, under the burning sun, until some traveller came up, who had a rope. We kept them the day, and sent them on with the return escort, the next morning. At Umlapur, I tried an experiment, by sending our old Sikh into the town, with tracts for sale. He sold about a dozen (chiefly to Brahmans), though most of the men were out at work.

Thursday, March 13th.—Went to Akolah, riding the last ten miles. The heat was dreadful; we all lay on the floor, and dozed, even Anderson's Maehrchen could not keep me awake. We started about four P. M., C. driving me in the buggy. This morning, we had a very pretty ride, and saw a large sounder or herd of boar-pigs, about fifteen of them; a huge old boar bringing up the rear. The roads give one a lively idea of what roads are "before they are made;" at the same time, the country is so level and fertile, that fifty rupees a mile is my husband's calculation for making really good roads, besides a few ghats. We are now ascending a little. This evening, the jungle we passed through was on fire in many places, enough to look pretty, but not enough to frighten the horses. Took tea at Dehhinda. The magnificent Keysu blossom is in full beauty.

Friday, March 14th.—Rode, the fourteen miles, to Béudah. C. dismounted to get a shot at a deer. It came flying towards him; he did not see, what Mangal's wonderfully quick eye did, that a tiger was in

full pursuit of it; his shot frightened the monster, who turned off in another direction.

Saturday, March 15th.—Rode into Elichpur, the neighbourhood is certainly most beautiful. We entered by the city, where I had never been. The Sawars actually could not show us the way to cantonments! I was not very well, so C. sent me up to Chikaldah, on the 21st. Mary and I mounted at Imlibagh, the wind was so high, that old Turki was literally blown sideways off the path, and I thought we should have been blown out of our saddles; the whole ghat was strewed with our goods and chattels, mules, oxen, ponies, and bearers, who could not get on; it looked as if a house had been blown to pieces at the top of the hill, and all its contents scattered down the road. It had a much more wintery appearance than I have yet seen, for almost all the trees are bare. I never felt anything more refreshing than the change. Had a wall immediately pulled down, and another begun.

Tuesday, April 8th.—Since then, C. and I have been living in our own house, improving and adding to it. I inspect everything, and think there is much more pleasure in a house which one has, as it were, built oneself, superintending everything, and thinking of everything, than in a far finer one, done to one's hand. One whole day did I toil in papering the drawing-room, measuring the paper, showing them how to put it on, and fixing on the border. Orderlies, Khalasis, Chaprasis, servants, and all worked with wonderful zeal, and would scarcely leave off. Two sides of the room were done, and really well done. We all rejoiced in chorus, over our cleverness and the beauty of our room, when C. heard crack, crack, the paper and size on one side bulged out, and when we came back from our ride, almost all one side had fallen

down! It was very grievous, but we had been so much comforted by the improvement in Thakur, Mungal Sing's brother, who we feared was dying of liver, that we could not bemoan ourselves for such a little thing; so next morning, I had the remaining paper pulled down, and the room whitewashed. Thakur is a very fine young Rajput. My husband has been visiting him twice daily, at the Fort. He was delirious for some days, and solemnly warned my husband against a Musalman, who, he said, was following him to kill him. He then upbraided Mangal. "You call yourself the Sahib's follower," said he, "and there you sit, and don't take a step to defend his life! you 'asal úlú!' 'you genuine owl!'" Mangal was in great distress about his brother, especially as they have just lost their mother, but now that Thakur is better, he is inexpressibly diverted at the recollection of these fancies. I never saw a more beautiful face when he is amused, it is like that of the laughing fawn, only with a much more noble expression; every feature beams mirth.

April 7th.—C. went on a shooting expedition to a place called Mazan Am, or the Corpse Mango, from a body having been buried beneath it. The Gonds disinter the bones of their friends a certain time after death, and then bury them again under some great tree. My husband's informant added, "Ismen bhóte ilm hai," "This requires *great* science."

A poor woman came the other day to appeal to my husband. Her story was a very sad one. It appears that about eighteen months ago she and her daughter, a girl of thirteen, were on their way to Nagpùr, where she has a brother, when their means failed and they were obliged to stop halfway at a village within the Nagpùr territories, where this poor woman earned her

living by the labour of her hands. The headman of the village cast his eyes upon the young girl, forcibly took her from her mother, and, after keeping her in his house upwards of a year; murdered her and threw her into a well. The poor mother found her daughter's body floating on the water, all mangled and disfigured, and taking her lotah and a tiny bundle a foot long, came here for justice. The old Pandit in interpreting her story, added sadly, " These things are too common here." This shocking case occurred in the Nagpùr territory, and my husband is prevented from even forwarding any representation of it. The poor woman a few days after her arrival showed evident signs of derangement, though there is no reason to suspect the truth of her story.

The same day a poor old Gond came to complain of the murder of his son. Crimes among the Gonds are extremely rare. They are a very primitive simple people, with much of the Tartar in their physiognomy. Their language has no affinity with Marathì, or Hindùi, or any of the Sanscrit family of languages, but is considered to have much resemblance to Tamil, and the other tongues of Southern India; they have no written language, and no part of the Scriptures has ever existed in their tongue, even in M.S. Those of the interior understand no language but their own, even here only a few of them have picked up a few Hindustanì words, so that they are shut out from instruction. Mr. Hunter of Nagpùr, however, informs us that efforts in their behalf will speedily be made by the Baptist Mission at Ságar. They are the same at the Khunds of the west of Orissa. They inhabit a portion of the Sátpura Range, about 100 miles in length, between the Tapti on the N. and Púrna Rivers; and are divided

into two castes, the Gonds Proper, and the Nihâls, who are the Dhers (or low caste) of the Hills, and who were nearly exterminated by the Musalmâns, who are said to have brought the Gonds from the North to replace them. The Tartar physiognomy of the Gonds is in favour of this hypothesis, but the nature of their language is against it.

The Nihâls are herdsmen and sweepers—they carry loads, act as guides and watchmen, and for these services a piece of land, tax free, in every village is cultivated and reaped for them by the Gonds. The two castes do not intermarry, but have the same religion; they have no temples, priests, or images; they worship stones, and appear to be Hindùs only from imitation of their neighbours. Both Gonds and Nihâls bury their dead. The Nihâl is said to be given to theft, but the Gonds are honest, quiet cultivators of the land, truthful and easily contented. They are exceedingly ignorant, and are said to have no words for numbers above twelve; they have no artificial irrigation, no trades, not even weaving, and are wretchedly poor and ill-clothed. They are allowed two wives, and have a curious custom of buying their spouses.

A young Gond, the servant of our huntsman, Mangal Sing, paid a sum of money for a girl, and then served her father a certain number of years (as is their custom) to make up the balance of her value. After the father had got all he could from his son-in-law, he made arrangements for selling his daughter over again to another person, and the young Gond, finding she was not averse to the transfer, declined having anything more to do with her, and demanded back the price he had paid for her. This the grasping

father refused, so Mangal appealed on his behalf to my husband, who, though he has no authority over the Gonds, used his personal influence in the matter, which was satisfactorily settled. Divorces are very rare among them. The Gonds have music at their feasts, which is not allowed to the Niháls. Their instruments are a Dhol and Dholki, *i. e.* a large and small drum and fife. They erect a wooden pillar, on which the figure of a horse, and the sun and moon, are rudely carved, in front of the hut of a newly married couple, where it remains till it decays, but they can give no explanation of this custom. They have sorcerers, who are consulted at births and marriages, and who use incantations to render tigers harmless. I believe there is no doubt that they offer human sacrifices to propitiate their idols in time of calamity. The Gond sorcerers are much respected by the Hindùs and in the plains.

The Nihals sometimes have bows and arrows: the Gonds have no arms but a hatchet. Their huts are low sheds of "tats," *i.e.*, walls of thatch; and their villages are unwalled. They have elective, not hereditary Patels, and Chowdris, or assistant Patels, each of whom has one plough of ground free of tax. The only tax is about five rupees on each plough: this is levied on the whole village. The population is now so small, that there are not above three persons to a square mile, whereas formerly the hills were so populous, that a proverb tells of the villages being only a peacock's flight from each other, and of the sound of the drum being heard from village to village throughout the hills. The Gaulis assimilate closely to the Gonds; but no other Ryots ever settle in the hills. Their decrease in numbers is partly owing to the invasions of the Peshwa and the Elichpúr Nawáb, at the beginning

of this century, and to the great famine of 1803, which desolated this part of the country; but the revenue of the most fertile portion of Gondwana is said to have decreased three-fourths since that period. This is owing to the oppression under which they at present groan, owing to the removal of their hereditary Rajahs.

The history of the principal Jaghir (fief) will give a pretty good idea of that of the rest. The ancestor of the Makhla Rajah was a Chuàn Rájput, to whom one of the Mussalman Emperors granted about 2000 square miles of territory in perpetuity, with extensive Haqs (privileges) and Inám lands in the low country. This grant was confirmed by Alamghír. No conditions are stated, but they were understood to be, guarding the northern frontier of the Dakkan. Accordingly, the Makhla Rajah resisted all attacks until 1812, when Zitkhuru, the brother of the Rajah, on some family quarrel, sought the assistance of Salabat Khan, the Nawáb of Elichpúr, and the contest ended in tne elder brother, Abdul Sing, being established at Makhlah, and Zitkhuru at Mhailghàt. Soon after, Chatter Sahib, ex-Rajah of Sattara, having taken refuge in the hills, the Peshwah sent 20,000 men, under his golden standard, from Puná, who drove out both the brothers, and left garrisons of Sindís at Makhlah and Mhailghàt, and an Arab force in the plains to support them. Abdul Sing, having escaped from captivity, destroyed the Sindí garrisons, but was again expelled by the Arabs. The British having taken possession of Puná and Nagpúr, the Arabs withdrew voluntarily; and when, in 1818, the British came to Elichpúr, they were joined by Sálabat Khân, on whose representations they put his troops in possession of the Makhla Jaghír.

This was the more inexcusable on our part, as the Gond Rajahs had always shown themselves friendly. In 1803 the Duke, then General Wellesley, had recommended that they should be treated with liberality; and in 1818-19 Captain Jones and Major Grant, commanding at Gawilghar, reported the services of the Makhla Rajah, by which Captain Jones's detachment had been saved from disaster. Captain J. says, "From what I observed in my march through Makhla, I am confident that the Rajah is beloved by the Gonds, and has great control over them. He is looked up to as the head of the Gonds of the range, and appears to be perfectly attached to the British Government."

Notwithstanding this, all the Rajahs were dispossessed save two, the Bhìl Rajah Shabàz of Bingarah, and one Gond Rajah, Zuráwan Sing. The Makhla Rajah was reduced to extreme indigence; and the Elichpúr Nawáb of course opposed any investigation with all his might. The father of the present Rajah was about to be restored by the Haiderabad Government, in 1825, when he unfortunately died, and his son never could get his claims inquired into, until, in 1841, the Gond Rajahs were confirmed as stipendiaries of Government, on condition of finally relinquishing all watanddári (feudal) and proprietary claims on their Jághirs in the hills.* Extreme need compelled these chiefs to accept terms so unfair to them and so injurious to their people.

Captain B. Johnstone, in 1842, suggested 250 rupees a-month, as compensation to the Makhla Rajah. The rule is, to give two-thirds of the value of the Jaghir. Now Makhla formerly yielded 75,000 rupees per

* Khurn Sing and Jabber Sing, aged relatives of the Raja, were eye-witnesses of these events, and are, I believe, still living.

annum; the result of misrule is, that it now yields about 12,000 rupees; so that the Rajah is entitled to at least 8000 rupees a-year. His Haqs in the low country are worth 8500; two-thirds of which, *i.e.*, 5,680, is due to him. He is, therefore, justly entitled to a total of 13,683 rupees per annum, instead of 3000!

The result to the Gonds is nothing less than gradual extermination. The country is still nominally subject to the Rajahs, but they are forbidden to exercise any authority or interfere in any way, and yet are made responsible for disorders! All authority is in the hands of the local Náibs and Zemindárs, who do not reside among the people, and who are liable to be changed every six months. Their only object is, therefore, to make as much money as they can during their precarious tenure of office. The Gonds are left without protection, to their rapacity; and being a free, wild and sensitive people, it is their custom, when suffering from undue extortion, to make a heap of their property, set fire to, it and abandon the place. The poor old Patel of Chikaldah was put in irons by the Killadár of Gawilghar, who wished to force him to increase the tax paid for his herds of buffalows, and to give up the rent of some officers' Bungalows, which justly belonged to him.

No sooner was the old man released than he deserted the place with his whole family, and would probably never have returned had he not relied on obtaining some redress through the Brigadier. The same misery would occur in any other place, if the Zemindárs, or hereditary landholders, were withdrawn; and of course, so ignorant a people as the Gonds are peculiarly defenceless when deprived of their Chiefs. Should the present system be persisted in, the Gonds will be extinct

in ten or fifteen years, and these lovely hills will become the abode of robbers, who may make us pay dearly for our apathy towards the sufferings of their harmless predecessors. The only way to secure the Gonds from undue taxation and breaches of faith, is to act on the recommendation of Captain T. H. Bullock, in a report sent to Government in 1847, and restore the Rajás to their hereditary rights. They possess the confidence and affection of the people, and would be as formerly, the medium of communication between them and the Government. Tara Sing, the Dhulghát Rájá, still retains some of his Zemindári rights. Dhulghát is one of the great passes through the hills. Another is Bingarrah, where there is a Bhîl Raja. It is just on the boundary between the Gond and Bhîl territory.

Captain O'Brien has just established a school at Makhla, which is likely to be well attended, but the Gonds of this region will be extinct (at the present rate of depopulation) before they are educated, unless the British Government interfere. Another matrimonial case was brought before my husband a little while ago. A young and rather nice looking girl came to complain that a man three times her age claimed her as his wife; she said—" I am not his wife, I never was betrothed to him, or if I was, it was when I was too little to know anything about it. He has only one arm, and rather than marry him, I will kill myself."

Truly, a residence in India is sufficient to make one most arbitrary and unreasonable in European eyes. One can get almost anything done, simlpy by insisting upon it. For instance, the bearer could not make some little wicks which I burn at night. After incessant failures my husband fined him four annas, (sixpence) and my lamp has never gone out since, but burns upwards

of twelve hours at a time. But a much more wonderful parallel to Frederick the Great's famous order that the Grenadiers' caps should not be blown off was, in the case of a Dhai or wetnurse, whom a friend of mine had procured with very great trouble, and at very high wages, for her delicate little babe. The child was just beginning to thrive, when the parents were obliged to leave the Station, and offered the Dhai every inducement to go with them only for three months, but in vain—she obstinately refused to remain in their service, though she knew that another nurse could by no means be procured. At last one day there was not a drop of sustenance for poor baby. The native women are very learned in these matters, and know a hundred remedies that our medical men are quite ignorant of. She had probably eaten Chambeli, the Indian Jessamine. However as baby seemed likely to starve, the poor mother appealed to my husband. He sent word to the nurse, that he would shave her head and turn her out of Cantonments, and two hours after baby had as abundant a meal as could be wished.

CHAPTER IX.

Two Multan Merchants.—Oppression—A Mad Tree.—Hira and the Tailor.—Aristocratic Potatoes.—Flyting.—History of Joseph.—A Thanks-offering.—Cobweb Pills.—Caves.—Nagpur Converts.—Opposition to Missions—Idolatrous Compliances—Nagpur Missionaries.—Colporteur Arrested.—Oaths Abolished.—Waterfall.—Gallant Defence by a Rajput.—Frightful State of the Country.—The Thuggi Establishment.—Robbers Protected.—Akham's Jungle on Fire.—The 4th Sikh Volunteers.—Their March.—Baptism of a Sepahi.—Contributions to Popery.—Watching for a Tiger.—Night Scene.—A Bear.—Orderly Killed by a Tiger.—Tiger Worship.—March.—District Authorities.—Horsemanship.—Camp at Night.—Sabbath.—Uncanny Fish.—A Tiger —Child Stolen.

August 30th.—Truly, this land groans because of oppression. We were gardening the other day, when an elderly man with a long black beard accosted my husband. His name was Saiad Hasan,a merchant of Multàn, and it appeared that his younger brother had set off for this country with four Elephants and a rich stock of merchandize. When the Rohilla disturbances took place about three years ago, they were made the pretext for seizing every stranger from whom any profit could be extracted, and among others, Saiad Khairulla, whose property was confiscated, and he himself cast into prison, where he has remained ever since. His brother came in search of him (more than many European brothers would do,

but family ties are certainly more strongly felt here) and spent all his substance in endeavouring to obtain his release at Haiderabad. An order was at length sent to the Nazim, (or Nawab) in which the name of the elder brother Saiad Hasan was inserted (whether out of knavery or mistake) instead of that of the prisoner, who was consequently kept fast. Saiad Hasan in despair came to my husband who wrote a friendly note to the Nazim, pointing out the mistake, and in a few days Saiad Khairullah came up to express his gratitude. His property was gone past recovery, so we gave them letters and some little assistance towards their journey to Multan. Khairullah was a very handsome, cheerful looking man, with such a bright smile, that it was wonderful how he could have retained it after such an imprisonment. We heard of a frightful instance of similar oppression when at Arangabad. An old Afghán who had received a grant of land for good service done in his youth to the Nizam's Government, was seized by an English officer as a Rohilla. In vain his neighbours bore testimony to his character for upwards of five and twenty years, and the estimation in which he was held as a peaceable Zemindar, the white bearded man was thrust into that abominable dungeon at Darúr and died there in great misery.

Will you believe the following story on the testimony of an eye witness? Our Munshí Badrudín is ready to swear that he saw it "many years ago when he was a very young man." A mad dog bit a horse which was tied to a Mango tree that had long been noted for the excellence of its fruit. The horse became raving mad, tore great pieces out of his own flesh, and out of the bark of the tree, and finally died. In a short time the Mango tree withered away and died too. A woodman seing a dry tree began

to cut it down, a splinter flew off and hit him on the crown of the head. "It drew two or three drops of blood, not more," said the accurate Munshi, "nevertheless in a short time the unfortunate man began to bark like a dog, to tear his flesh like the horse, and became raving mad. A bystander said 'It is time to put him out of his misery,' so he threw a little cold water in his face and his spirit departed."

Did I tell you of the way in which our darling little paroquet (Hira), oppresses the Dirzí?—sits on his head and screams at him, takes possession of his box, and will not suffer him to touch it; so the poor man gravely besought his mercy, saying:—"Why do you do so, we are but poor tailors, we live under your protection, why do you oppress us?" to which remonstrances Hira answered by drooping his wings, spreading his long tail, and parading up and down in the most Imperial manner. The other day, however, the tailor's hour of triumph came. The Chikór, a fierce hill-partridge, was loose and chased Hira, who fled from him amain. It was most ludicrous to hear the tailor's exultation, "Ha, ha," he said, "you oppress us because we are poor servants, but you are afraid of the big partridge. Ha, ha, now you are afraid!"

Our potatoes have all failed this year—after promising fairly they have unaccountably withered away. We thought the cause might be the unusually heavy rains, but the gardener attributes it to some persons of no caste, pariahs, having looked upon them! Did you know that potatoes were so aristocratic? The strawberry plants seem stronger minded, for they are flourishing.

To my great amusement C. is tyranized over by an old woman, the servant of our Munshi, who "flytes" him *secundem artem*. He was standing outside speaking

to the Munshi the other day when she came up with her hands full of vegetables which we had sent to the Munshi. "Look here," she said, "do you call these vegetables? They are sticks! How can I cook such vegetables? Are such as these fit for my master?" (They were certainly very odd-looking hard things.) "Do you call these vegetables? Do you send such as these to my master? A fine present, truly! There are your vegetables," cried she, throwing them down at his feet in a transport of scornful indignation, leaving the Munshi transfixed with shame and horror at seeing the Brigadier Sáhib so treated.

Another day she met my husband, "I am very cold," said she, "look at my clothes. You are called the cherisher of the poor, why don't you give me some?" Whereupon C. humbled himself in her presence and shortly after gave her a piece of cloth, for which the poor old thing was very thankful.

7th September.—C. read Malan's most admirable little book "the True Cross." He said he looked upon his so doing as an epoch, for it made the blessed doctrine of assurance clearer and more precious to him than it had ever been before.

"Le Glaneur Missionaire" came by post the other morning as we were standing in the verandah. C. showed the people a picture it contained of the Egyptians buying food from Joseph. This led him to read the whole history of Joseph to a most attentive circle of orderlies, chaprasis, and servants. They were quite touched by it; and when Jacob lamented for his son, and Joseph recognized Benjamin, tears stood in the eyes of several.

It has just come to our knowledge that the people in the Cantonment Bazár, out of gratitude for the

removal of an officer who was very unpopular among them, have raised a subscription, (the rich ones contributing about one and a-half rupee each) in order to give all their idols a new coat of paint as a thank-offering.

A very long interval has clapsed since I have written, or been able to write in my journal. After a very pleasant summer and rainy season at Chikaldah, I was attacked with Birar fever at the beginning of November, 1851, and continued for a year, having one or two attacks every month. After some time it became a regular intermittent fever, but set quinine at defiance. Cobweb pills, made of common cobwebs, and taken in doses of ten grains three times a day, not only stopped it, but greatly improved my general health, though they did not prevent my being ordered to Europe. They have been given with wonderful success in Labuan, and recently at Elichpúr, in the hospitals. I have not much to record during this tedious illness, though much to remember.

On the 2nd. January, 1852, we took my mother and sister, who came from England to pay us a visit, and arrived in December, to see the caves of Muktagari. These are not very ancient, but most picturesquely situated in a gorge of the hills, about twelve miles from Elichpúr. There are several structural temples—I know not whether properly Buddhistical or Brahminical—they resemble the Shiwálás, at Benáres. Many pilgrims were visiting the shrine.

Soon after we had a great treat in the shape of a visit from Mr. Hislop and Mr. Hunter, of the Free Kirk Mission at Nagpúr. They stayed with us about a fortnight preaching in the city, at the Missionary-

house, as well as almost daily to our servants. They were accompanied by several native Christians; but, as they spoke but little English, and we no Mahratti, we could have but little intercourse with them. One of them was a most zealous colporteur, who sold many books in the city, and thought nothing of walking as far as to Akote (thirty miles) in one day, and to Amritsir another, for the same purpose. Baba Pandurang, the Brahman lad, who, having taken refuge in the British cantonments, which, by treaty, are considered strictly as British territory, was delivered up by the Acting Resident, Captain Ramsay, to the Nagpúr authorities, by whom he was cast into prison for no other crime than professing Christianity, was also with them. By imprisonment, threats, and entreaties, he was at last persuaded to comply with some idolatrous rites; but he was no sooner his own master, than he returned to the Missionaries. He is not yet baptized. It appears that the British authorities at Nagpúr have generally opposed the Gospel. Brigadier S—— put a stop to the labours of a Bible colporteur in Nagpúr, though the native authorities made no objection to them, and though the agents of the Madras Bible Society freely carry on their work in the territories of the native princes.

Objections much more frequently come from nominal Christians than from the heathen. For instance, an excellent officer, Captain William Hare, of the Nizam's service, was threatened with dismissal by the Resident at Haiderabad for allowing Sepáhis to be present at his family worship, which was in Hindùstanì. He did not urge, but simply permitted their attendance; they came of their own free will, yet a so-called Christian

forbade their doing so! I am happy to say that the present Resident at Nagpúr, Mr. Mansell, lately presided at an examination of the Mission Schools.

Few people at home know that the British authorities still countenance idolatrous ceremonies by their presence. Whether this be merely from custom, or in consequence of express orders from the Supreme Government, I do not know; but neither can justify it.

This is the case at Gwalior, Indore Baroda, and Nagpúr, if not elsewhere. An officer described to me a solemn Hindù sacrifice, at which he was present, in the suite of Sir Henry Pottinger. At Nagpùr the Resident annually makes an official visit to the Rajáh, on the occasion of that most degrading Saturnalia—of which educated natives are thoroughly ashamed—the Holi festival; and a former Resident even submitted to be sprinkled with the red powder used by the natives on this occasion. No Mussalmán Government ever degraded themselves thus.

Again, the Dasára is the only time in the year when the Brigadier and troops at Nagpùr are drawn out to salute the Rajáh. As the Hindú prince is on his way to worship a tree, and as the troops march ten miles into his dominions for the purpose of saluting him on this, and no other day in the year, the natives naturally consider the honour as paid to the feast, and not so much to the prince. At Baroda, when the Resident and the Gaikawar were not on friendly terms, the former refused to be present at the festival of Ganpati, in consequence of which no royal honours were paid to the idol.

This shows that were the British everywhere permanently to refuse attending idolatrous festivals, the step would materially diminish the importance, and

hasten the disuse of these feasts, and the natives would be convinced, contrary to their present opinion, that our Government does not sanction idolatry. Even on the score of worldly and sinful expediency there is no plea for sanctioning idolatrous festivals. The heathen would only respect us the more for respecting our own religion. A proof of this occurred at Travancúr in 1848. "A European officer, of the Nair Brigade (that is the Rajah's own troops), felt aggrieved at being required, in the ordinary course of his duty, to attend his Highness at the celebration of an idolatrous ceremony, and appealed to his commandant on the subject. On the case being referred to the Rajah, he at once dispensed with the attendance of the European officers at all Hindu ceremonies for the future. Mr. Hislop justly remarks, "Why should European officers (and soldiers) under a Christian Government, not enjoy the same immunity as those under a heathen prince?"

Mr. Hislop began the Mission, at Nagpùr, in 1845. He is just fit for a Missionary Pioneer, a man full of bodily and mental energy, practical sense, and indomitable determination. He was joined, in 1847, by Mr. Hunter, who is of a gentle, poetical, sensitive temperament, great refinement of mind, and extraordinary accuracy and readiness in the use of his extensive acquirements, spiritual in his conversation, and altogether a sort of Melancthon to Mr. Hislop. They seem admirably suited to each other from their diversity of character, and oneness of purpose.

On their return to Nagpùr, one of their Colporteurs was seized at a village on the road, and put in prison. The Missionaries went straight to the palace (some circumstances preventing their applying to the Resi-

dent), they proved that the convert had committed no civil offence, and his release was immediately granted by the Rajah, with permission for him to continue his labours. They, therefore, sent him back to the village where he was arrested, in order that he might make known the Rajah's acknowledgment of his right to circulate the Scriptures, by resuming the sale of them from the place where he had been interrupted, up to Nagpùr. We have since heard from Mr. Hislop. He writes:—

"You will be pleased to learn, that certain encouragements given to idolatory, by the British here, are to be abolished. Among these, we reckon the inscription of "Shri," (an invocation to Ganpati) on official documents, and the use of Ganges water in the administration of oaths to Hindus. Still the countenance afforded to Hindu festivals continues. Since the new Resident came, he has paid the annual visit to the Palace on the Holi; and, last week, he and the Military were out with great parade, saluting the Rája on the Dásara. These things ought not so to be; and I trust that all Christians in Britain, will unite in earnestly striving for their discontinuance."

We spent the hot weather and rains, as usual, at Chikaldah.

August 21st.—We made an expedition into the jungle, my mother and I in Tonjons and the rest on horseback, accompanied by divers Chaprásis armed with swords to cut our way through the creepers, to see some waterfalls. They were very fine, three were visible from one spot; and they must have been 600 or 800 feet in depth. The jungle was in its greatest beauty, abounding in lovely flowers, and creepers of every hue, manifesting the rich luxuriance of Nature in a tropical

clime. We picked some leaves about four feet long. There was a grand fight, at Amrauti, about January. I cannot give the exact particulars of the quarrel, which was between the Governor and the Commandant of the Troops, and caused, by breach of faith, on the part of the Nizám's Government. However, the Commandant, a Golúnt Rájput, Bhowani Sing by name, threw himself, with a small party, into the travelling Bungalow, blocked up the doors and fortified himself by hollowing out the floor, so that his men were safe, even when they brought artillery against him; and, after a most gallant defence, for about three days, until the house was reduced to a heap of ruins, he managed to escape into cantonments, where my husband gave him refuge on parole, and afterwards sent an escort with him, to Haiderabad, to secure him from being murdered on the way. He was a thin wiry man, with deep set eyes, aquiline nose, and a most melancholy determined expression. He died, not long after, at Haiderabad. This unfortunate country is still in a very disturbed condition. Long after peace was considered as "restored," the most frightful excesses were of daily occurrence in the city of Elichpur; and now that the Nawáb has, I know not how, managed to get the Rohillas out of the city, they have gone off towards Amrauti and Hingoli, and the whole country, in that direction, is enduring all manner of atrocities at their hands. Children are carried off as hostages, until their parents pay a heavy ransom; merchants are plundered of all their money, our own carts were stopped, near Jalná (the other side of the country) the drivers robbed of everything, and one of them speared, and the carts only allowed to proceed, because they belonged to a Sáhib; while, about July, one of our servants, who had leave

for two months, returned suddenly from his home, which lies towards Hingoli, on account of the ravages committed in that quarter by the Rohillas. And during scenes of this kind (of which I have given a very faint picture) the Contingent was forced to sit still and do nothing! In July, however, my husband was, at length, allowed to send out a force against a body of Rohillas, who had mutinied for want of pay (so even the Rohillas are unjustly treated), but hearing all sorts of terrible reports, that he would give no quarter, and send artillery against them, they dispersed themselves before they could be attacked.

A Thuggi Establishment has recently been sent up here from Bungalore. Lieutenant Grant, the officer in charge of it, was full of zeal, and sanguine of doing wonders in so fertile a field for his exertions. He was supplied from Haiderabad with a list of from 300 to 400 Dacoits (robbers), and was informed that this part of the country was swarming with plunderers, who flourish under the fostering care of the Zemindárs, Talukdars, and others in power. He was furnished with about twenty-five Najíbs (soldiers of the Nizam's private army), to carry out his orders, and with a Sadar Akham (mandate of the Supreme Court of Justice); and directed by General Fraser not to attempt arrests where opposition might be offered, but to refer all such cases to the Resident.

Mr. Grant was speedily overwhelmed by complaints from the inhabitants of the district, of robberies, accompanied by murder, violence, and outrage of every description, committed both by day and night, by individuals who were well known, and their place of residence pointed out—whose names, moreover, figured in the lists furnished by the Haiderabad authorities.

As soon, however, as he attempted to commence operations, he found that Náibs, Patels, and others in authority, turned out their entire villages to oppose arrests, and to rescue those who had been apprehended. These villages chiefly belong to the Nawáb of Elichpúr, who has become quite imbecile, and is a mere tool in the hands of his Munshis, who systematically and openly perpetrate and encourage every species of oppression and outrage, for the sake of sharing the spoil.

Mr. Grant represented this defiance of all law to the Nawáb; brought before him clear, undeniable instances of resistance on the part of his subordinates, by rescuing prisoners, and detaining stolen property when actually pointed out to them; and this in the face of the Sadar Akham, which had been exhibited in every case to the authorities, all of whom openly ridiculed the idea of rendering obedience to it, or to the mandates of any other ruler on earth. The cases were too glaring even for native duplicity to deny or palliate; but Hirá Pasád, the Nawáb's own Munshi, re-echoed the contempt expressed by the district officials for the Sadar Akham, the Nizám, the British Government in general, and the Thuggi office at Elichpúr in particular. Mr. Grant then represented his powerless condition to General Fraser, specifying the time, place and names in each separate instance, and requesting to be allowed to call upon the brigadier for military aid; stating his opinion that it would be unnecessary actually to do so; for that the knowledge that he would be backed, if necessary, by the troops, would be sufficient to ensure obedience.

In reply, he received fresh Akhams from the Sadar at Haiderabad; fresh injunctions "to act with great care, and avoid coming in collision with the local

authorities of the Nizam's Government,"—and the requisition for military aid was refused!

A magistrate might just as reasonably direct a policeman to avoid coming into collision with the burglar he is sent to apprehend, or refuse to send two policemen when one is not sufficient.

Mr. Grant, according to orders, sent the fresh Akhams to the Nawab of Elichpúr, and again requested the delivery of the rescued prisoners. Hira Pasad, on seeing the new Akham, laughed outright before the Daffadar and party, who had brought it, and asked "if they thought the Nawab, his master, was a fool or a coward, to be frightened by two Akhams? No, he would do nothing; there would be plenty of Akhams coming." Mr. Grant sent a statement of this conduct to the Resident, giving the very words of the insolent Munshi; representing the uselessness of these Akhams, and the contempt and ridicule they brought upon him. In reply—will it be believed?—he received another Akham! to which, when he transmitted it to the Nawab, merely a verbal reply was sent. The whole Thuggi establishment is thus rendered worse than useless.

Just before the rains, while I was still able to sit on horseback occasionally, we were attracted by seeing the jungle on fire beneath us. We rode to the edge, and the most magnificent sight met our eyes. A light white smoke hung over the precipice down which we looked, just sufficient to envelope the trees in a kind of haze, while beneath, the flames hissed and roared, and, catching the long grass, ran along the sides of the hills in sinuous paths, until at last there appeared a moving river of fire at the bottom of the gorge. In one place we only perceived the fire by the ruddy light behind

the trees; in another, as the darkness fell, the flames got the mastery, and raged and roared, and wrapped the whole mountain side in a sheet of glare. We sat, as it were transfixed with wonder and admiration, until long after dark.

We have been greatly gratified by the gallant behaviour of our dear regiment. The 37th Bengal Native Infantry having refused to volunteer for Burmah, on account of the sea voyage, the 3rd Regiment of Sikh Local Infantry immediately did so, and were followed by the 4th. My husband felt it his duty to offer to go with the corps he had raised, but the Government refused to let him do so; though he would gladly have served under Captain Bean, in order to take his men into action for the first time.

As a proof of the sort of men our Sikhs are, I give you an extract from the "Dehli Gazette," describing their march down the country in the midst of the rains:—"The 4th Sikh Regiment was marching during the whole of these four days. They carried palkees on their heads with ladies, through the torrents, which were running like sluices; harnessed themselves, in numbers of thirty and forty, to heavy hackeries, and literally dragged them through the stream—the men plunging and shouting, backwards and forwards, through a tide which no European would have liked to brave. For five days they have been drenched to the skin, and almost without food, there being none to be bought anywhere, and no place to cook, as the whole country was under water; and when, after one awful day's march, they arrived at their destination,—a perfect Slough of Despond,—though there was nothing to eat, they immediately stripped to their usual sports, and wrestled with each other with as much buoyancy and

spirit as if they had been on a dry parade-ground. They are now on the banks of the Jumna, which in breadth at this moment may compare itself to its big brother river-god, old Gungajee."—*Dehli Gazette, 4th September*, 1852.

A young Brahman Sepahi of the regiment, Matadin by name, was baptized some months ago by the missionaries at Loodiana. They speak very well of him; and we have also received an excellent report of him from one of his officers.

We have seen little or nothing of Puseyism in India, but that it exists and flourishes in some cases (chiefly, however, among the chaplains), is proved by the following items in the subscription list towards the building of St. Francis Xavier's church, at Haiderabad, in Sind, under the superintendence of the Rev. Father Irenæus: "Rev. C. Wodehouse, assistant-chaplain, Haiderabad, 10rs.; the Easter-day's offertory of the Protestant congregation, from Rev. C. Wodehouse, 26rs. 8as." It is recorded in the "Bombay Telegraph," of June 29th. No wonder the editor adds, "We are certainly astounded!"

A tiger having killed a buffalo quite near our house, a bullock was picketted, and most of our party accompanied my husband at night to the porch of an empty house in the hope of seeing it; but the tiger went to the back of the house towards the cattle-pen, whereupon the Gaulis (cowherds) loosed the great bull buffalo, the monarch of the herd, who is always kept outside the fold, where he watches all night; and urged by the peculiar cry of the Gaulis, the whole herd followed their leader in chase of the enemy. The cries of the men, and the thundering gallop of the buffaloes were very exciting, and completely put the tiger to flight.

The next night another attempt was made, and an arm-chair and innumerable cloaks having been sent over for me, I determined to sit up also. The verandah and porch were completely in shadow, and filled with people; none of us daring to speak or even move; in front was a little plot of grass, in the midst of which the unfortunate heifer was picketted, every now and then giving tokens of the approach of danger, by rocking from side to side, and lowing mournfully. Beyond it was the deep precipice up which we expected the tiger to come, and in the distance was the rich Valley of Birár, bathed in a flood of moonlight. I never saw anything more beautiful—the brilliant moonbeams, the profound silence, and the lovely scenery where the spurs of the hills joined the plains, made it like a fairy scene. So far from waiting being tedious, as I had feared, it was most exciting. Every time the hélah (victim) moved, we held our breath with anxiety. We saw something dark moving among the grass afar off. It came slowly forwards—there were two,—they quickened their pace, and their awkward trot as they advanced into the moonlight showed at once two huge boars, who went grunting and snuffing about. Then came a bison grazing, then a hyena went skulking round and round, looking as if its back were broken; then two sly, inquisitive, fidgetty jackals raised our expectations to the highest pitch; and at last the tiger really did come, cautiously creeping along the brink of the korah (precipice), but not daring to approach the hélah. The gentlemen had their guns ready cocked, but he vanished, and we found that the driver had incautiously kept the carriage in their sight, which had prevented his attacking his prey. It was a comfort that the heifer was saved the fright if not death from the tiger's spring.

The wild beasts were peculiarly bold this season. We several times saw bears and boars, and the footprints of tigers quite near to the houses. One day we espied a large black bear walking leisurely on a hill in front of us. My husband followed him, and I watched the sport from my tonjon. He allowed his pursuers to come pretty close, when C. fired but missed, and he plunged into the ravine. C. came back, and was sitting on the pole of my tonjon, when we heard a rustle, and the bear crossed the road not twenty yards from us. My husband ran after him, and sent a three ounce rifle ball completely through him. He uttered a dreadful roar, and plunged again down the steep, the blood spurting from him on both sides; but it was too dark to follow him, and the grass was too long to leave any hope of finding his body the next day. My poor little Scotch terrier sprang into the tonjon and crept behind me trembling in every limb.

October 14th.—My husband was at Elichpúr for a few days, when, on going out for my evening airing, I met our Bráhman orderly carried in a blanket, and looking almost like a dead man. He had gone out shooting with several of our people, when they came upon a tiger and hit him. He lay down in the bushes, and poor Mattra Parsá and Mangal Sing were too cautious to go after him, when the orderly Sawar, who was on the bank above, reproached them for not doing so: "O corpses of men," he cried, "why do you not go in?" Stung by this, Mattra Parsád approached, when the tiger bounded forth, and his foot slipping, seized him near the hip. Mangal Sing gallantly rushed after him, and by repeated blows on the head from the butt end of his gun forced the tiger to drop his prey. I had the wounded man carried into my

husband's office; the hospital dresser came immediately, and the wounds were washed with caustic and dressed. They were not so deep as to be dangerous; but in spite of every care, and in spite of taking a good deal of food and other stimulants, he sank without any perceptible cause whatever, merely from the shock on his nerves. My husband returned on Saturday, the third day, and endeavoured to cheer him; but he said, "his heart was gone from him," and about two hours after he died. It was a dreadful shock to see a man who had gone forth full of health and vigour two days before, now an inanimate corpse.

Such cases are not uncommon, especially among the Hindùs of high caste, who do not eat meat. They appear to have no stamina, and frequently die from injuries that would scarcely confine a European to his bed. Last year a young European sergeant and a Gauli recovered from wounds inflicted by tigers, and far more severe than those of poor Mattra Parsád, but then they were both eaters of animal food.

The tiger was brought in on the second day. He died from the wound he had received. I gave the body to the Dhers in our service, who ate it! The claws and whiskers are greatly prized by the natives as charms. The latter are suppose to give the possessor a certain malignant power over his enemies, for which reason I always take possession of them to prevent our people getting them. The tiger is very commonly worshipped all over India. The women often prostrate themselves before a dead tiger, when sportsmen are bringing it home in triumph; and in a village, near Nagpúr, Mr. Hislop found a number of rude images, almost like four-legged stools, which, on inquiry, proved to be meant for tigers, who were worshipped as the

tutelary deities of the place. I believe a fresh image is added for every tiger that is slain. They also worship the cobra di capello. Went down to Elichpúr on the 3rd November, fever having prevented my moving sooner. My mother and sister left us on the 4th for Ajanta.

On the 17th we began our march. So many people came to see us off, that it was at once gratifying and painful. We started at four, A.M., and reached Anjingam (eighteen miles) about half-past nine. How well I remember the interest with which I gazed at the lovely hills three years ago, when I saw them for the first time. It was with a deeper interest I looked on them now, thinking I might see them no more. Anjingam is a very dirty place, and no supplies could be procured until my husband made prisoners of the Patel and Kotwál, and put them in the guard, when we got all we needed. This unwillingness to bring supplies, for which they get their own price, is very strange.

Thursday, November 18th.—Left at three, A.M.; reached Akót (eighteen miles) at half-past eight; a very pretty road, with fairy-like groups of palms. Our camp was pitched under some fine trees, and I found the Sir Naib, or Governor of the District, Moru Pandit, by name, seated in our tent, with the unfortunate Munshi Wazir-u-Din, who was so unjustly treated, but is now a prosperous man, being employed by the Sir Naib. The latter was a small man, very neatly dressed, with most brilliant eyes, and ivory teeth, evidently a practised courtier, with such polished tones and manner that the Munshi's voice sounded quite harsh and boisterous in comparison. He was most hospitable, sending immense trays of fruit, almonds, sugar, &c., and professed himself so delighted with our company, that he

could not leave his chair. He has been lately appointed; pays, I think, five lakhs to the Government; but said, if he were certain of his post for five years, he could easily pay one lakh more, and the people would be better off. We asked how he fixed the land-tax? "I go to each village," said he, "find out how much land there is of each quality, and what crops—then I assemble the elders, and ask 'what can you pay?' I then settle it with them." This is the business of a revenue collector in the Company's territories. He added that the ryots (cultivators) all wish the settlement to be made for three or five years; but that the country is so unsettled that this is impossible—no man being sure of his tenure of office, so it is re-arranged every year. He said, "Ask any of the people in the villages if I oppress them. Justice is best for this world and for the next." We saw many weavers at work in the villages we passed through, and my husband says the difference between this ilaqui (district) and that of Elichpúr in point of prosperity is most evident.

In the evening the Sir Naib paid us another visit, and brought two of his Sawars to display their horsemanship, which was excellent. They cut the figure of eight in the smallest possible compass at full speed. The horses were as clever in changing their feet as their riders in the use of the spear and sword—the latter, of course, merely in cutting, as no Orientals understand giving point. One of the horses was made to piaff and dance in a fashion that had his rider been on an English saddle, he would assuredly have been shaken out of it. They seemed to ride by mere balance, the lower part of the leg hanging quite loose. The horses were of the Dakhani breed, wooden, short-necked, white or piebald creatures, like circus horses. The Killadar, or Governor

of Gawilghar, who has been obliged to do justice to the old Patel of Chilkaldah, came in the evening, and apologised for his misdeeds. On taking leave, Wazir-u-Din, who is a burly black-bearded Musalman of at least forty, besought my favour, as he was my "bachha," child (literally "young one"). My husband assured him that my heart was full of cherishment for him. He then laid hold of C. by the waist, and begged him to put his hand upon his head, and having thus received his blessing, he departed content.

Friday, 19th.—Slept in my palki till I found myself at Patrót, the boundary of Moru Pandit's district. The Naib Deshpandí of the district, came with his son, nephews, and grandsons to meet my husband. I found them in our tent, on arriving at Panjgáon, at half-past eight. They were simple Mahrattas, with a rustic expression and manners. On being introduced to me, each offered me a Rupee, insisted that I should keep it, and could scarcely be persuaded that this was an impossibility. One old man seized my fingers as I touched the money, held them tight over it, and put them to his forehead. Ram Rao, the old Deshpandi, remembered the death of Tippu Sultan, and the circumstance of his treasure chest being lost, so that there were piles of gold and silver found on the road, and to be seen at the Sahukars. In the evening I walked a little way from the tent, and met another Deshmukh, or head of a village, with his nephews and kinsmen. They all had the simple open expression, and rather square make, common to the Mahrattas, who are all of the Kunbi, or cultivator caste. The whole of this district is under the Nawab Jami, of Ridpúr, who came into cantonments, in July, to entreat my husband's assistance against the Rohillas,

and the latter, having dispersed themselves on the arrival of our small force, he was properly grateful, and had not only written to his people, threatening to dismiss them if they were not most attentive to us, but had also mended all the roads to our great comfort, and to the great benefit of all the merchants, who are just sending their cotton down to Bombay.

We had a posse of the district authorities in our tent in the evening. I gave them some tracts and gospels, which they gladly received, especially the young Mukhtiár, or hereditary head of the village, a nice lad. A behádering dandified Munshi, from Benáres, also came, who asked for a gospel, both in Persian and Urdu, and whom my husband employed to write a letter of thanks to the Nawáb for his politeness.

Saturday, November 20th.—We halted at Pársi, a lovely spot. My tent was close to two lofty palms. I do not know any tree that has so strong a hold on my affection and imagination as the palm. I am never weary of gazing at its graceful form.

One of the Khalásis, or tent pitchers, coming in, hot and tired, to report his arrival, saw an orange on the table, and said to my husband, "By your favour, give me that orange," which, of course, was done. I greatly like the friendly familiarity of Eastern servants. It is surely much nearer the right state of things, than the great gulf which exists between rich and poor in England.

We gave sheep, and a sir of atta each, to all our camp, and found there were about 120 persons, including the cavalry escort and the guard.

Walked out in the evening to a little ridge, close to our tents, crowned with palms, tamarinds, ním, and other trees. On one side were the horses picketted, and

their Sáises lying by them, a group of Sepahis, a great pile of pack-saddles, and the glowing evening sky, throwing out the palms in strong relief. On the other hand, were the bullocks, the Sawárs and their horses, and our white tents; twenty or thirty fires, with people lounging, or cooking, around them, gave a most picturesque variety to the scene, while the ridge, on which we stood, was freckled with shadows, the brilliant moonbeams re-producing the shape of every leaf, as sharply on the ground as in reality.

Railways are admirable for convenience-sake, but marching is the way to enjoy travelling through a beautiful country, and just now, the climate, with the exception of the very middle of the day, is almost perfection. I think no one, with an eye for beauty, could ever help looking back on the scenes of an Indian march without indescribable pleasure and longing to see such again.

November 21st. — C. speaks of this, as being, "according to a favourite theory of mine," our ninth wedding-day. He read and commented on the fifth Psalm. Our tents and people, who reached the ground on Friday night, start on Sunday afternoon, thus having upwards of thirty-six hours rest, which, I think, fulfils the spirit of the commandment, as regards heathen and cattle, to whom one cannot secure more than bodily rest. In the evening we walked on the plain; the Fort seems quite in ruins; then again, in the tope of trees, on the top of the ridge. My husband read a Chapter on the Sacraments to us, from "Popery and Protestantism." This day, eleven years ago, he was fighting hard with the Afgháns.

Monday, November 22nd.—Started at three, and arrived early at Palsi, six kos. Five miles from Parsi,

is a river so full of great rocks, that a cart is almost sure to be overturned. The Naib of Balapur (a young Musalman from Cawnpore) came to pay his respects. He was very fair, with a Patan cast of countenance, very well educated, and had read a good deal. His manners were very good, only a little too acquiescent. He wore a pretty tightly-twisted turban of white, gold, and red. As he was suffering from headache, C. cured him by applying Pulvermacher's Electric Chain.

A tiger had killed a bullock not far from our ground, but as there was no tree near there was no possibility of lying in wait for the monster. Since the death of poor Mattra Parsad I have learnt what the feeling of revenge is, and I long for the destruction of every tiger I hear of.

Tuesday 23rd:—Started at five, which was a great relief to us after the pain and grief of getting up at two or three. Reached Lakinwarra. The people were very disobliging and neglectful in furnishing supplies, which we feel the more as we have parted with the Nawab Jami's Munshi and moveable Bazár, who accompanied us in his district. . . . . . .

Thursday 25th.—Chikli. The tents were pitched so near the village that our nostrils were offended beyond endurance, so that we were obliged to change our ground.

Friday 26th.—Started at one A.M. for Jaffirabad. In the afternoon we sat on the high banks of the river to see some people dragging for fish. Several men, women, and boys stretched a net across the stream and slowly waded upwards. Some of the fish leapt over it, but whenever a large one was caught he was brought on shore and deposited in a bathing tub at my feet. The first was a most uncanny-looking monster, quite

green, with a head like a toad, an immense mouth, long pendants, like fishy moustaches, and greedy wicked eyes. The others were somewhat like mackrel. It was a very pretty scene. An elephant came down to drink, and everybody who had nothing better to do sat watching the fishers. They caught a great many, throwing back those that were too small.

Saturday 27th.—Chandai. We are now getting dalis, (baskets of fruit and vegetables), daily from Aurangabad and Boldanah. We are certanily well cared for by our friends. Our camp was under a pretty group of trees. Halted for the Sabbath, and read Psalm xxiv and Romans viii.

Monday 28th.—To Lordsanghi, and Tuesday got into Aurangabad. A large tiger stood still within twenty yards of my palki, and all the shouts of the bearers could not at first make him move. Went to the kind Payes, and greatly enjoyed a few days' rest in their company.

Thursday 2nd December.—A little orphan girl of about six years old, whom I was going to place at school, was stolen away two days ago by her brother, a boy of fourteen, or thereabouts, at the instigation of some people who wanted to purchase her. We got her back by sending a Brahman orderly for her, but next day she was stolen again, and on her recovery we dismissed her brother, whom we had intended to provide for, and carried off the poor little thing in safety.

We left our kind friends on Friday, about seven P.M., and reached Dhygam at ten. I made tea, and we refreshed ourselves and rested till three, when we went on to Tokah.

Sunday 5th.—Two young men, Mr. D. and Mr. A. F., who are with us, went out in the evening to give away

some tracts and were pelted and abused. The people of Tokah are particularly ill-behaved in this respect. About two years ago Ramchandra Modak, a Christian Brahman, in connexion with the American mission, who is stationed here as preacher, was greatly troubled by his heathen countrymen, who refused him water and annoyed him and his family in every way. They requested Miss Farrar to come and visit them, which she did, taking with her several Christian Brahmaní women. They went to the public Serai, which is open to all travellers, when a crowd collected, headed by the Patel, who heaped abuse upon her and her companions, and refused to let their beds and baggage be placed in the Serai. Miss Farrar was already inside, and acted with a quiet firmness, which did her honour. At last she was so far roused by the Patel's unprovoked insolence that (as she afterwards confessed to my husband with a certain degree of contrition for what she considered undue vehemence), she said to him, "Patel, I will not allow you to walk over my head," and ordered her baggage to be brought in. Her considering so moderate a remonstrance as calling for an apology proves the meekness with which she behaved; but she kept her post, and so outrageous had been the conduct of her assailants that the Native Magistrate brought it to the notice of the Assistant Collector, who inflicted a very moderate fine on the delinquents. Mr. Spooner, the Judge and Collector, called upon Miss Farrar for her evidence, and confirmed the sentence of his subordinate, although considering it far too lenient. The Patel and his cabal appealed to Mr. Warden, one of the Supreme Judges, accusing Miss Farrar of having brought women of the lowest caste into a Brahmaní Serai, which was false, for the women were respectable Brahmanís,

and the Serai was a public one; but being a man of kindred spirit, and I suppose principles, with the aggressors, he took the word of these unscrupulous natives in preference to that of a Christian lady, and, without even calling on Miss Farrar for her testimony, reversed the decision and ordered the fine to be returned! This reminds me of the departure of Sir Erskine Perry, the late Chief Justice, a most unhesitating opponent of Missions and Christian education, and occasionally guilty of obvious misrepresentations of the principles of those who support either. This is a harsh thing to say of one, who is pledged by his very office to impartiality, so I will name two instances. In the case of Saibai, a young Mahratta girl, who was carried off from her father's protection, by some other relatives, and rescued by her father and the Rev. Hormaszdji Pestonji; a writ of habeas corpus was applied for by the grandmother and uncle, and granted, and not only was the girl examined by Sir Erskine Perry, as to which she preferred living with, her father or grandmother, but her grandmother was allowed free access to her, and permitted to exhaust every art of endearment and menace, to induce her to leave her father. In this case, the father and daughter were both candidates for baptism. In the other case, Balaram Ganpat having been baptized, applied for a writ of habeas corpus, in order to have free access to his wife, who although grown up, was, since his baptism, forcibly kept from him by her parents, and all communication between them prevented. Balaram did not wish to put any constraint upon her, which would have been contrary to the Apostolic rule (1st. Cor. vii. 15.), but merely to prevent her being forcibly kept from him; he wished her to make her free choice. Sir E. Perry refused to grant the writ, giving as a reason, that

Balaram had become an out-caste, and that to compel his wife to live with him (which no one ever thought of doing), would be to make her an out-caste too; thus evincing a much greater respect for Hindu laws of caste, than for the natural and divine law of marriage. But I have wandered from Tokah. I remarked the little settlement of the Mahars or low caste people, as usual, *outside* the town.

Monday, December 6th.—Went on to Rastapur. We had heavy rain. About two P. M. started again; I went in the phaeton; my husband was riding Tarnacki, who, in crossing a river, plunged up to his haunches in mud, and extricated himself with no slight difficulty. The roads were so heavy, that we got on very slowly; it was quite dark, and the rain falling in torrents, by the time we reached the long steep ghat, leading to Imampur. All the bearers came to push us up, my husband pushing most vigorously, and shouting "Dakka maro! Zor lagao!" "Push, push! put on strength!" until at last, with great difficulty, we got to the top Katie and I went on in the carriage, and arrived at the Bungalow, so hungry, having had nothing since breakfast, that finding a cold chicken ready, K. gravely walked up to the table, and without saying a word, carved and ate a leg and wing. My husband returned to the bottom of the ghat, to make some arrangement for helping up our carts, which must otherwise have remained there till morning, with the people exposed to the inclement weather. He found a house, and with much difficulty extracted from it, a Baniah, of whom he inquired where bullocks could be found. "I am a Baniah, how should I know?" was the characteristic answer. Whereupon, C. threatened to break his head into three parts, if he did not immediately show where they were; and fear did

what common humanity could not, and induced him to lead the way to some sheds, a little distance back, where twelve pairs of fine bullocks, and plenty of people were stationed, for the very purpose of helping carts and carriages up the ghat. C. arrived at the Bungalow, wet through and through, and our people came dropping in, in a lamentable plight. He dosed them all round with gin, brandy, or wine, furnished Mr. D., Andrew, and Sudial, the Brahman Orderly, with clothes of his own, in which they looked most droll, put all the women in camp into one of the rooms, and sent off the Sawars to a Serai, about a mile distant. But the work of the day was not yet done; for about midnight, hearing the carts arrive, he got up, and found the Duffadar and Sawars standing, disconsolately holding their horses under the trees, having lost their way to the Serai, and been obliged to return. They would have passed the night in the midst of the pouring rain, had he not roused the Messman, ordered him to kill all the fowls he had, and make an immense pillau for all the Sawars and other Musalmans, whom he sent off, to spend the night in the kitchen, giving them two bottles of milk-punch, under the plausible name of Sherbet, to keep them from catching cold. He then fished out some poor shivering Kulis, too modest to come forward of their own accord, dosed them with brandy, and gave each, who was of those castes who smoke, one of his segars, and then packed them all in the large room.

Muni, my little doe bakri, had taken up her quarters on a pillow, as naturally as if she had been accustomed to have pillows of her own in the jungle. The next morning was fine, and the neighbourhood of the bungalow presented the appearance of a dyeing or bleaching ground; everybody's garments and bedding being spread

out or hung up on the trees. It was a pretty sight. Imagine our dismay, on hearing that this beautiful grove, which was of such comfort and use to us, had just been sold to a native by Government, for Company's rupees 110! What barbarism!

We started at one o'clock, and reached Nagar by five, going to Mr. Munger's house, although he was absent. Rain had again set in, and we waited hungrily for our carts, which did not arrive till eight.

Wednesday, December 8th.—Miss Farrar came to see us. The last two years have been marked by one of the most important facts in the History of Western India. The natives have set up female schools! Miss F. related the pains they had taken to wile away her teachers, whom, however, she had gladly surrendered. Saw a woman yesterday bow to the feet of a Brahman whom she met in the road; he then placed something on her forehead.

Thursday, 9th.—Went to Miss Farrar's to see her girls' schools. Saw one of thirty girls, of different castes, with a Pantoji, or master, who teaches them. Those who are married are known by the necklace of black beads they wear, and generally by having silver rings on the second toe of each foot. They were mostly under twelve years old. They read, write, and work very nicely; and when questioned on Scripture, answered exactly like Christian children. Miss Farrar says she often has very interesting conversations with them on religion. They have been taught no other religion than Christianity, and they are as much Christians as the majority of well-taught children at home; and, although they leave school, and are exposed to all the corrupting influences of Hinduism, at an age when an open confession of Christ can hardly be expected of them, yet

the good seed does bring forth fruit; and Miss Farrar says, the difference between the children of her pupils and those of uneducated mothers is very marked, not only in knowledge but in civilization, in moral habits, and the observance of decency. Reckoning three children to each family, about ninety children will probably be influenced by the training of thirty little girls in this school.

Friday, December 10th.—Mr. Munger having returned from his tour, breakfasted with us. Told us of an aged Christian, ninety years old, who lives at a village about forty miles off. He is a Brinjara. A young relation of his became a servant in Bombay, learnt to read, and brought some tracts home with him. The old man read them, put away his idols, and ceased using the salutation of "Ram Ram," with which Hindus greet each other—saying "Salám" instead. This was about ten years ago. Six years after, Mr. Munger was preaching, when a man exclaimed, "My uncle says just what as you do;" and told him where he lived. Mr. Munger went to see him, and was astonished and delighted at his knowledge and love of the truth. He considers him one of the most decided and satisfactory converts he has ever known. He delights in reading the Scriptures, and often consults Mr. Munger about passages he does not understand. His neighbours acknowledge that they have no fault to find with him, except his not saying "Ram Ram."

Spent a pleasant evening with Mr. and Mrs. Hazen, who occupy Mr. Burgess's house. They told us that Independents, Baptists and Presbyterians are all educated together at Andover College—the most celebrated theological seminary of the United States. This shows

that the London University is gratuitously Godless, and that Christianity can be taught in common to members of different denominations. If excluded, it can only be so in favour of Socinians, who are no more Christians than Mussalmans are. I was amused at Mr. Munger, in speaking of France, saying most heartily, "It would give me a good stomach to see Louis Napoleon well whipped, for his meanness to Kossuth!"

Saturday, 11th.—Went to the Government school and heard the pupils read. It contains about sixty boys, under a very efficient teacher, a native Portuguese, Mr. de Silva. They use Mc'Culloch's excellent reading lessons, and go straight through, not omitting any of the Christian parts, as is sometimes done by infidel teachers. We asked them to read Herbert Knowles's piece called "The Three Tabernacles.—To whom shall we build?" They understood it very well; explained the line, "a peer and a prey"—the meaning of peer—of metaphor—of irony, and gave examples of each; named the islands of the Mediterranean—boundaries of Palestine; explained who Joshua and Abraham were; told the country of the Jews—why they were dispersed—one said, "to fulfil prophecy;"—described the government of Britain. They did not know the meaning of bishop—one said, "a Hadji" (a pilgrim); nor what the Book of Common Prayer was; but these were the only questions they did not answer. They named the ruler of France—explained the Salic law—reckoned up the female sovereigns now reigning in Europe. I asked them all these questions, quite at random. The two who answered best were a Mussalman, brother of one who was baptized and apostatized almost immediately, and a very clever Parsi boy.

I read two English themes; one by the Musalman,

on religion. The subject was his own choice. He began by saying that there were many religions in the world; and that of all countries India was the darkest. He dwelt, as proof of this, on the pride of the Brahmans, the prevalence of idolatry, and (wonderful proof of the progress of enlightened views) on the cruelty of the Musalmans of former times in shedding the blood of the Hindus.

The other English composition was by a Hindu lad, describing the triumphal entry, last week, of a Brahman, who had returned from Benáres, where he was supposed to have washed away his sins, so as to avoid transmigration. After waiting a day or two for a propitious hour, he entered Nagar in procession, two jars or chattis of water from the Ganges being borne before him. The people first made salam to the chattis, and then threw themselves at the feet of the Brahman. The young spectator seemed to overflow with just indignation at the folly and superstition of the people, and at the pride and imposture of the Brahmans. He described the wickedness of the people at Benáres; showed that God did not regard one place more than another; adding, "God is not more grace-full to Benáres than to Nagar."

This school has only been opened four years and a half. Their progress is very satisfactory, and most creditable to Mr. de Silva, who is their sole teacher. They have a small loan library, containing a good many of the books published by the Dublin Society for Scriptural Education. Robinson Crusoe is a favourite. Mr. de Silva, who is a Romanist, told me that some of the elder pupils read the Bible in private. A Christian man may do great good in a Government School, for the prohibition against teaching religion is not only

sinful but foolish. A man must involuntarily teach that which he believes, the needful remarks on history and literature must be tinctured with his religious or irreligious, moral or immoral opinions; and consequently we find not only that Government Schools inevitably overturn the religion of the Hindùs; but that where their teachers are not embued with Christian principle, they are active propagators of infidelity, like Mr. Green of the Puná College, who, both at Puná and at his former station at Surát, has diligently and successfully exerted himself in propagating among his pupils the antiquated and atheistic doctrines of Paine, Hobbes, &c.; so that he has raised up a class of educated infidels, if not atheists. There is surely some medium between endowing an Episcopal chair, and "the seat of the scorner," the government has done both in India.

The prohibition against teaching the Scriptures is quite unnecessary, for the natives show how little they object to them by flocking to the Missionary Schools, and by so many of the Government pupils voluntarily seeking Christian instruction. Mr. Perkins relates in his Residence in Persia, that the Musalmán princes allow the Bible to be used in schools, which they themselves support. The question may be summed up thus.

We are bound to teach truth and not error; but we must teach error, if we do not teach truth. Therefore not only as a duty to God, but as the best policy—the only means of raising up a truly enlightened and conscientious generation instead of a race of lawless infidels—Government is bound to provide Christian teachers, and to introduce the Scriptures and Scriptural instruction into all their schools. Hindùism and science cannot co-exist; it is therefore surely

politic to prepossess those whom we loosen from all the restraints of their ancestral faith in favour of the religion of their rulers.

It is a shame that men calling themselves Christians and Britons should be greater cowards in doing what is right than Muhammadans and Portuguese. Both of these not only introduced but forced their religion on the conquered; to this day no Hindù is allowed to wear a turban in Goa, yet Goa still belongs to the Portuguese. If we exercise thorough toleration, plainly saying, "If we teach anything we will teach the Truth," not only is there not the slightest human probability of the "old Indian" bugbear of the overthrow of our Empire in the East, being realized, but we might expect the blessing of Him who hath said "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is the destruction of any people."

Sunday, 12th December.—Mr. Munger preached in Marathì at nine and two o'clock. All our people attended. It was interesting to mark the variety of expression—in some wonder, in some apathy, in others inquiry and anxiety. Some looked sad, some stupid, only the Christian servant looked calm and confident. His expression was as if he thought, "Of course it is true, and I am glad of it."

Next day (Monday) left our kind host; traversed an undulating country, and met numerous pilgrims carrying flags. Slept at Serúr.

Tuesday, 14th.—Read Perkin's "Nestorians," a most interesting account of one of the most successful and useful Missions since the days of the Apostles. Had a delightful drive to Luni.

Wednesday.—Reached Puna. Met Mr. and Mrs. Fraser and Wazir Beg in the evening at Mr. Mitchell's.

Mr. Fraser has accepted the office of Principal of the Puná College, an act which has caused great discussion, and which at first sight seems strange in a Minister of the Free Kirk, who has so strongly and justly expressed her condemnation of the Government scheme of Godless education; but it is to be considered that Mr. Fraser does not approve of the system, but thinks it lawful for a Christian man to accept a post of great usefulness under a bad system. There is no doubt it is lawful in those who are not Ministers, for instance in Major Candy; and I do not see any distinction in the case of a Minister who exercises his ministerial office besides by preaching, and who is very desirous of being employed as a Missionary. Mr. James Mitchell said, he considered it quite an answer to prayer, that such a man should have been appointed as the successor of the infidel Mr. Green, who has been doing incalculable harm among the young men here. Mr. Fraser may have been mistaken, but in so difficult a question surely he ought not to be judged and condemned.

We were speaking of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mr. Fraser, who was for many years in America, agrees with Mr. Munger, in thinking it gives the most favourable view of slavery. He thinks Kentucky will soon become a free State. He told us a most interesting anecdote of an American doctor, who, having been wrecked, met with the greatest kindness from an African Prince, a Musalmán. Years after he was riding in the streets of New Orleans, when he was accosted by a slave bearing a basket of vegetables. He repulsed him, until the stranger reminded him of the above circumstance, and made himself known as his benefactor. He had been taken prisoner, sold as a slave, and brought to America.

He was an educated man, and could read and write Arabic. The Doctor greatly moved at finding his benefactor in so dreadful a position, purchased his freedom. He became a devoted Christian, and Mr. Fraser knew him as such in after years.

Thursday, December 16th.—Our friend Wazir Beg breakfasted with us. He has adopted the European dress, which I think a pity.

At Khandala we had the sad spectacle of a European officer—late of H.M.'s 13th, who had known my husband at Kabul—in a state of reeling intoxication. After he had left, many European soldiers, uncontrolled by the presence of even a non-commissioned officer, infested the bungalow, most of them the worse for drink. Late in the evening one of them came into the verandah. My vigorous old Ayah asked him, "Where he was going?" He retorted by a gruff "What do you want?" "What you want?" cried she, "What that mean! Go away!"

Friday, December 17th.—Had a lovely descent of the Ghat in Palkis, C. walking by me. During our drive afterwards, met many Brinjaras in full costume. The women covered with ornaments—one had bracelets of many colors, from the wrist to the shoulder. Reached Panwell at twelve. Our most attentive Parsi agents Messrs. Jehanghir Nasirwanji and Co., had provided an excellent bunder boat, in which we had a pleasant passage until after dark, when the melancholy sound of the water rushing by filled me with sad anticipations of the coming voyage. The Musalmans are very hospitable to each other. So soon as their dinner was ready the boatmen called to our servants "Come brothers, come and eat." I was amused at seeing some sheep shipped in a novel manner; one or two men waded in front, each

with a sheep in his arms, and the rest of the flock plunged into the water and swam after them to the boat. At the Ghat the Parsi agent brought me a Dover chair from the Police Office, in which I rested until the carriage was packed. Reached Girgam about half-past nine, and met a warm welcome from the dear Murray Mitchells and our other friends.

Saturday, December 18th.—The comfort of finding ourselves in such a sweet resting place is not to be described. It is a little Paradise of Palms, even more refreshing to the mind, soul and heart, than to the body and eyes. Dhanjibhai came to see us. He has a very sweet expression. His work at Surat is chiefly among Musalmans. His wife is daughter of an excellent Munshi, the first fruits of the Irish Presbyterian Mission. Mrs. Montgomery of that Mission, was the means of first awakening him, and thirteen of his family, including his aged father were converted. The Parsis at Surat will not come to Dhanjibhai, but will receive him at their own houses. He has just been delivering a course of lectures at Ambroli, on the Evidences, (chiefly the internal) and he encourages questions and discussions afterwards. About twenty to thirty attend. He has a school at Surat for the Dheds—a very low caste—and spoke of the Brahminical feeling against low castes as one very congenial to the natural heart. It is one generally more or less adopted by Europeans in India, and even some Christians are infected by it, and speak of "nasty low caste people" with a disdain they would never dream of feeling towards the most wretched of their own countrymen. Mr. Nesbit came. It struck me as characteristic, that even in a short and interrupted conversation, he made two allusions to heaven, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

Sunday, December, 19th.—Maina stayed with me while the rest went to public worship. We compared the Acts and the Philippians—spoke of dress, of Temperance societies, their true ground, being Rom. xiv. 21. Ibrahim came with little Firha to see me. Firha reads Hebrew though she does not understand the language. A Rabbi from Bokhara, by name Mattathias, afterwards came, and my husband spoke with him and Ibrahim. Mattathias is a young man of great talent; he believes in Christ, but does not see that the typical law is abolished. He afterwards gave me some account of himself in writing. He is a Jew of Bokhara, and knows Isak Manahem, whom we met in the Hamburg steamer. He started on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and reached Peshawar during the last campaign. Thinking the war would not affect him, he proceeded through the Panjab, but was plundered by some robbers and had to flee for his life. After much suffering from want of food and clothing, he reached Bhawalpur, where a Jewish merchant who knew his father received him into his house, and supplied him with clothes. In May 1850, he reached Bombay, and was called upon by Mr. Murray Mitchell, to assist in translating that terribly prolix Hebrew will I told you of. Mr. Mitchell spoke to him and gave him books to read, and thus excited in him the desire of inquiring into Christianity. He has been about a year in the Free Church Institution, and he concluded his letter thus, "Now I am quite sure that I was kept in superstitious senses (opinions) and I still hope and pray that God may give me a good knowledge, and take away all my doubtfulness of mind and show me the way of truth."

In the evening Mr. Mitchell, who was much exhausted by the labors of the day, stayed at home with me. He

spoke of the general feeling towards the Natives, being that of conquerors, little interest is felt for them, and less shown, and yet they seem to require sympathy and the expression of affection more than Europeans do. just as women need these more than men. He said that on this account he thought intercourse with Christian women so essential for native converts. Not only does it raise their ideas of what women ought to be, but it suppplies them with a home and with those assurances of sympathy; and marks of affection and interest which they so much require, and which they are not so likely to meet with from the Missionaries themselves. The native character is extremely affectionate, sensitive, and susceptible of unkindness or neglect; they, therefore, deeply feel the indifference and superciliousness they meet with, even in those from whom they had anticipated cordial brotherly love. Mr. Mitchell says the change in the Bibi is wonderful, she is so softened in character as well as changed in her views of Christianity. We are daily expecting them on their return from Loodiana. Mr. M. also said he thought that Christianity in the East, being in some respects different in its aspect from that of the West, would be the completion of it, and help to give a more perfect idea of the full "beauty of holiness" than the Church has hitherto presented to the world. He explained that the expression, "I am holy," in Psalm LXXXVI. is the same word that is translated "Saints," in Psalm LXXXV. 8, and the original means those who have received mercy, and consequently are merciful; in other words—the merciful objects of God's mercy.

Mr. Nesbit, Balu, Mr. McKee, of the Irish Presbyterian Mission, and two converts, Venkarao and Yul Sing, whose sister and brother-in-law's baptism was

related not long ago in the Free Church Missionary Herald, came in the evening.

Monday, December 20th.—Narayan Shishadri came to breakfast. He thinks that Brahmans of mature age are the most hardened of all the classes of the community. The Marattas are all of the Kunbi, or cultivator caste; there is a difference of rank among them; but they will all eat together; they are an honest race, are cheated, but do not cheat. The progress lately made by Western India in education and civilization is wonderful—one class pushes on another—the example of the Parsís stimulates the Hindùs; but there is no union among them—they can never continue acting together. Within the last two years the natives have established female schools—a thing unheard of. At Púna a School of Industry has been opened by an enterprising young native, named Jaganath Saddaséwjí, in which, wonder of wonders! Brahmans are seen learning to work in iron, carpentry, and other manual arts; they also practise electrotyping.

Dined at Dr. Wilson's. He showed me some curious coins—a very perfect one of Alexander, others of Ptolemy Soter, and Philometer—one of Constantine very barbarous in execution, he wears no beard; but on a gold coin of Constantine and Constans the latter has a long beard; also a Tyrian coin of 700 B.C.: there is none so old in the British Museum. There was also a stone from the moon. Dr. Wilson most kindly gave me one of the famous medals of the "Ugonottorum Strages."

Tuesday, 21st.—A private of the 2nd Fusiliers, James K. by name, brought me a box from Puna. Mr. James Mitchell spoke of him as "one of God's nobles," who has been known to give 500 rupees at once to help a

Christian brother. Mr. Gillmore and I had a good deal of conversation with him. He said the soldiers generally were ashamed of reading tracts—when sober they keep aloof from him; but if intoxicated, they annoy him. Nothing but the same grace which preserved the three children in the fiery-furnace can preserve a Christian in a barrack..

Haji, the young Biluchi whom Dr. Wilson baptized about six months ago, then came. He is about nineteen, dark, with most brilliant eyes, and beautiful eyebrows—a peculiarly bright and spiritual expression; but his chest is very delicate. He speaks Biluchi (which is not a written language), Sindhi, in which the Gospel of Matthew has been printed—Mahratta and English—and gives every mark of true conversion. There is something peculiarly interesting in him.

December 25th.—Mr. and Mrs. Hume, of the American Mission, and other friends came to tea. The female school, under Mrs. Hume's charge, which was established by Miss Farrar about twenty-three years ago, has been so peculiarly blessed, that they have had ten female converts to every male. She told me that they had never permitted very early marriages among them—seldom before eighteen or twenty, and that the girls themselves would refuse to marry without a thorough acquaintance with their intended husband. This was most satisfactory to me; for I never could believe it necessary to marry Christian girls of any nation at fifteen, and without their own deliberate choice. They generally set a very satisfactory example to the heathen as wives and mothers.

Sunday, December 26th.—We all partook of the Sacrament. I never was more struck with the advantage of extempore prayer than when Dr. Wilson prayed and

gave thanks for those who had been brought back in safety, for those who were about to leave, for those who would remain, for those who were in affliction; entering into the particular needs and circumstances of many of those present.

In the evening, to our great satisfaction, Aga Sahib arrived, and the next morning brought the Bibi and her mother on shore; Abul made salam, and kissed his elder brother's hand on meeting him, and they then embraced each other. I went to see Mulla Ibrahim's family. The Jewish women are greatly taken up with dress. It seems the chief subject of their thoughts.

One day last week I went to an examination of the female schools, held at Dr. Wilson's house. About 200 pupils were present. In Mrs. Seitz's school I had the pleasure of seeing Saibai, the new convert, besides those I knew before. The little Arab girl is much grown, and now understands English. Maina repeated the questions and answers to me, and translated those which were in Marathi. I forgot to mention that Maina is lately married to Vincent da Cunha. They live in the Murray Mitchell's house. She continues as chief teacher in Mrs. Seitz's school, and they are a most satisfactory young Christian couple. Vincent is studying for the ministry. She has persuaded her husband to become a Temperance member for the sake of example.

But this is a digression from the school. The pupils in the vernacular schools answered extremely well, just like Christian children. Many of them, who were goldsmiths' children, had rich gold ornaments on their heads, others were decked with flowers; it was a pretty sight. A few were married; but the most interesting pupil is a Brahmini widow, about twenty-four years of age, who seems an inquirer after truth as well as a

seeker for knowledge. You have heard of the baptism of a Hindù widow, of the Tagore family, in Calcutta; being sent to Benáres, and deprived of her Bengalì Bible, she learnt Hindù, in order to read the Scriptures in that language.

After the examination, Dr. Wilson had his wild ass from Katiwar let loose for our diversion. It is a very handsome creature, of a buff colour, with a dark stripe down the back, narrow at the shoulders, and five or si inches broad near the tail. The under part of its body i white; its hair short and smooth. It was full of frolic, and as wild as any creature could be, but apparentl without vice, as it did not kick at any one..

A rich Musalman inquirer came in the afternoon and I saw zealous old Johan Prem in earnest conversation with him. Dr. Wilson showed me a reprint of "Sir John Mandevill's Travels," the first book printe in English. He was the very grandfather of "travellers' tales," and has the effrontery to draw pictures o men "whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," and of others who have but one foot, but so large th they hold it above their heads by way of a parasol!!

Mr. Mitchell has kindly given me a set of Hindu pictures of the favourite deities of Western India; f be it known to you, that Hinduism varies exceedingl both in its rites and divinities, so as to be rather congeries of religions, than one simple creed. What pity it is, that people will speak of what they don' understand! I have just been reading a Tale, Adelbert Stifter, in which he makes a Pariah dwell palm-grove, at the foot of the Himalayas, and eat o fruits, whereas Pariahs are the low caste people Madras, and the low castes, all over India, eat not c meat, but all sorts of unclean food, such as anim

which have died a natural death, and sometimes even rats and reptiles. The Dhers eat Tigers. The same writer speaks of "the simple and pure faith" of the Hindus! and Campbell bestows on the impure Ganesa, who is considered the resolver of difficulties, and represented with an elephant's head, and of such enormous corpulence as to be known (saving your presence) as "the belly-god,"—the epithet of "Ganesa Sublime!"

The said Ganesa is in high favour at Madras and Bombay. The chief idols of Western India, are Vishnú and Shiva. The votaries of the latter are known by horizontal marks on the forehead; and his worship is said to be far more degrading than that of Vishnú, who is almost exclusively worshipped at Madras. Shiva is the patron of the Gosavis, or religious devotees, and is represented smeared with ashes. The other favourite idols are, Khandoba, to whom hundreds of girls and boys are dedicated by the name of Khandoba's wives, and dogs; and Krishna, who is one of the avaters of Vishnu, he having been compelled to go through ten avatars, or mortal births, by the curse of an angry sage. Even the most powerful gods of the Hindus are overcome, and subjected by imprecations and incantations. Krishna, like Vishnu, is always represented as black, though Shiva, Brahma, and even Brahmans are represented as fair.

Vithoba, another favourite Marathi idol, is also black, with his hands on his hips, and standing on a brick. He is thus addressed, "Beautiful art thou standing on the brick!" &c.

But one of the most popular objects of worship, is Tukarama, a Marathi poet, and votary of Vishnu and Vithoba, of the Shudra caste, who lived only 200 years ago.

Even in his lifetime he had Brahmins among his disciples.

His history is so like some of the monkish legends, that Mr. Murray Mitchell, in a very interesting paper (read before the Asiatic Society, in January, 1849), on the "Story of Túkarama," considers that the influence of Christian ideas, as conveyed, by the Portuguese, to the people of Western India, may be most clearly traced in it. For instance, Túkarama is translated to heaven. It shows the facility with which heathens adopt new objects of worship, that Túkarama is now their most popular god. It is as if the people of England were to take it into their heads to worship Túkarama's contemporary King Charles the Martyr.

On the last day of the year, I took a drive with my dearest husband. We are both filled with wonder and gratitude at being kept so peaceful in the prospect of our approaching separation, and being enabled to enjoy all things so richly, in spite of its approach. We enjoyed even this drive, exceedingly. Then the next day, the New Year of 1853, our dear friends, the Murray Mitchells, the Aga and Bibi, Narayan Shishadri, Vincent and Balu, all accompanied us to the ship. Mr. Mitchell read the 91st Psalm, and prayed.

May God grant us all a happy meeting!

THE END.

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